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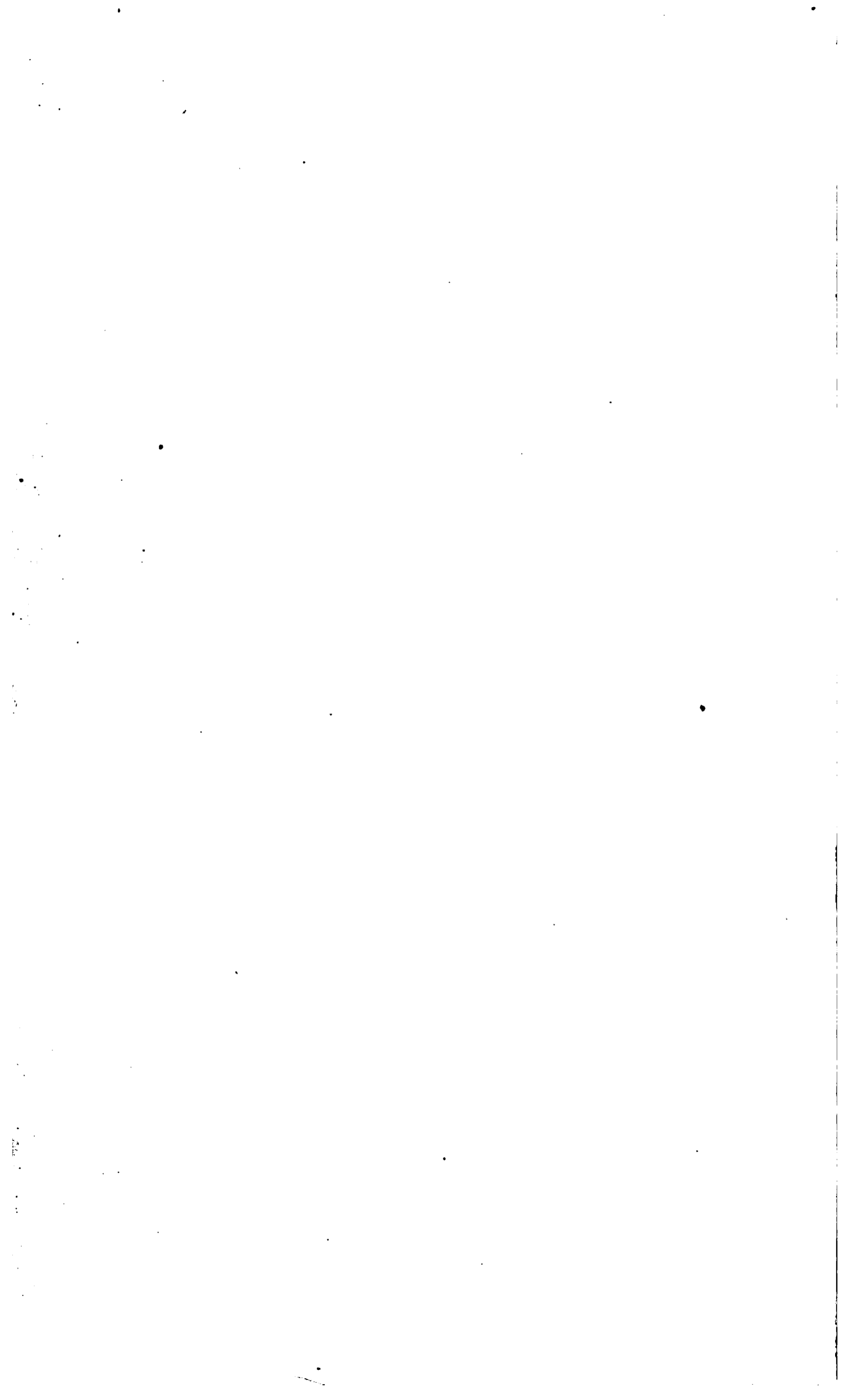












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OF

# SHAKESPEARE

SELECTED AND PREPARED FOR USE IN

SCHOOLS, CLUBS, CLASSES, AND FAMILIES.

WITH INTRODUCTIONS AND NOTES.

BY

THE REV. HENRY N. HUDSON.

VOLUME I.

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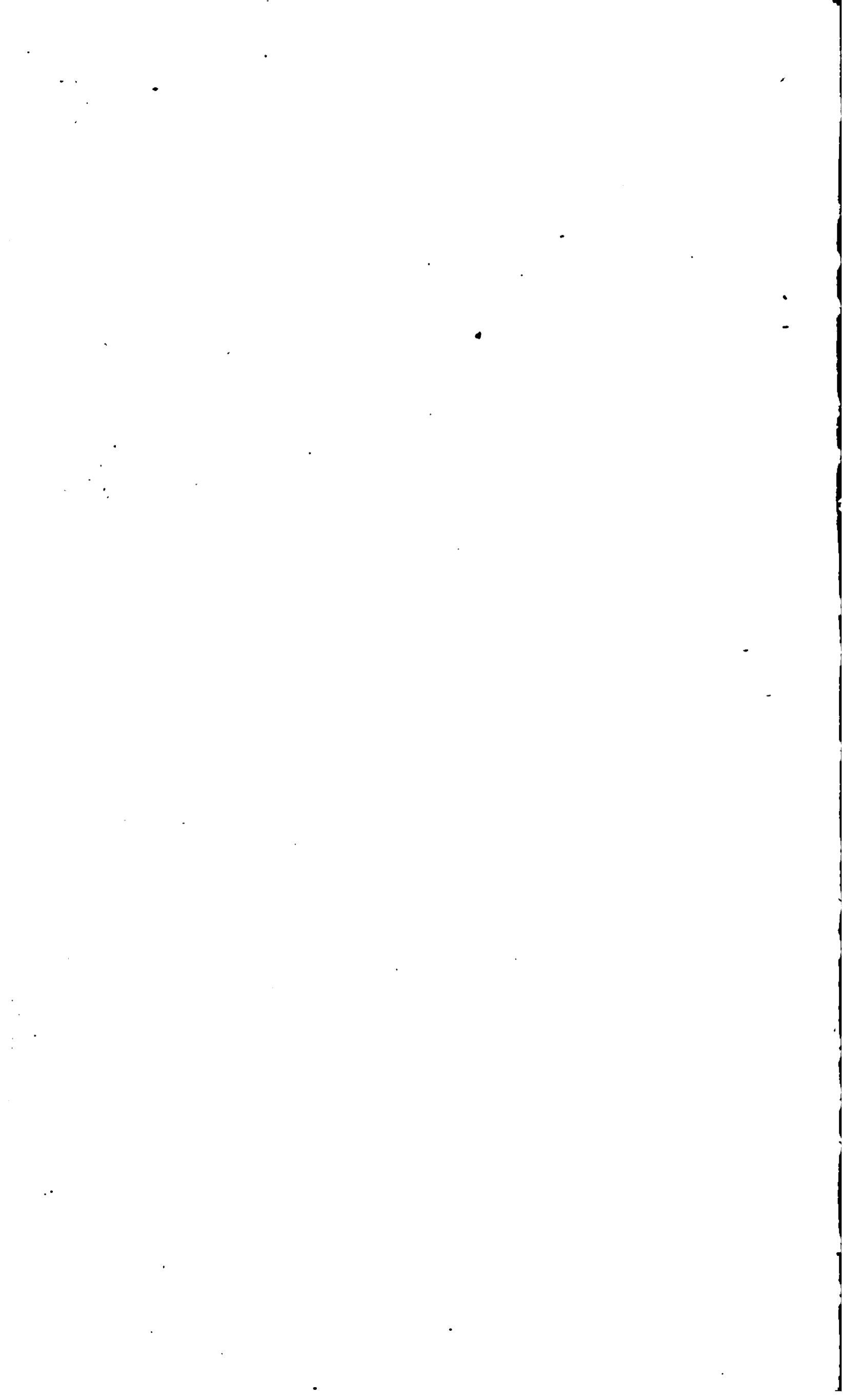
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## P R E F A C E .

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**S**HAKESPEARE'S DRAMAS, confessedly the greatest classic and literary treasure of the world, are rapidly growing into use as a text-book in schools and institutions of learning. A close and regular course of study in them has at length come to be widely recognized as among our very best means both for acquiring a right knowledge and use of the English tongue, and also, which is of still more importance, for conversing with the truth of things.

Some of the plays, however, owing to the nature of the subjects and to the Poet's mode of treating them, are quite impracticable for such use, and cannot be made suitable without so much of amputation as would, in effect, let all the life-blood out of them. Others of them, again, and such withal as are the very best for study in class, have more or less of matter in them which, while nowise essential to the proper health and integrity of the work, is greatly in the way, and sometimes so embarrassing as to hinder seriously both the pleasure and the profit of the study. All of them, moreover, for obvious reasons, need a certain measure and style of annotation, specially adapted, as far as may be, to rendering the Poet's language, imagery, and allusions intelligible and interesting to young minds, who cannot be supposed to be much at home in the peculiarities of English thought and expression three hundred years ago.

Hence a need is getting to be strongly and extensively felt, of a selection of Shakespeare's plays, prepared and set forth with a special eye to the use in question. The Editor has received many assurances of this from others, and has found abundant evidence of it in his own case. A pretty long and large and varied experience in teaching *Shakespeare* in class has brought home to him, beyond peradventure, the pressing occasion of some such work as is here offered to the public. And the want, be it observed, is not of mere chips and fragments of the Poet, but of whole plays, with the development of character and the course of action preserved un mutilated and entire, and with only such erasures as are really demanded by the just proprieties of intercourse between teacher and pupils, and of pupils with one another.

Whether the selection of plays here presented is in all respects the best that could be made, there may well be different opinions. The Editor has taken such as, after much use, he judged fittest, on the whole, for a first year's course of study. The Poet's steepest plays, such as *Macbeth*, *King Lear*, and *Antony and Cleopatra*, are purposely reserved for presentation in another series, as being better adapted for a second year's course. It will hardly be questioned that these plays, and also some of the series here presented, have enough to occupy all the intellectual forces that the ripest students in our academies and seminaries can bring to the study.

The plays, in all cases, are given entire, save the bare omission of such lines and expressions as the Editor has always deemed it necessary to omit in class. The omissions, he believes, do not in any case reach so far as to impair in the least either the delineation of character or the dramatic action. On the other hand, he has not meant to retain any matter not fairly pronounceable in any class, however composed. His own opinion clearly is, that if *Shakespeare* cannot be used as a text-book without overstepping the just bounds of modest and decorous speech, then such use were better not attempted. For purity and rectitude of manners are worth more than any intellectual benefit to be derived from the poetry and wisdom even of a *Shakespeare*. Sometimes, where an unpronounceable word occurs in a passage otherwise unobjectionable, another word has been substituted, and the substitution uniformly enclosed in brackets; it being a fixed principle with the Editor to abstain religiously from making any unmarked changes in the Poet's text. In *Julius Cæsar*, for instance, he has not found occasion to cut out or change any thing whatsoever; there being, as he thinks, not a single word in that play unfit to cross the chariest lips. And in several others of the plays the omissions are very slight indeed, sometimes not extending to more than a dozen lines in a whole play.

Having said thus much, it seems but due to add, that the Editor holds *Shakespeare's* workmanship to be everywhere free from the least blame of moral infection or taint: he knows of no passage that can be hurtful to any fair mind, if taken in its proper connection with the whole. But of course everybody knows that there may be many things right and proper in themselves, which, however, ought not to be spoken, and which it is very desirable not to have before the eye, in the sacred intercourse of teacher and pupils.

From the foregoing remarks, there is just one exception, which

should, perhaps, be noted here. In *Hamlet*, some of the stanzas which poor Ophelia sings when "divided from herself and her fair judgment," and which are quite unpronounceable in class, are notwithstanding retained, though specially marked for omission in the reading; because, as the Editor thinks, they cannot be cut away without overthrowing the whole delineation, and putting out the very eyes of the character. The Editor, of course, never uses them in his teaching, but freely calls attention to them, as the most tenderly pathetic passage in *Shakespeare*, and as illustrating better than any other the angelic delicacy and humanheartedness of the man.

No pains have been spared, either in preparing the copy or in correcting the proofs, to set forth a pure and accurate text of the Poet. On this point, the Editor gladly acknowledges his obligations to Mr. Richard Grant White, whose careful and scholarly labours have been of important service to him. And he makes bold to think that Mr. White has fairly beaten nearly all the English editors in this respect. In many cases of various readings, there are, and probably always will be, considerable differences of opinion as to which is the best. In this matter, the Editor can but claim to have used his best judgment, such as it is after more than thirty years' study of the Poet. In a good many instances, he has noted various readings in the margin; as thinking that even young students in *Shakespeare* ought not to be left altogether ignorant as to the history and condition of the Poet's text, and the varieties of reading met with in the old copies.

In the matter of annotation, it is not easy to hit just the right medium between too much and too little. Here, again, the Editor has been mainly guided by the results of his own experience in teaching; aiming to give so many and such notes as he has found needful or conducive to a full and clear understanding of the Poet's thought. Besides the need of economizing space, he has wished to avoid distracting or diverting the student's attention overmuch from the special object-matter of the Poet's scenes.

And here he feels moved to protest against *Shakespeare's* being used, as some apparently would use him, too much as a mere occasion for carrying on general exercises in grammar and philology. These, to be sure, are essential parts of a right English schooling; but they can be learnt just as well from other books, — books which it is no sin not to love, and no loss to forget after leaving school, which it is no matter about having a life-long taste for, or growing to a perpetual delectation in. And in studying *Shakespeare* the pupil's mind should be put as closely and directly

as possible in intelligent sympathy with the Poet's own mental deliverances; every thing else being made strictly subordinate to this. In other words, the purpose should ever be kept foremost to teach or to learn Shakespeare, and not to use him as a means of teaching or learning something else. With him, pre-eminently, language is the medium, not the object of thought, insomuch that he seems to have used it almost unconsciously. It is true his language, especially with new beginners, must needs be itself made more or less an object of study; but this should be done so far only as is necessary in order to its proper efficacy as a medium of communion with his men and women, and with the transpirations of character and the workings of human nature as presented in them.

*Shakespeare*, be it remembered, is not one of those books which are of no further use after being studied in school, or which are as scaffoldage, to be thrown aside as soon as the roof is on; and it is better he should not be used as a text-book at all, than that such use should be so conducted as to breed a dislike of him; and some care may well be taken against pushing the grammatical and linguistic part of the study so far as to obstruct the proper virtue of his pages, and lest the effect be rather to quench than kindle the faculties and susceptibilities for that which is most living and operative in him, or for what may be called the Shakespeare of Shakespeare.

It is what young people learn to take pleasure in, what they build up happy thoughts and associations about, and what steals smoothly and silently into the heart, and there becomes a vital treasure of delight, that mainly determines their characters. In comparison with this, mere intellectual acquirements and furnishings, and even ethical arguments and convictions, are of insignificant value. "The forms of young imagination" have more force than any thing else to keep the heart pure. To preoccupy the mind with right tastes and noble loves, and with a stock of grand and pure conceptions, and thus to foreclose, as far as may be, the invitations of what is false and flashy and sensational, the intellectual fashions and frivolities and diseases of the day, is the first principle of all wise and wholesome training both in school and at home. For this process and to this end, except the Bible, we have nothing better than the dramas of Shakespeare. And the best fruit of studying him is to come by letting the efficacies of his genius insinuate themselves quietly into "the eye and prospect of the soul," and by binding his creations home upon the thoughts and affections as a fund of inexhaustible sweetness and

refreshment. And there is probably more danger that teachers will hinder this process by overworking some subsidiary matter, than that the process will fail to take care of itself, provided the pupils be set and held in free and natural communication with the Poet; all exercises in grammar and philology being used simply to aid, and not to disturb, the clear apprehension of what he delivers.

Such are the thoughts which have been uppermost in the Editor's mind, and have mainly shaped his course, in preparing the notes. How far the execution accords with his design and makes it good, is not for him to judge. In his teaching, especially with younger classes, he of course often goes much more into the details of verbal and syntactical exegesis than is shown in the annotation. But it is presumed that every one who may undertake to teach *Shakespeare* will be sufficiently booked in the logic of grammar, the laws of language, and the construction and analysis of sentences, to carry on the work out of his own head, and as he finds it needful or profitable to do so. Textual explanation is another matter indeed, and may need to be prosecuted somewhat further; for the Poet's style is intensely idiomatic, generally charged with metaphoric audacity, often over-crammed with meaning, and sometimes very obscure; yet even here it is thought that much had better be left to the occasions and resources of individual teachers. For, after all, nothing but a pretty thorough steeping of the teacher's mind in the Shakespearian idiom can bring him fairly through this part of his work. If he be not himself at home with *Shakespeare*, he can hardly expect to make others so.

As to the method or methods of teaching in *Shakespeare*, here again much should and indeed must be left to individual judgment and adaptation. This is a thing not capable of being stereotyped and passed on from hand to hand. The method that works very well in one man's hands may not work at all in another's. Thus much, however, may be not unfitly spoken, that the Editor does not believe at all in turning the school-room into a play-house or any thing of that sort: in his recitations, which, however, are not properly recitations, he has and will have nothing theatrical or declamatory or oratorical, no showing off, nor any thing done for effect. His work and method in class aim at a mixed and varied exercise in reading, language, character, versification, and art. Especially he makes much of reading, both for the utility and the accomplishment of it: this, in fact, is the staple or ground-work of all his instructions; and in ordering this he drives, or endeavours to drive, right at the simple truth of the matter, and at a sincere

and natural expression of it. In other words, all his efforts in this behalf are meant to converge at the point of bringing the pupils first to understand the Poet's lines fairly, and then so to pronounce them that an intelligent listener may understand them; taking for granted that, if this point be secured, the proper moral, intellectual, and æsthetic effect of them will follow of its own accord; and the more silent and unobserved its coming is, the better.

He therefore neither practises nor encourages any straining or forcing of the process: any using of the whip or the spur he regards as out of place: however lively and intense the exertion of the student's faculties may be, he aims to have it spontaneous, genial, and free; the result of inward kindling, not of external pressure. Thus the process, throughout, on the part of the pupils, is meant to be a quiet, gentle, yet earnest communing with the Poet's forms and with the spirit of them, so that their grace and efficacy may pass secretly and insensibly into the mind; because the less the pupils are at the time conscious of getting from him, the more they will really get. And the Editor is right well persuaded, withal, that exercises in *Shakespeare* may be and ought to be so conducted, that the students shall be fresher and stronger at the close of them than at the beginning.

To induce just and clear perceptions of the Poet's characters; to bring pupils to discriminate and taste their distinctive lines of mental, moral, and practical physiognomy; to make them enter into their idioms of thought and manner, their springs, modes, and vitalities of action,—this is a higher and riper and slower process. There must needs be a certain measure of preparation for it, and this, of course, cannot be extemporized. Yet, this part of the exercise left out, the study can be little but a dry training in the letter of the Poet's workmanship, without the life and substance of it. Besides, it is this personal acquaintance and convivation with the Poet's men and women that makes, more than any thing else, the perennial verdure and charm of his scenes. No one who once gets to be thus inward and at home with his delineations can ever weary of them or outgrow the interest of them; for, so taken, "age cannot wither them, nor custom stale their infinite variety."

Which naturally raises the question, at what age should the study of *Shakespeare* be undertaken? And the answer is, not till the student is, at least in some fair degree, capable of this part of the exercise. But young people are, or may be made, apprehensive and receptive of characteristic traits as delivered in forms of art, earlier than most of us are apt to suppose. *Featurely* expres-

sion, in picture, fable, and poetry, is not so very hard a thing for the youthful faculties to catch and take in the virtue of. And it may be safely presumed that if average minds be duly placed and held within the reach of Shakespeare's light and warmth, their latent aptitudes for the exercise in question will germinate and grow as early as, say, the middle period of ordinary academic life. They can at least be started in the process by that time, if not before. At all events, the Editor, using his own experience, as well as the reason of the thing, for his test and guide, can hardly think it a good use either of the time or of the book, for pupils to enter upon the study of Shakespeare, until they are prepared to go along with him in those points of his cunning workmanship. There is quite too much of crowding and cramming in our education already; the effects of which may be seen in a pretty large stock of intellectual and moral shoddy; and any extending of this process into the walks of Shakespeare cannot be too earnestly deprecated, or too carefully avoided.

As to exercises in the Poet's versification and art, the Editor never attempts to prosecute these at all, except in his older classes: the former because it is too dry; the latter because it is too high. Moreover, the peculiar richness and variety of the Poet's verbal modulation, the subtle and winding, yet severe and never-cloying music of his verse, which seems to voice the essential harmonies of intellectual and emotional beauty, are among those qualities of his workmanship which are the last to be consciously appreciated even by the most pronounced Shakespearians. At least, the Editor has found it so in his own experience, and some of our ripest students of the Poet, those who have made a life-long study of him, have told the Editor that it was the same in theirs. So, too, the principles and philosophy of Art, as involved in Shakespeare's creations, are matter for the ripest and best-trained minds; too steep and intricate perhaps for any but such as make a special study in pursuits of that nature. These points cannot be treated here, and must be reserved for such treatment elsewhere as the Editor can give them, and hopes to give them, as time may serve and other occupations allow.

In conclusion, the Editor begs to say, that for some years past he has felt a strong and growing desire to do what he could towards working *Shakespeare* into general and systematic use as a text-book in the education of youth. It was in pursuance of that long-cherished wish, that he undertook the present work. If the work should prove in any degree useful in furthering that cause, he will deem his labours well taken and amply rewarded. For,

in truth, it seems to him that we stay quite too much in the study of words, and quite too little in that of things; and that the reform now most needed in our educational modes is the giving much more time to the masters of our native language, which is to us naturally a *medium* of intellectual vision, and much less to the study of foreign languages, which, from the nature of the case, must needs be to us, for the most part, the *object* of such vision.

## GENERAL INTRODUCTION.

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### SKETCH OF THE POET'S LIFE.

**W**ILLIAM SHAKESPEARE was baptised in the parish church of Stratford-on-Avon, Warwickshire, April 26th, 1564. The day of his birth is not positively known, but the general custom then was to baptise infants at three days old, and the custom is justly presumed to have been followed in this instance. Accordingly the 23d of April is agreed upon everywhere throughout the English-speaking world as the Poet's birthday, and is often celebrated as such with appropriate festivities. His father was John Shakespeare, a well-reputed citizen of Stratford, who held, successively, various local offices, closing with those of Mayor of the town and Head-Alderman. His mother was Mary, youngest daughter of Robert Arden, a man of good landed estate, who lived at Wilmecote, some three miles from Stratford.

Nothing further is directly known of Shakespeare till his marriage, which took place in November, 1582, when he was in his nineteenth year. The bride was Anne, daughter of Richard Hathaway, a yeoman living at Shottery, which was a village near Stratford, and belonging to the same parish. The date of her baptism is not known; but the baptismal register of Stratford did not begin till 1558. She died August 6th, 1623, and the inscription on her monument gives her age as sixty-seven years; so that her birth must have been in 1556, some eight years before that of her husband. Their first child, Susanna, was baptised May 26th, 1583. Two more children, twins, were christened Hamnet and Judith, on the 2d of February, 1585, the Poet then being nearly twenty-one years old.

We have no certain knowledge as to when or why Shakespeare became an actor. At the last-named date, his father, after some years of thrift, had evidently suffered a considerable decline of fortune. Perhaps this was one reason of his leaving Stratford. Another reason may have been, that, as tradition gives it, he engaged, along with others, in a rather wild poaching frolic on the grounds of Sir Thomas Lucy, who owned a large estate not far from Stratford; which act Sir Thomas resented so sharply, that Shakespeare thought it best to quit the place and go to London. But the Drama was then a great and rising institution in England, and of course the dramatic interest had its centre in the metropolis. There were various companies of players in London, who used, at certain seasons, to go about the country, and perform in towns and villages. Stratford was often visited by such companies during the Poet's boyhood, and some of the players appear to have been natives of that section. In particular, the company that he afterwards belonged to performed there repeatedly while he was just about the right age to catch the spirit from them.

Shakespeare probably left Stratford in 1586 or thereabouts. Be that as it may, the next positive information we have of him is from a pamphlet written in 1592 by Robert Greene, a poor profligate who was then dying from the effects of his vices. Greene, who had himself written a good deal for the stage, there squibs some one as being, "in his own conceit, the only Shake-scene in a country." There is no doubt that this refers to Shakespeare; and some of the terms applied to the *Shake-scene* clearly infer that the Poet was already

getting to be well known as a writer of plays. After Greene's death, his pamphlet was given to the public by one Henry Chettle, who, on being remonstrated with by the persons assailed, published an apology, in which he expresses regret for the attack on Shakespeare, adding, "because myself have seen his demeanour no less civil than he excellent in the quality he professes; besides, divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing, which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writing, that approves his art."

Our next authentic notice of Shakespeare is by the publication of his *Venus and Adonis*, in 1593. This poem was dedicated to Henry Wriothesly, Earl of Southampton, who was among the finest young noblemen of that time; and the language of the dedication is such as the Poet would hardly have used but to a warm personal friend. The following year, 1594, he published his *Lucrece*, dedicating it to the same nobleman, in still warmer terms of address, and indirectly acknowledging important obligations to him. The same year Spenser wrote his *Colin Clout's Come Home again*, in which we have the following, clearly referring to Shakespeare:

"And there, though last not least, is *Ætion* :  
A gentler Shepherd may nowhere be found,  
Whose Muse, full of high thought's invention,  
Doth like himself heroically sound."

This was Spenser's delicate way of suggesting the Poet's name. Ben Jonson has a like allusion in his lines, — "To the Memory of my beloved Mr. William Shakespeare:"

"In each of which he seems to *shake a lance*,  
As brandish'd at the eyes of Ignorance."

All which may suffice to show that the Poet was not long in making his way to the favourable regards of some whose good opinion was most to be desired, and whose respect was a strong pledge both of recognized genius and personal worth in the object of it. It is to be noted, however, that the forecited marks of consideration were paid to him altogether as an author, and not as an actor. As an actor it does not appear that he was ever much distinguished; though some of the parts which tradition reports him to have sustained would naturally infer him to have been at least respectable in that capacity. But it must have been early evident that his gift looked in another direction; and his associates could not have been long in finding his services most useful in the work for which he was specially gifted.

The dramatic company of which Shakespeare was a member were known as "the Lord Chamberlain's Servants." Richard Burbage, the greatest actor of the time, was a member of the same. The company had for some years owned and occupied what was called the Blackfriars Theatre. This building did not afford accommodation enough for their business. So, in December, 1593, the company went about building the Globe Theatre, in which Shakespeare is known to have been a considerable owner. And the obligations which I have spoken of his being under to Southampton were probably on account of some generous aid which this nobleman rendered him towards that enterprise. Tradition tells us that the Earl gave him a thousand pounds for the occasion. As this would be nearly equivalent to \$30,000 in our time, we may well stick at the alleged amount of the gift; but the Earl's approved liberality in such matters renders even that sum not incredible, and assures us, at all events, that the present must have been something decidedly handsome; though, to be sure, tradition may have overdrawn the amount.

It does not appear that the Poet at any time had his family with

him in London. But it is very evident that his thoughts were a good deal with them at Stratford; for he is soon found saving up money from his London business, and investing it in lands and houses in his native town. The parish register of Stratford notes the death of his only son Hamnet, then in his twelfth year, on the 11th of August, 1596. So far as is known, he never had any children but the three already mentioned.

In the Spring of 1597, he bought of William Underhill the establishment called "New Place," and described as consisting of "one messuage, two barns and two gardens." This was one of the best dwelling-houses in Stratford, and was situate in one of the best parts of the town. From that time forward we have many similar tokens of his thrift, which I must not stay to note in detail. Suffice it to say that for several years he continued to make frequent investments in Stratford and the neighbourhood; thus justifying the statement of Rowe, that "he had the good fortune to gather an estate equal to his occasions;" and that "the latter part of his life was spent, as all men of good sense will wish theirs may be, in ease, retirement, and the conversation of his friends."

None of his plays are known to have been printed till 1597, in which year three of them, *King Richard II.*, *King Richard III.*, and *Romeo and Juliet*, came from the press, separately, and in quarto form. The next year, Francis Meres published his *Wit's Treasury*, in which we have the following: "As Plautus and Seneca are accounted the best for comedy and tragedy among the Latins; so Shakespeare among the English is the most excellent in both kinds for the stage." The writer then specifies by title the three plays already named, and also nine others, in confirmation of his judgment. Besides these twelve, several others also are known to have been in being at that time; and it is all but certain that as many at least as eighteen of the Poet's dramas were written before 1598, when he was thirty-four years old, and had probably been in the theatre about twelve years.

The Poet seems to have been laudably ambitious of gaining a higher social position than that to which he was born. So, in 1599, he procured from the Herald's College in London a coat of arms in the name of his father. Thus he got his yeoman sire dubbed a gentleman, doubtless that the honour might be his by inheritance, as he was his father's eldest son. An odd commentary on this proceeding is furnished by a passage in *King Lear*, Act iii. scene 6, where the Fool says to the old King, — "He's a mad yeoman that sees his son a gentleman before him." The Poet's father was buried at Stratford, September 8th, 1601; and thenceforward we find him written down in legal documents as "William Shakespeare, Gentleman."

King James the First came to the throne of England in March, 1603. On the 17th of May following, he ordered a patent to be issued under the Great Seal, authorizing "our servants, Laurence Fletcher, William Shakespeare, Richard Burbage," and six others, to exercise their art in all parts of the kingdoms, "as well for the recreation of our loving subjects as for our solace and pleasure, when we shall think good to see them." By this instrument, the company who had hitherto been known as the Lord Chamberlain's Servants were taken directly under the royal patronage; accordingly they were henceforth designated as "the King's Players."

Whatever may have been his rank as an actor, Shakespeare evidently had a strong dislike to the vocation, and was impatient of his connection with the stage as a player. We have an affecting proof of this in one of his *Sonnets*, where he unmistakeably discovers his personal feelings on that point:

"O, for my sake do you with Fortune chide,  
 The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,  
 That did not better for my life provide  
 Than public means which public manners breeds.  
 Thence comes it that my name receives a brand ;  
 And almost thence my nature is subdu'd  
 To what it works in, like the dyer's hand."

Moreover, as Dyce remarks, "it is evident that Shakespeare never ceased to turn his thoughts towards his birth-place, as the spot where he hoped to spend the evening of his days in honourable retirement." It is uncertain at what time he withdrew from the stage. The latest notice we have of his acting was in 1603, when Ben Jonson's *Sejanus* was performed at the Blackfriars, and one of the parts was sustained by him. The probability is that he ceased to be an actor in the course of the next year; though it is tolerably certain that he kept up his interest in the affairs of the company some years longer, and that he continued to write more or less for the stage down to as late a period as 1613.

The Poet's eldest daughter, Susanna, was married June 5th, 1607, to John Hall, a gentleman, and a medical practitioner at Stratford, and well-reputed as such throughout the county. His first grandchild, Elizabeth Hall, was baptised February 21st, 1608; and on the 9th of September following his mother died. His other daughter, Judith, was married to Thomas Quiney, February 10th, 1616. Quiney was four years younger than his wife, and was a vintner and wine-merchant at Stratford.

Perhaps I ought to add that Meres, in the work already quoted, speaks of the Poet's "sugared Sonnets among his private friends." At length, in 1609, these, and such others as the Poet may have written after 1598, were collected, to the number of a hundred and fifty-four, and published. By this time, also, as many as sixteen of his plays, including the three already named, had been issued, some of them repeatedly, in quarto form.

On the 25th of March, 1616, Shakespeare executed his will. The testator is there said to be "in perfect health and memory;" nevertheless he died at New Place on the 23d of April following; and, two days later, was buried beside the chancel of Stratford church. It is said that "his wife and daughters did earnestly desire to be laid in the same grave with him;" and accordingly two of them at least, the wife and the eldest daughter, were in due time gathered to his side.

Shakespeare was by no means so little appreciated in his time as later generations have mainly supposed. Besides the passages already cited, we have many other notes of respect and esteem from his contemporaries. No man indeed of that age was held in higher regard for his intellectual gifts; none drew forth more or stronger tributes of applause. Kings, princes, lords, gentlemen, and, what is perhaps still better, common people, all united in paying homage to his transcendent genius. And from the scattered notices of his contemporaries, we get, also, a pretty complete and very exalted idea of his personal character. How dearly he was held by those who knew him best is well shown by a passage of Ben Jonson's, written long after the Poet's death, and not published till 1640: "I loved the man and do honour his memory, on this side idolatry, as much as any. He was indeed honest, and of an open and free nature."

From the foregoing sketch it appears that the materials for a Life of Shakespeare are scanty, indeed. Nevertheless there is enough, I think, to show that in all the common dealings of life he was eminently gentle, candid, upright, and judicious; open-hearted, genial, and sweet in his social intercourses; while, in the smooth and happy

marriage which he seems to have realized, of the highest poetry and art with systematic and successful prudence in business affairs, we have an example of well-rounded practical manhood, such as may justly engage our admiration and respect.

#### STATE AND SOURCES OF THE POET'S TEXT.

Of the thirty-seven plays commonly known as Shakespeare's, sixteen were published, separately, in quarto, during the author's life. Some of these were issued several times in that form; as, for instance, *King Richard II.*, of which there were five quarto editions, severally dated 1597, 1598, 1608, 1608, and 1615. Some of these issues, however, were undoubtedly stolen and surreptitious, and it is by no means certain that any of them were authorized by the Poet. In some cases, as, for instance, in *King Henry V.* and *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, the quartos present but wretched abortions of the genuine plays; the text being so mutilated and incomplete as to force the inference that the copy must have been taken at the theatre by ignorant or incompetent reporters. In other cases, again, as in the *First and Second Parts of King Henry IV.*, the quartos give the text in such order and fulness as to justify the belief that they were printed from the Poet's own manuscript. Still, upon the whole, we have no clear reason for supposing that a single page of the proofs was ever corrected by the author himself. It should be observed further, that the plays were written for the special use and benefit of the company to which the author belonged. Of course the company was naturally interested in being able to prevent rival companies from getting hold of them; there being at that time no copyright law to restrain appropriations in that kind. Accordingly few things touching the history of the early English stage are more clearly settled, than that theatrical companies took great pains to keep their plays out of print, that so they might control them and have the exclusive use of them. Nevertheless, there are some cases in which we have strong reason to believe that companies gave their consent for the printing of their plays; as in *The Merchant of Venice* and *Much Ado about Nothing*, both of which were published in 1600; some of the circumstances being such as to warrant, if not invite, a conclusion to that effect.

Of the quarto editions, in some cases, if not in all, the later were undoubtedly printed from the earlier issues. Notwithstanding, we often find the several quarto issues of a given play differing a good deal among themselves in the reading of particular passages. Besides, some of them are shockingly printed, so that it is often impossible to make any sense at all out of the text; and all of them abound in gross typographical errors. Before passing on from this head, I must add that another of the plays, *Othello*, was published in quarto in 1622, six years after the author's death.

This brings me to what is known as the folio edition of 1623, in which the seventeen plays already printed in quarto, and all the others known or believed to be Shakespeare's, with the single exception of *Pericles*, were collected and published together in one volume. It was edited by two of the Poet's old friends and fellow-actors, John Heminge and Henry Condell; who dedicated the volume to the two brothers, William and Philip Herbert, Earls of Pembroke and Montgomery. In their dedication the editors speak thus: "We have but collected them, and done an office to the dead, to procure his orphans guardians; without ambition either of self-profit or fame; only to keep the memory of so worthy a friend and fellow alive as was our Shakespeare, by offer of his plays to your most noble patronage."

The dedication was followed by an address "to the great variety of readers," in which the editors claim "so to have published them as, where before you were abused with divers stolen and surreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealths of injurious impostors that exposed them, even those are now offered to your view cured and perfect of their limbs, and all the rest absolute in their members as he conceived them; who, as he was a happy imitator of Nature, was a most gentle expresser of it: his mind and hand went together; and what he thought, he uttered with that easiness, that we have scarce received from him a blot in his papers."

Doubtless it was natural, perhaps it was excusable, for the editors to speak in this manner; nevertheless, some of their statements are far from being borne out by the character and execution of the work. Some of the plays here published for the first time are wretchedly printed, insomuch that we have great cause to regret the lack of quarto copies to help us in clearing and rectifying the Poet's text. Others of them, however, it must be confessed, as, for instance, *As You Like It* and *Julius Cæsar*, are printed remarkably well for that time, so that modern editors have no great difficulty in making out, on the whole, a pretty satisfactory presentation of the workmanship. Some, again, of those which had previously appeared in quarto, are here given with errors so great and so frequent, and omissions so important, that no one thinks of relying wholly or even mainly on the folio for settling the text. In several of the plays, the best modern editors, our Mr. Grant White excepted, have no scruple in preferring, on the whole, the quarto copies, and accordingly use them as the *chief* authority in their textual reproduction.

All these circumstances, taken together, render Shakespeare's dramas one of the hardest books in the world, perhaps the very hardest, to get delivered in a thoroughly satisfactory state. Aside from the many errors, palpable or probable, in the printing, the variations of text in the old copies, the folio differing much from the quartos, and the quartos not a little among themselves, often tax an editor's judgment and diligence to the utmost in fixing his choice of readings; while, moreover, in hundreds of cases, not to say thousands, the claims of different readings are so nearly balanced as almost to foreclose the possibility of editors ever agreeing entirely in their delivery of the text. Volumes enough to make a large library have been written in that behalf; and the result just proves that no two editors can agree with each other in the matter, or even any one with himself for two years together. Therewithal, in some of the plays, especially some of those first printed in the folio, as, for example, *The Winter's Tale* and *Coriolanus*, there are divers passages so defective or so corrupt as fairly to defy the utmost stress of critical ingenuity and resource for curing them into soundness; so that they just have to be given up as incurable.

The folio of 1623 was reprinted in 1632, with a good many small changes of text made by some unknown hand. The folio of 1632 is not regarded as of any authority, though in some cases it furnishes aid of no little value.

I have thus drawn together, in as small a compass and as fair a statement as I could, such particulars relating to the state and sources of the Poet's text, as it seems needful that young students should have before them. For I cannot think it would be doing quite right, either by the subject or the student, to leave the latter altogether uninstructed touching the matters in question. Some further details in the same line are given from time to time, as occasion seemed to require, in the special introductions to particular plays.

This General Introduction may not improperly close with two note-worthy commendations of the Poet. The first, prefixed to the folio of 1623, is from the hand of "rare Ben Jonson," who, though ten years younger than Shakespeare, was one of his most intimate personal and professional friends; a ripe scholar; a diligent, painstaking, and highly idiomatic writer; and a right honest, true-hearted, capable, and thoroughly estimable man. It is certainly one of the noblest tributes ever paid by one man to another. The second first appeared among the commendatory verses prefixed to the folio of 1632. It was there printed without any signature, but was included by Milton in a collection of his poems published in 1645, which of course identifies him as the author of it. Milton was born eight years before Shakespeare died, and was twenty-four years old when this glorious little piece was first given to the public. It is worthy alike of the author and of the subject.

*To the Memory of my beloved, the Author, Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, and what he hath left us.*

To draw no envy, Shakespeare, on thy name,  
Am I thus ample to thy book and fame;  
While I confess thy writings to be such  
As neither man nor Muse can praise too much:  
'Tis true and all men's suffrage. But these ways  
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise:  
For silliest ignorance on these may light,  
Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes right;  
Or blind affection, which doth ne'er advance  
The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by chance;  
Or crafty malice might pretend this praise,  
And think to ruin where it seem'd to raise.  
But thou art proof against them; and, indeed,  
Above th' ill fortune of them, or the need.  
I therefore will begin:—Soul of the age,  
Th' applause, delight, the wonder of our stage,  
My Shakespeare, rise! I will not lodge thee by  
Chaucer or Spenser; or bid Beaumont lie  
A little further, to make thee a room:  
Thou art a monument without a tomb;  
And art alive still, while thy book doth live,  
And we have wits to read, and praise to give.  
That I not mix thee so, my brain excuses;  
I mean, with great but disproportion'd Muses:  
For, if I thought my judgment were of years,  
I should commit thee surely with thy peers;  
And tell how far thou didst our Lily outshine,  
Or sporting Kid, or Marlowe's mighty line:  
And, though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek,  
From thence to honour thee I would not seek  
For names; but call forth thundering Æschylus,  
Euripides, and Sophocles, to us,  
Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova, dead,  
To life again, to hear thy buskin tread  
And shake a stage; or, when thy socks were on,  
Leave thee alone for the comparison  
Of all that insolent Greece or haughty Rome  
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.  
Triumph, my Britain! thou hast one to show,  
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.

He was not of an age, but for all time !  
 And all the Muses still were in their prime,  
 When like Apollo he came forth to warm  
 Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm.  
 Nature herself was proud of his designs,  
 And joy'd to wear the dressing of his lines ;  
 Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,  
 As since she will vouchsafe no other wit.  
 The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,  
 Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please ;  
 But antiquated and deserted lie,  
 As they were not of Nature's family.  
 Yet must I not give Nature all : thy art,  
 My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part :  
 For, though the poet's matter nature be,  
 His art doth give the fashion ; and that he  
 Who casts to write a living line must sweat,  
 (Such as thine are,) and strike the second heat  
 Upon the Muses' anvil ; turn the same,  
 (And himself with it,) that he thinks to frame ;  
 Or, for the laurel, he may gain a scorn, —  
 For a good poet's made, as well as born :  
 And such wert thou. Look, how the father's face  
 Lives in his issue ; even so the race  
 Of Shakespeare's mind and manners brightly shines  
 In his well-turned and true-fil'd lines ;  
 In each of which he seems to shake a lance,  
 As brandish'd at the eyes of Ignorance.  
 Sweet Swan of Avon, what a sight it were  
 To see thee in our waters yet appear,  
 And make those flights upon the banks of Thames,  
 That so did take Eliza and our James !  
 But stay ; I see thee in the hemisphere  
 Advanc'd, and made a constellation there :  
 Shine forth, thou Star of poets ! and with rage  
 Or influence chide or cheer the drooping stage ;  
 Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourn'd like night,  
 And despairs day, but for thy volume's light !

BEN JONSON.

*An Epitaph on the admirable Dramatic Poet,*

W. SHAKESPEARE.

What needs my Shakespeare, for his honour'd bones,  
 The labour of an age in piled stones ;  
 Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid  
 Under a star-ypointing pyramid ?  
 Dear son of Memory, great heir of Fame,  
 What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name ?  
 Thou, in our wonder and astonishment,  
 Hast built thyself a live-long monument :  
 For whilst, to the shame of slow-endeavouring art,  
 Thy easy numbers flow ; and that each heart  
 Hath, from the leaves of thy unvalu'd book,  
 Those Delphic lines with deep impression took ;  
 Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,  
 Dost make us marble with too much conceiving ;  
 And, so sepulchr'd, in such pomp dost lie,  
 That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

## INTRODUCTION TO AS YOU LIKE IT.

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**T**HIS is one of the plays first published in the folio of 1623, and is among the best-printed in that volume. There are no very serious difficulties about the text. Some of the more important needful corrections are remarked in the notes; others, of less consequence, are adopted without remark. The play is first heard of in 1600, when it was entered in the Stationers' Register, London, as if for publication; but against the entry are the words "to be stayed," evidently meant to restrain the publisher from using it. On the other hand, in Act iii. scene 5, a line is noted as having been taken from Christopher Marlowe's translation of *Hero and Leander*, which was first printed in 1598. This shows the play to have been written somewhere between 1598 and 1600, when the author was thirty-five or thirty-six years old.

Shakespeare cared very little for the interest of mere novelty in his dramas. As a general thing, he preferred to use, for the canvas of his delineations, such tales and romances as were already known, and well established in the public faith and favour. This was not from any lack of inventiveness, — for he could be the most inventive of poets when he chose, — but probably because the people were most easily attracted by fresh presentations of old and familiar stories. And it was the true, not the new, that his heart was mainly set upon and most at home in. Accordingly this play, so far as regards the chief particulars of the story, was founded upon a highly popular novel of that time, written by Thomas Lodge, and first published in 1590. The novel is entitled *Rosalynd; Euphues' Golden Legacy*. The plot and leading incidents were borrowed almost entirely from that source, but were made the ground-work and support of a portraiture as different from Lodge's as light is from darkness. There is nothing that can properly be called *character* of any sort in the novel, and but little that can be rightly pronounced poetical or even natural; though there are some rather clever, spirited, and graceful passages of narrative and description. The persons, or rather the personal figures, answering to Oliver, Orlando, Celia, Corin, and Silvius, are there called Saladyne, Rosader, Alinda, Coridon, and Montanus. Adam there has the name of Adam Spencer. The names of Rosalind and Phebe are the same as in the play; so also are the names Ganymede and Aliena, assumed by Rosalind and Celia in their disguise. Instead of the banished Duke, and Frederick his usurping brother, the novel has Gerismond the rightful King of France, who has been driven into banishment and his crown usurped by his younger brother Torismond. Some rather improbable things in the play, such as palm-trees, lions, and huge serpents in the Forest of Arden, are also borrowed from the novel. Of Jaques, Touchstone, and Audrey, the novel has no traces whatever.

*As You Like It* is an universal favourite with readers of Shakespeare, and is held by many to be the most pleasing of all his comedies. The characters, the sentiments, the descriptions, and the general course of the action are full of healthy, natural freshness and delectation; so that it seems impossible for any thing but sheer dulness or perversity ever to grow weary of the play. Campbell the poet says, he has "been in love with the comedy these forty years." I have myself been in love with it somewhat more than thirty years, and am not likely ever to get the better of that old weakness. The whole is replete with a

beauty so delicate, yet so intense, that we feel it everywhere, but can never tell especially where it is, or in what it consists. For instance, the descriptions of forest scenery come along so unsought, and in such easy, quiet, natural touches, that we take in the impression without once noticing what it is that impresses us. Thus there is a certain woodland freshness, a glad, free naturalness, that creeps and steals into the heart before we know it. And the spirit of the place is upon its inhabitants, its genius within them : we almost breathe with them the fragrance of the forest, and listen to "the melodies of woods and winds and waters," and feel

"The Power, the Beauty, and the Majesty,  
That have their haunts in dale, or piny mountain,  
Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring."

Even the Court Fool, notwithstanding all the crystallizing process that has passed upon him, undergoes a sort of rejuvenescence of his inner man, so that his wit catches at every turn the fresh hues and odours of his new whereabouts. I am persuaded indeed that Milton had a special eye to this play in the lines, —

"And sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,  
Warbles his native wood-notes wild."

To all which add, that the kindlier sentiments here seem playing out in a sort of jubilee. Untied from set purposes and definite aims, the persons come forth with their hearts already tuned, and so have but to let off their redundant music. Envy, jealousy, avarice, revenge, all the passions that afflict and degrade society, they have left in the city behind them. And they have brought the intelligence and refinement of the Court, without its vanities and vexations ; so that the graces of art and the simplicities of Nature meet in joyous, loving sisterhood. A serene and mellow atmosphere of thought encircles and pervades the actors in this drama : Nature throws her protecting arms around them ; Beauty pitches her tents before them ; Heaven rains its riches upon them ; with "no enemy but Winter and rough weather," Peace hath taken up her abode with them ; and they have nothing to do but to "fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world."

Hallam, perhaps the calmest and severest of English critics, has the following apt and judicious passage in reference to the play, with which this Introduction may fitly conclude :

"The sweet and sportive temper of Shakespeare, though it never deserted him, gave way to advancing years, and to the mastering force of serious thought. What he read we know but very imperfectly ; yet in the last years of this century (the sixteenth), when five-and-thirty summers had ripened his genius, it seems that he must have transfused much of the wisdom of past ages into his own all-combining mind. In several of the historical plays, in *The Merchant of Venice*, and especially in *As You Like It*, the philosophic eye, turned inward on the mysteries of human nature, is more and more characteristic ; and we might apply to the last comedy the bold figure that Coleridge has less appropriately employed as to the early poems, that 'the creative power and the intellectual energy wrestle as in a war-embrace.' In no other play, at least, do we find the bright imagination and fascinating grace of Shakespeare's youth so mingled with the thoughtfulness of his maturer age. Few comedies of Shakespeare are more generally pleasing, and its manifold improbabilities do not much affect us in perusal. The brave, injured Orlando, the sprightly but modest Rosalind, the faithful Adam, the reflecting Jaques, the serene and magnanimous Duke, interest us by turns ; though the play is not so well managed as to condense our sympathy, and direct it to the conclusion."

# AS YOU LIKE IT.

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## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUKE, living in exile.	CORIN, } Shepherds.
FREDERICK, his usurping Brother.	SILVIUS, }
AMIENS, } Lords attending upon the ex-	WILLIAM, a country Fellow, in love with
JAQUES, } iled Duke.	Audrey,
LE BEAU, a Courtier attending upon	HYMEN.
Frederick.	
CHARLES, his Wrestler.	ROSALIND, Daughter to the exiled
OLIVER, }	Duke.
JAQUES, } Sons of Sir Roland de Bois.	CELIA, Daughter to Frederick.
ORLANDO, }	PHEBE, a Shepherdess.
ADAM, } Servants to Oliver.	AUDREY, a country Wench.
DENIS, }	
TOUCHSTONE, a Clown.	Lords, Pages, Foresters, and other At-
SIR OLIVER MARTEXT, a Vicar.	tendants.

SCENE, at first, near Oliver's House; afterwards, in the Usurper's Court, and in the Forest of Arden.

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## ACT I. SCENE I. *An Orchard near OLIVER's House.*

*Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.*

*Orl.* As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion, — he<sup>1</sup> bequeathed me by will but poor a thousand crowns;<sup>2</sup> and, as thou say'st, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well: and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept; for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hir'd: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on his dung-hills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that Nature gave me his countenance seems to take from me: he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with

<sup>1</sup> The original lacks the pronoun *he*, and runs *bequeathed* in with the preceding *was*. The arrangement of the text is Mr. Dyce's. This use of the pronoun, without the word to which it refers, naturally carries the thoughts back to the preceding part of the conversation, which the Poet did not report.

<sup>2</sup> So in the original, and in accordance with old usage. Modern editions have generally transposed *poor a*. We have similar forms of speech in *good my lord*, *sweet my coz*, and many others.

my education.<sup>3</sup> This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude: I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

*Adam.* Yonder comes my master, your brother.

*Orl.* Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up. [*Adam retires.*]

*Enter OLIVER.*

*Oli.* Now, sir! what make you here?<sup>4</sup>

*Orl.* Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

*Oli.* What mar you then, sir?

*Orl.* Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

*Oli.* Marry,<sup>5</sup> sir, be better employed, and be naught awhile!<sup>6</sup>

*Orl.* Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks with them? What prodigal's portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?<sup>7</sup>

*Oli.* Know you where you are, sir?

*Orl.* O sir! very well: here in your orchard.

*Oli.* Know you before whom, sir?

*Orl.* Ay, better than he I am before knows me. I know you are my eldest brother; and in the gentle condition of blood you should so know me. The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us: I have as much of my father in me as you; albeit I confess your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.<sup>8</sup>

*Oli.* What, boy!

*Orl.* Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.<sup>9</sup>

<sup>3</sup> *Mines* is here used in the sense of *undermines*. *Gentility* means noble birth: what an honourable parentage has done for me, he strives to undo with base breeding.

<sup>4</sup> What *do* you here?

<sup>5</sup> *Marry* was used a good deal in colloquial language as a petty oath or intensive; something like the Latin *hercule* and *edepol*, which grew into use as simple intensives from swearing by Hercules and Pollux, and came to mean much the same as our *indeed*, *truly*, and *to be sure*. This use of *marry* sprang, no doubt, from a custom of swearing by St. Mary the Blessed Virgin.

<sup>6</sup> *Be naught*, or *go and be naught*, was formerly a petty execration between anger and contempt, which has been supplanted by others, as *be hanged*, *be cursed*, &c.; *awhile*, or *the while*, was added merely to round the phrase.

<sup>7</sup> The allusion to the parable of the Prodigal Son is obvious enough.

<sup>8</sup> Nearer to him in the right of that reverence which was his due.

<sup>9</sup> The word *boy* naturally provokes and awakens in Orlando the sense of his manly powers; and with the retort of *elder brother*, he grasps him with firm hands, and makes him feel he is no boy.

*Oli.* Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

*Orl.* I am no villain: I am the youngest son of Sir Roland de Bois; he was my father; and he is thrice a villain, that says such a father begot villains. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat till this other had pull'd out thy tongue for saying so: thou hast rail'd on thyself.

*Adam.* [*Advancing.*] Sweet masters, be patient: for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

*Oli.* Let me go, I say.

*Orl.* I will not, till I please: you shall hear me. My father charg'd you in his will to give me good education: you have train'd me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities. The spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it; therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery<sup>10</sup> my father left me by testament: with that I will go buy my fortunes.

*Oli.* And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in: I will not long be troubled with you; you shall have some part of your will: I pray you, leave me.

*Orl.* I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

*Oli.* Get you with him, you old dog.

*Adam.* Is *old dog* my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service.—God be with my old master! he would not have spoke such a word.

[*Exeunt ORLANDO and ADAM.*]

*Oli.* Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither.—Holla, Denis!

*Enter DENIS.*

*Den.* Calls your worship?

*Oli.* Was not Charles the Duke's wrestler here to speak with me?

*Den.* So please you, he is here at the door, and importunes access to you.

*Oli.* Call him in. [*Exit DENIS.*]—'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

*Enter CHARLES.*

*Cha.* Good morrow to your worship.

*Oli.* Good morrow, Monsieur Charles!<sup>11</sup> What's the new news at the new Court?

<sup>10</sup> *Allottery* is *portion*; that which is *allotted*.

<sup>11</sup> *Morrow* is wanting here in the original. The use of it in the preceding speech shows that it ought to be repeated in this, and so it is by Mr. Dyce.

*Cha.* There's no news at the Court, sir, but the old news : that is, the old Duke is banished by his younger brother the new Duke ; and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues<sup>12</sup> enrich the new Duke ; therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

*Oli.* Can you tell if Rosalind, the Duke's daughter, be banished with her father ?

*Cha.* O, no ; for the Duke's daughter,<sup>13</sup> her cousin, so loves her, — being ever from their cradles bred together, — that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her.<sup>14</sup> She is at the Court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter ; and never two ladies loved as they do.

*Oli.* Where will the old Duke live ?

*Cha.* They say he is already in the Forest of Arden,<sup>15</sup> and a many merry men with him ; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England.<sup>16</sup> They say many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly,<sup>17</sup> as they did in the golden world.<sup>18</sup>

*Oli.* What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new Duke ?

*Cha.* Marry, do I, sir ; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand that your younger brother, Orlando, hath a disposition to come in disguis'd against me to try a fall. To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit ; and he that escapes me without some broken limb shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender ; and, for your love, I would be loth to foil him, as I must, for my own honour, if he come in : therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal ; that either you might stay him from his intendment, or brook such disgrace

<sup>12</sup> *Revenue* is generally pronounced in *Shakespeare* with the accent on the second syllable, as indeed it ought to be. You would not have caught Daniel Webster or Edward Everett pronouncing it otherwise.

<sup>13</sup> The *usurping* Duke's daughter.

<sup>14</sup> Shakespeare often uses the infinitive mood in a way now nearly obsolete. In this place, we should naturally use the participle with a preposition : "Died *in* or *by* *staying* behind her." So, in the next scene : "I confess me much guilty, *to deny* so fair and excellent ladies any thing ;" that is, *in denying*.

<sup>15</sup> *Ardenne* is a large forest in French Flanders, lying near the river Meuse, and between Charlemont and Rocroy.

<sup>16</sup> This prince of outlaws and "most gentle theefe" lived in the time of Richard I., and had his chief residence in Sherwood Forest, Nottinghamshire. Wordsworth aptly styles him "the English ballad-singer's joy ;" and in Percy's *Reliques* is an old ballad entitled *Robin Hood and Guy of Gisborne*, showing how his praises were wont to be sung. His character and mode of life are well delivered in Scott's *Ivanhoe*.

<sup>17</sup> *Carelessly* is used elegantly here, in the sense of *freedom from care*.

<sup>18</sup> Of this fabled golden age, — an ancient and very general tradition wherein the state of man in Paradise appears to have been shadowed, — some notion is given in Gonzalo's *Commonwealth*, *The Tempest*, Act ii. scene 1.

well as he shall run into; in that it is a thing of his own search, and altogether against my will.

*Oli.* Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by underhand means laboured to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles, it is the stubbornest young fellow of France; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villainous contriver against me his natural brother: therefore use thy discretion; I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger. And thou wert best look to't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device, and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other: for I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one so young and so villainous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but should I anatomize him to thee as he is,<sup>19</sup> I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

*Cha.* I am heartily glad I came hither to you. If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment: if ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more. And so, God keep your worship!

*Oli.* Farewell, good Charles. [*Exit CHARLES.*] — Now will I stir this gamester.<sup>20</sup> I hope I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle; never school'd, and yet learned; full of noble device; of all sorts enchantingly beloved; and indeed so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised. But it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all: nothing remains but that I kindle<sup>21</sup> the boy thither, which now I'll go about. [*Exit.*]

## SCENE II. *A Lawn before the DUKE's Palace.*

*Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.*

*Cel.* I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz,<sup>1</sup> be merry.

*Ros.* Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of;

<sup>19</sup> To *anatomize*, as the word is here used, is to unfold, explain, or expose a thing thoroughly. Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* is a capital instance in point. The same sense survives in the technical use of the word in Medical Science.

<sup>20</sup> *Gamester* was used very much as our phrase *sporting character*, or of one sowing his wild oats.

<sup>21</sup> Spur him on. Thus, in *Macbeth*: "That, trusted home, might yet *enkindle* you unto the crown."

<sup>1</sup> Such expressions as this are very frequent in *Shakespeare*. It was the

and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

*Cel.* Herein I see thou lov'st me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the Duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine: so would'st thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously temper'd as mine is to thee.

*Ros.* Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

*Cel.* You know my father hath no child but I,<sup>2</sup> nor none is like to have: and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir; for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection: by mine honor, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster: therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

*Ros.* From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports. Let me see: what think you of falling in love?

*Cel.* Marry, I pr'ythee, do, to make sport withal: but love no man in good earnest; nor no further in sport neither than with safety of a pure blush thou may'st in honour come off again.

*Ros.* What shall be our sport, then?

*Cel.* Let us sit and mock the good housewife Fortune from her wheel,<sup>3</sup> that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

*Ros.* I would we could do so; for her benefits are mightily misplaced; and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

*Cel.* 'Tis true; for those that she makes fair, she scarce makes honest; and those that she makes honest, she makes very ill-favoured.

*Ros.* Nay, now thou goest from Fortune's office to Nature's: Fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of Nature.

*Cel.* No? When Nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by Fortune fall into the fire? Though Nature hath given us wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this Fool to cut off the argument?

common language of the time. *Dear my lord*, and *gentle my brother*, and many others occur, which our modern idiom would transpose to *my dear lord*, &c. See note 2, page 23.

<sup>2</sup> In the unsettled grammar of Shakespeare's time, such a misplacing of the cases, as compared with present usage, was quite common even with the best-educated people.

<sup>3</sup> That is, drive her from it with gibes and flouts.

*Enter TOUCHSTONE.*

*Ros.* Indeed, then is Fortune too hard for Nature, when Fortune makes Nature's natural the cutter-off of Nature's wit.<sup>4</sup>

*Cel.* Peradventure this is not Fortune's work neither, but Nature's; who, perceiving our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, hath sent this natural for our whetstone: for always the dulness of the Fool is the whetstone of the wits. — How now, wit! whither wander you?

*Touch.* Mistress, you must come away to your father.

*Cel.* Were you made the messenger?

*Touch.* No, by mine honour; but I was bid to come for you.

*Ros.* Where learned you that dath, Fool?

*Touch.* Of a certain knight, that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught:<sup>5</sup> now I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught, and the mustard was good; and yet was not the knight forsworn.

*Cel.* How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

*Ros.* Ay, marry; now unmuzzle your wisdom.

*Touch.* Stand you both forth now: stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

*Cel.* By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

*Touch.* By my knavery, if I had it, then I were; but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight, swearing by his honour, for he never had any; or if he had, he had sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

*Cel.* Pr'ythee, who is't that thou mean'st?

*Touch.* One that old Frederick,<sup>6</sup> your father, loves.

*Cel.* My father's love is enough to honour him enough: Speak no more of him; you'll be whipp'd for taxation one of these days.<sup>7</sup>

*Touch.* The more pity, that Fools may not speak wisely what wise men do foolishly.

*Cel.* By my troth, thou say'st true; for since the little wit that Fools have was silenced, the little foolery that wise men have makes a great show. Here comes Monsieur Le Beau.

<sup>4</sup> *Natural* was used, as it still is, like *innocent*, for a veritable fool. The application of *Fool* to the professional clown gave rise to many quibbles.

<sup>5</sup> *Naught* is simply *bad*, as in our word *naughty*. It must not be confounded with *nought*.

<sup>6</sup> *Old* is here merely a term of familiarity, such as Fools were privileged to use to and of all sorts of people.

<sup>7</sup> It was the custom to whip Fools, when they used their tongues too freely. *Taxation* is *censure*, *satire*. Thus, in Act ii. scene 7, of this play, Jaques says: "Why, who cries out on pride, that can therein *tax* any private party?"

*Ros.* With his mouth full of news.

*Cel.* Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

*Ros.* Then shall we be news-cramm'd.

*Enter LE BEAU.*

*Cel.* All the better; we shall be the more marketable. —  
*Bon jour*, Monsieur Le Beau: what's the news?

*Le Beau.* Fair Princess, you have lost much good sport.

*Cel.* Sport! of what colour?<sup>8</sup>

*Le Beau.* What colour, Madam! how shall I answer you?

*Ros.* As wit and Fortune will.

*Touch.* Or as the Destinies decree.

*Cel.* Well said: that was laid on with a trowel.<sup>9</sup>

*Touch.* Nay, if I keep not my rank, —

*Ros.* Thou lovest thy old smell.

*Le Beau.* You amaze me, ladies: I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

*Ros.* Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

*Le Beau.* I will tell you the beginning; and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end, for the best is yet to do: and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

*Cel.* Well, — the beginning, that is dead and buried.

*Le Beau.* There comes an old man and his three sons, —

*Cel.* I could match this beginning with an old tale.

*Le Beau.* — three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence, with bills on their necks.<sup>10</sup>

*Ros.* *Be it known unto all men by these presents.*

*Le Beau.* The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the Duke's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: so he serv'd the second, and so the third. Yonder they lie; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

*Ros.* Alas!

*Touch.* But what is the sport, Monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

*Le Beau.* Why, this that I speak of.

*Touch.* Thus men may grow wiser every day! It is the

<sup>8</sup> Celia glances, apparently, at Le Beau's affected or dandified pronunciation of *sport*, he having got it nearer to *spot* than to *sport*.

<sup>9</sup> This is a proverbial phrase, meaning to do any thing without delicacy, or to *lay it on thick*. If a man flatter grossly, it is common to say, *he lays it on with a trowel*. The *Destinies* shape the speech of those who have not sense enough to shape it for themselves.

<sup>10</sup> *Bills* were instruments or weapons used by watchmen and foresters. Watchmen were said to carry their bills or halberds on their *necks*, not on their shoulders. There is a quibble on the word *bills*, in the next speech, referring to public notices, which were generally headed with the words, — "Be it known unto all men by these presents."

first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

*Cel.* Or I, I promise thee.

*Ros.* But is there any else longs to set this broken music in his sides? <sup>11</sup> is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking? — Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?

*Le Beau.* You must, if you stay here; for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

*Cel.* Yonder, sure, they are coming: let us now stay and see it.

*Flourish.* Enter DUKE FREDERICK, Lords, ORLANDO, CHARLES, and Attendants.

*Fred.* Come on: since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

*Ros.* Is yonder the man?

*Le Beau.* Even he, Madam.

*Cel.* Alas, he is too young! yet he looks successfully.

*Fred.* How now, daughter, and cousin! <sup>12</sup> are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

*Ros.* Ay, my liege; so please you give us leave.

*Fred.* You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the men. In pity of the challenger's youth, I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated: Speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him.

*Cel.* Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

*Fred.* Do so: I'll not be by. [*He goes apart.*]

*Le Beau.* Monsieur the challenger, the Princess calls for you.

*Orl.* I attend them <sup>13</sup> with all respect and duty.

*Ros.* Young man, have you challeng'd Charles the wrestler?

<sup>11</sup> The original has *see* instead of *set*. It is not easy to make any sense with *see*; and such a misprint were an easy one. Mr. Dyce substitutes *fee* for *see*, which may be a better change. The idea of *broken ribs* suggests to Rosalind the whimsical fancy of *broken music*, which appears to have been a phrase of the Poet's time for *music in parts*; as a round, a trio, or a quartette. So explained in *Troilus and Cressida*, Act iii. scene 1:

"*Pandarus.* What music is this?

"*Servant.* I do but partly know, sir: it is *music in parts*."

"*Pandarus.* Fair prince, here is good *broken music*."

"*Paris.* You have broke it, cousin; and, by my life, you shall make it whole again."

The Poet seems to have been rather fond of quibbling upon the phrase. Thus in *King Henry V.*, v. 2, when the King is wooing the French Princess: "Come, your answer in *broken music*; for thy voice is music, and thy English *broken*."

<sup>12</sup> *Cousin* was used indifferently of nephews, nieces, and grandchildren, as well as for what we mean by the term. *Shakespeare* is full of instances in point. Rosalind is *niece* to Frederick.

<sup>13</sup> Only *one* of the ladies calls for Orlando; and he says *them*, because he *sees* two, not because the request comes from them both.

*Orl.* No, fair Princess ; he is the general challenger : I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

*Cel.* Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years. You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength : if you saw yourself with your eyes, or knew yourself with your judgment,<sup>14</sup> the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt.

*Ros.* Do, young sir ; your reputation shall not therefore be misprised : We will make it our suit to the Duke that the wrestling might not go forward.

*Orl.* I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts. I confess me much guilty,<sup>15</sup> to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing ; but let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial ; wherein if I be foil'd, there is but one sham'd that was never gracious ;<sup>16</sup> if kill'd, but one dead that is willing to be so. I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me ; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing ; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

*Ros.* The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

*Cel.* And mine, to eke out hers.

*Ros.* Fare you well. Pray Heaven I be deceiv'd in you !

*Cel.* Your heart's desires be with you !

*Cha.* Come ; where is this young gallant that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth ?

*Orl.* Ready, sir ; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

*Fred.* You shall try but one fall.

*Cha.* No, I warrant your Grace, you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

*Orl.* You mean to mock me after ; you should not have mock'd me before : but come your ways.

*Ros.* Now, Hercules be thy speed, young man !

*Cel.* I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg.

[*CHA. and ORL. wrestle.*]

<sup>14</sup> *Eyes* and *judgment* are somewhat emphatic here ; the implication being, that Orlando sees himself not as he really is, but as fancy or passion overdraws him. Celia means a delicate compliment to the young gentleman. Mr. Dyce and some others read "*our eyes*" and "*our judgment* ;" which, it seems to me, makes the sense no better a good deal.

<sup>15</sup> The original gives this passage thus : "Punish me not with your hard thoughts ; *wherein* I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes," &c. *Wherein* is only in the way here, and I do not well see how any sense can be made out of it. The theory of the change is, that the word somehow got repeated from what follows.

<sup>16</sup> Never *in grace*, or *in favour*. Shakespeare elsewhere has similar uses of the word.

*Ros.* O, excellent young man!

*Cel.* If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should go down.

[CHARLES is thrown. *Shout.*

*Fred.* No more, no more.

*Orl.* Yes, I beseech your Grace: I am not yet well breath'd.<sup>17</sup>

*Fred.* How dost thou, Charles?

*Le Beau.* He cannot speak, my lord.

*Fred.* Bear him away. [CHARLES is borne out.] — What is thy name, young man?

*Orl.* Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of Sir Roland de Bois.

*Fred.* I would thou hadst been son to some man else.  
The world esteem'd thy father honourable,  
But I did find him still mine enemy:  
Thou should'st have better pleas'd me with this deed,<sup>18</sup>  
Hadst thou descended from another house.  
But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth:  
I would thou hadst told me of another father.

[*Exeunt FRED., Train, and LE BEAU.*

*Cel.* Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

*Orl.* I am more proud to be Sir Roland's son,  
His youngest son, and would not change that calling,  
To be adopted heir to Frederick.

*Ros.* My father lov'd Sir Roland as his soul,  
And all the world was of my father's mind:  
Had I before known this young man his son,  
I should have given him tears unto entreaties,<sup>19</sup>  
Ere he should thus have ventur'd.

*Cel.* Gentle cousin,  
Let us go thank him and encourage him:  
My father's rough and envious disposition  
Sticks me at heart. — Sir, you have well deserv'd:  
If you do keep your promises in love  
But justly, as you have exceeded promise,  
Your mistress shall be happy.

*Ros.* [Giving a Chain from her Neck.] Gentleman,  
Wear this for me, one out of suits with fortune,

<sup>17</sup> *Well breath'd* is *well exercised*. Orlando means that he is not yet fairly warm with his work. The verb *to breathe* often occurs in this sense.

<sup>18</sup> *Should'st* in the sense of *would'st*. The auxiliaries *could*, *should*, and *would* had not become fully differentiated in Shakespeare's time. They were used interchangeably, and he has many instances of such use. It was the same with *shall* and *will*; as also with various other words. In Rosalind's second speech below, we have it again: "That *could* give more;" *could* for *would*.

<sup>19</sup> Tears in addition to entreaties.

That could give more, but that her hand lacks means. —  
Shall we go, coz?

*Cel.* Ay: — Fare you well, fair gentleman.

*Orl.* Can I not say I thank you? My better parts  
Are all thrown down, and that which here stands up  
Is but a quintain,<sup>20</sup> a mere lifeless block.

*Ros.* He calls us back: <sup>21</sup> My pride fell with my fortunes;  
I'll ask him what he would. — Did you call, sir?  
Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown  
More than your enemies.

*Cel.* Will you go, coz?

*Ros.* Have with you. — Fare you well.

[*Exeunt ROSALIND and CELIA.*]

*Orl.* What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?  
I cannot speak to her, yet she urg'd conference.  
O poor Orlando, thou art overthrown!  
Or Charles or something weaker masters thee.

*Re-enter LE BEAU.*

*Le Beau.* Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you  
To leave this place. Albeit you have deserv'd  
High commendation, true applause, and love;  
Yet such is now the Duke's condition,<sup>22</sup>  
That he misconstrues all that you have done.  
The Duke is humorous; what he is, indeed,  
More suits you to conceive, than I to speak of.

*Orl.* I thank you, sir; and pray you tell me this:  
Which of the two was daughter of the Duke,  
That here were at the wrestling?

*Le Beau.* Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners;  
But yet, indeed, the smaller <sup>23</sup> is his daughter:  
Th' other is daughter to the banish'd Duke,

<sup>20</sup> A *quintain* was a figure set up for tilters to run at, in a mock tournament. The form was a post with a cross-bar fixed to the top, turning on a pivot, having a broad board at one end, and a bag full of sand at the other. In the sport, if the figure were struck on the shield, the quintain turned on its pivot and hit the assailant with the sand bag. The skill consisted in striking the quintain dexterously so as to avoid the blow. Orlando is talking to himself in this speech, the ladies having withdrawn.

<sup>21</sup> Orlando has not called them back: why, then, does Rosalind say this? Perhaps she wants to talk further with him.

<sup>22</sup> This word occurs very often in the sense of *temper* or *disposition*. Thus, in *The Merchant of Venice*, Act i. scene 2, Portia says of the Moorish Prince, who comes to woo her, "If he have the *condition* of a saint, and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrive me than wive me." — In the next line, *misconstrues* has the accent on the second syllable, and is spelt *misconsters* in the original. I think the Poet always accents it thus. — *Humorous*, a little after, is used, as was then common, in the sense of *capricious*, or *going by fits and starts*.

<sup>23</sup> The old copy reads *taller*, which is evidently wrong, for Rosalind says in the next scene that she is "more than common tall."

And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,  
 To keep his daughter company; whose loves  
 Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.  
 But I can tell you, that of late this Duke  
 Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece,  
 Grounded upon no other argument  
 But that the people praise her for her virtues,  
 And pity her for her good father's sake;  
 And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady  
 Will suddenly break forth. — Sir, fare you well:  
 Hereafter, in a better world than this,  
 I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

*Orl.* I rest much bounden to you: fare you well! —

[*Exit* LE BEAU.]

Thus must I from the smoke into the smother;<sup>24</sup>  
 From tyrant duke unto a tyrant brother. —  
 But heavenly Rosalind!

[*Exit.*]

### SCENE III. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter CELIA and ROSALIND.*

*Cel.* Why, cousin! why, Rosalind! — Cupid have mercy!  
 — Not a word?

*Ros.* Not one to throw at a dog.

*Cel.* No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon  
 curs; throw some of them at me; come, lame me with reasons.

*Ros.* Then there were two cousins laid up, when the one  
 should be lam'd with reasons, and the other mad without any.

*Cel.* But is all this for your father?

*Ros.* No, some of it is for my father's child.<sup>1</sup> O, how full of  
 briers is this working-day world!

*Cel.* They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday  
 foolery: if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petti-  
 coats will catch them.

*Ros.* I could shake them off my coat: these burs are in my  
 heart.

*Cel.* Hem them away.

*Ros.* I would try, if I could cry hem, and have him.

*Cel.* Come, come; wrestle with thy affections.

*Ros.* O, they take the part of a better wrestler than my-  
 self.

*Cel.* O, a good wish upon you! you will try in time, in des-  
 pite of a fall. But, turning these jests out of service, let us  
 talk in good earnest: Is it possible, on such a sudden, you

<sup>24</sup> That is, from *bad* to *worse*.

<sup>1</sup> The original has "my child's father," which can hardly be right.

should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir Roland's youngest son?

*Ros.* The Duke my father lov'd his father dearly.

*Cel.* Doth it therefore ensue that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of chase, I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly;<sup>2</sup> yet I hate not Orlando.

*Ros.* No, 'faith, hate him not, for my sake.

*Cel.* Why should I not? doth he not deserve well?<sup>3</sup>

*Ros.* Let me love him for that; and do you love him because I do. — Look, here comes the Duke.

*Cel.* With his eyes full of anger.

*Enter DUKE FREDERICK, with Lords.*

*Fred.* Mistress, despatch you with your safest haste,  
And get you from our Court.

*Ros.* Me, uncle?

*Fred.* You, cousin:

Within these ten days if that thou be'st found  
So near our public Court as twenty miles,  
Thou diest for it.

*Ros.* I do beseech your Grace,  
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me.  
If with myself I hold intelligence,  
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires;  
If that I do not dream, or be not frantic,  
(As I do trust I am not,) then, dear uncle,  
Never so much as in a thought unborn  
Did I offend your Highness.

*Fred.* Thus do all traitors:  
If their purgation did consist in words,<sup>4</sup>  
They are as innocent as grace itself: —  
Let it suffice thee, that I trust thee not.

*Ros.* Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor:  
Tell me whereon the likelihood depends.

*Fred.* Thou art thy father's daughter; there's enough.

*Ros.* So was I when your Highness took his dukedom;  
So was I when your Highness banish'd him:  
Treason is not inherited, my lord;  
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,  
What's that to me? my father was no traitor:

<sup>2</sup> In Shakespeare's time, it was just as correct to speak of *hating* dearly as of loving dearly; of a dear *foe* as of a dear friend. Thus, in *Hamlet*, Act i. scene 2: "Would I had met my *dearest foe* in Heaven, or ever I had seen that day."

<sup>3</sup> Celia here speaks ironically, her meaning apparently being, — "It was because your father deserved well that my father hated him; and ought I not, by your reasoning, to hate Orlando for the same cause?"

<sup>4</sup> *Purgation* is *proof of innocence*; clearing themselves of the matter charged. See Act v. scene 4, note 4.

Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much  
To think my poverty is treacherous.

*Cel.* Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

*Fred.* Ay, Celia; we stay'd her for your sake;  
Else had she with her father rang'd along.

*Cel.* I did not then entreat to have her stay;  
It was your pleasure and your own remorse:<sup>5</sup>  
I was too young that time to value her,  
But now I know her: if she be a traitor,  
Why, so am I; we still have slept together,  
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together;  
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,  
Still we went coupled and inseparable.

*Fred.* She is too subtle for thee; and her smoothness,  
Her very silence, and her patience,  
Speak to the people, and they pity her.  
Thou art a fool: she robs thee of thy name;  
And thou wilt show more bright and seem more virtuous  
When she is gone. Then open not thy lips;  
Firm and irrevocable is my doom  
Which I have pass'd upon her: she is banish'd.

*Cel.* Pronounce that sentence then on me, my liege:  
I cannot live out of her company.

*Fred.* You are a fool. — You, niece, provide yourself:  
If you out-stay the time, upon mine honour,  
And in the greatness of my word, you die.

[*Exeunt FREDERICK and Lords.*]

*Cel.* O, my poor Rosalind! whither wilt thou go?  
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.  
I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than I am.

*Ros.* I have more cause.

*Cel.* Thou hast not, cousin.  
Pr'ythee, be cheerful: know'st thou not the Duke  
Hath banish'd me, his daughter?

*Ros.* That he hath not.

*Cel.* No? hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love  
Which teacheth me that thou and I am one:<sup>6</sup>  
Shall we be sunder'd? shall we part, sweet girl?  
No; let my father seek another heir.  
Therefore devise with me how we may fly,  
Whither to go, and what to bear with us:  
And do not seek to take the charge upon you,  
To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out;

<sup>5</sup> *Remorse* was continually used by the old writers for *pity*.

<sup>6</sup> The original has *thee* instead of *me*. The change was made by Warburton, has been renewed by Dyce, and ought never to have been rejected.

For, by this Heaven, now at our sorrows pale;  
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

*Ros.* Why, whither shall we go?

*Cel.* To seek my uncle in the Forest of Arden.

*Ros.* Alas, what danger will it be to us,  
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far!  
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

*Cel.* I'll put myself in poor and mean attire,  
And with a kind of umber smirch my face;<sup>7</sup>  
The like do you: so shall we pass along,  
And never stir assailants.

*Ros.* Were 't not better,  
Because that I am more than common tall,  
That I did suit me all points like a man?  
A gallant curtle-axe<sup>8</sup> upon my thigh,  
A boar-spear in my hand; and—in my heart  
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will<sup>9</sup>—  
We'll have a swashing and a martial outside;<sup>10</sup>  
As many other mannish cowards have,  
That do outface it with their semblances.<sup>11</sup>

*Cel.* What shall I call thee when thou art a man?

*Ros.* I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page;  
And therefore look you call me Ganymede.  
But what will you be called?

*Cel.* Something that hath a reference to my state;  
No longer Celia, but Aliena.

*Ros.* But, cousin, what if we assay'd to steal  
The clownish Fool out of your father's Court?  
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

*Cel.* He'll go along o'er the wide world with me;  
Leave me alone to woo him. Let's away,  
And get our jewels and our wealth together;  
Devise the fittest time and safest way  
To hide us from pursuit that will be made  
After my flight. Now go we in content,  
To liberty, and not to banishment.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>7</sup> *Umb*er was a dusky, yellow-coloured earth, brought from Umbria in Italy.

<sup>8</sup> This was one of the old words for a *cutlass*, or short, crooked sword. It was variously spelt, *courtlas*, *courtlast*, *curtlax*.

<sup>9</sup> That is, "Whatever hidden woman's fear lies in my heart."

<sup>10</sup> *Swashing* is *dashing*, *swaggering*. Thus, in Fuller's *Worthies of England*: "A ruffian is the same with a swaggerer, so called, because endeavouring to make that side swag or weigh down, whereon he engageth. The same also with *swash-buckler*, from swashing or making a noise on bucklers."

<sup>11</sup> Compare with this Portia's delectable speech on a like occasion; her last but one in *The Merchant of Venice*, Act iii. scene 4.

ACT II. SCENE I. *The Forest of Arden.*

*Enter the DUKE, AMIENS, and other Lords, drest like Foresters.*

*Duke.* Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,  
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet  
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods  
More free from peril than the envious Court?  
Here feel we not the penalty of Adam.<sup>1</sup>  
The seasons' difference, as the icy fang  
And churlish chiding of the Winter's wind, —  
Which when it bites and blows upon my body,<sup>2</sup>  
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say,  
This is no flattery, — these are counsellors  
That feelingly persuade me what I am.  
Sweet are the uses of adversity,  
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,  
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;<sup>3</sup>  
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,  
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing:  
I would not change it.<sup>4</sup>

*Ami.* Happy is your Grace,  
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune  
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

*Duke.* Come, shall we go and kill us venison?  
And yet it irks me,<sup>5</sup> the poor dappled fools,  
Being native burghers of this desert city,  
Should, in their own confines, with forked heads<sup>6</sup>  
Have their round haunches gor'd.

<sup>1</sup> So in the original: modern editions have generally changed *not* into *but*. Their reasons for the change are plausible, but far from conclusive. The *curso*, or *penalty*, denounced upon Adam was, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." Now this is just what the Duke and his co-mates do *not* feel: they "fleet the time *carelessly*, as they did in the golden world." The Duke then goes on, consistently, to say what they *do* feel. So that I see no good cause for departing from the original reading.

<sup>2</sup> The using of both the relative and the personal pronouns, in relative clauses, as *which* and *it* in this passage, was not uncommon with the best writers. Shakespeare has many instances of it, as "*Who if he break*," in *The Merchant of Venice*. So in Bacon's *Advancement of Learning*: "*Which though it be not true, yet I forbear to note any deficiencies*." It results from a doubling of the connectives, as *which* and *when*, *who* and *if*, *which* and *though*; a Latin idiom, which our language does not rightly admit of.

<sup>3</sup> The "precious jewel" in the toad's head was not his bright eye, as is sometimes supposed, but one of the "secret wonders of nature." According to Edward Fenton, it was found in the heads of old, and large, and especially he toads, and was of great value for its moral and medicinal virtues.

<sup>4</sup> In the original, these words, "I would not change it," begin the next speech. Some of the best editors transfer them — justly, I think — to the Duke.

<sup>5</sup> The verb *irk* has gone out of use, but its sense survives in the adjective *irksome*.

<sup>6</sup> *Forked heads* are barbed arrows. — *Forked* is here a dissyllable, as

1 *Lord.* Indeed, my lord,  
 The melancholy Jaques grieves at that ;<sup>7</sup>  
 And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp  
 Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.  
 To-day, my lord of Amiens and myself  
 Did steal behind him, as he lay along  
 Under an oak whose antique root peeps out  
 Upon the brook that brawls along this wood ;  
 To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,  
 That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,  
 Did come to languish : and indeed, my lord,  
 The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,  
 That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat  
 Almost to bursting ; and the big round tears  
 Cours'd one another down his innocent nose  
 In piteous chase ; and thus the hairy fool,  
 Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,  
 Stood on th' extremest verge of the swift brook,  
 Augmenting it with tears.<sup>8</sup>

*Duke.* But what said Jaques?  
 Did he not moralize this spectacle?

1 *Lord.* O yes, into a thousand similes.  
 First, for his weeping in the needless stream ;<sup>9</sup>  
*Poor deer*, quoth he, *thou mak'st a testament*  
*As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more*  
*To that which had too much.* Then, being alone,  
 Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends :  
 'Tis right, quoth he ; *thus misery doth part*  
*The flux of company.* Anon, a careless herd,  
 Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,  
 And never stays to greet him : *Ay*, quoth Jaques,

*marked* also is, a little after. In Shakespeare's time, in verbs, participles, and adjectives ending with *ed*, the *ed* was always a syllable by itself. The old copies are very particular in the matter, dropping the *e* whenever the verse requires that syllable to coalesce with the preceding, as in *gor'd* and *banish'd*, just below. In the text as here set forth, this rule is uniformly followed, except in words ending in *ied*, such as *died*, *tried*, &c.

<sup>7</sup> This shows that the Poet anglicized the name *Jaques*, instead of giving it the French pronunciation. The verse here requires it to be a dissyllable. I never heard Mrs. Kemble read this play ; but I remember, many years ago, hearing an equally good authority, Mrs. Charles Kean, pronounce it as a dissyllable on the stage.

<sup>8</sup> Drayton in the thirteenth song of his *Poly-Olbion* has a fine description of a deer-hunt, which he winds up thus :

“ He who the mourner is to his own dying corse,  
 Upon the ruthless earth his precious tears lets fall.”

And in a note upon the passage he adds, “ The hart weepeth at his dying : his tears are held precious in medicine.”

<sup>9</sup> *Needless* for *not needing*. Shakespeare abounds in similar language.

*Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens ;  
'Tis just the fashion : Wherefore do you look  
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there ?*  
Thus most invectively he pierceth through  
The body of the country, city, Court,  
Yea, and of this our life ; swearing that we  
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,  
To fright the animals, and to kill them up,  
In their assign'd and native dwelling-place.

*Duke.* And did you leave him in this contemplation ?

*2 Lord.* We did, my lord, weeping and commenting  
Upon the sobbing deer.

*Duke.* Show me the place :  
I love to cope him in these sullen fits,  
For then he's full of matter.

*2 Lord.* I'll bring you to him straight.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter DUKE FREDERICK, Lords, and Attendants.*

*Fred.* Can it be possible that no man saw them ?  
It cannot be : some villains of my Court  
Are of consent and sufferance in this.

*1 Lord.* I cannot hear of any that did see her.  
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,  
Saw her a-bed ; and in the morning early  
They found the bed untreasur'd of their mistress.

*2 Lord.* My lord, the roynish clown,<sup>1</sup> at whom so oft  
Your Grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.  
Hesperia, the Princess' gentlewoman,  
Confesses that she secretly o'erheard  
Your daughter and her cousin much commend  
The parts and graces of the wrestler  
That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles ;  
And she believes, wherever they are gone,  
That youth is surely in their company.

*Fred.* Send to his brother's ; fetch that gallant hither :  
If he be absent, bring his brother to me ;  
I'll make him find him : Do this suddenly ;  
And let not search and inquisition quail<sup>2</sup>  
To bring again these foolish runaways.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>1</sup> *Roynish*, according to Richardson, is from the French *ronger*, to gnaw, eat, corrode. Thus it is much the same as *scurvy* or *mangy*.

<sup>2</sup> Slacken, or give over.

SCENE III. *Before OLIVER'S House.**Enter ORLANDO and ADAM, meeting.**Orl.* Who's there?

*Adam.* What, my young master? O my gentle master!  
 O my sweet master! O, you memory  
 Of old Sir Roland! why, what make you here?<sup>1</sup>  
 Why are you virtuous? why do people love you?  
 And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?  
 Why would you be so fond to overcome  
 The bony prizer of the humorous Duke?<sup>2</sup>  
 Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.  
 Know you not, master, to some kind of men  
 Their graces serve them but as enemies?  
 No more do yours: your virtues, gentle master,  
 Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.<sup>3</sup>  
 O, what a world is this, when what is comely  
 Envenoms him that bears it!

*Orl.* Why, what's the matter?

*Adam.* O unhappy youth,  
 Come not within these doors! within this roof  
 The enemy of all your graces lives:  
 Your brother — (no, no brother; yet the son —  
 Yet not the son — I will not call him son  
 Of him I was about to call his father) —  
 Hath heard your praises; and this night he means  
 To burn the lodging where you use to lie,  
 And you within it: if he fail of that,  
 He will have other means to cut you off.  
 I overheard him and his practices.  
 This is no place;<sup>4</sup> this house is but a butchery:  
 Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

*Orl.* Why, whither, Adam, would'st thou have me go?*Adam.* No matter whither, so you come not here.

*Orl.* What, would'st thou have me go and beg my food?  
 Or with a base and boisterous sword enforce

<sup>1</sup> "What *do* you here?" just as in Act i. scene 1, note 4.

<sup>2</sup> *Fond* means *foolish* here, a sense it often bears in these plays. — Instead of *bony*, the original has *bonnie*, which some editors retain. *Bony* gives the sense of strength, and agrees with "sinewy Charles." — *Prizer* is a taker of prizes. — Here, as before, *humorous* carries the sense of *moody* or *capricious*.

<sup>3</sup> The Poet is fond of thus mixing incongruous words, in order to express certain complexities of thought. In like sort, even so grave a writer as Richard Hooker has the expression *heavenly fraud*, in a thoroughly good sense. — *Envenoms*, second line after, means *poisons*; not that which makes a man venomous, but that which acts like venom upon him.

<sup>4</sup> That is, no place *for you*.

A thievish living on the common road?  
 This I must do, or know not what to do;  
 Yet this I will not do, do how I can:  
 I rather will subject me to the malice  
 Of a diverted blood<sup>5</sup> and bloody brother.

*Adam.* But do not so: I have five hundred crowns,  
 The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,  
 Which I did store, to be my foster-nurse  
 When service should in my old limbs lie lame,  
 And unregarded age in corners thrown:  
 Take that; and He that doth the ravens feed,  
 Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,  
 Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;  
 All this I give you. Let me be your servant:  
 Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;  
 For in my youth I never did apply  
 Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;  
 Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo  
 The means of weakness and debility:  
 Therefore my age is as a lusty Winter,  
 Frosty, but kindly. Let me go with you;  
 I'll do the service of a younger man  
 In all your business and necessities.

*Orl.* O good old man, how well in thee appears  
 The constant service of the antique world,  
 When service sweat for duty, not for meed!  
 Thou art not for the fashion of these times,  
 Where none will sweat but for promotion;  
 And, having that, do choke their service up  
 Even with the having: 'tis not so with thee.  
 But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,  
 That cannot so much as a blossom yield  
 In lieu of<sup>6</sup> all thy pains and husbandry.  
 But come thy ways, we'll go along together;  
 And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,  
 We'll light upon some settled low content.

*Adam.* Master, go on, and I will follow thee,  
 To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.  
 From seventeen years till now almost fourscore  
 Here lived I, but now live here no more.  
 At seventeen years many their fortunes seek;  
 But at fourscore it is too late a week:<sup>7</sup>

<sup>5</sup> Blood turned out of the course of nature. *Blood* is continually used in *Shakespeare* for *passions* and *affections*.

<sup>6</sup> *In return for*; the sense which the phrase commonly bears in *Shakespeare*.

<sup>7</sup> An indefinite period; *somewhat* too late.

Yet fortune cannot recompense me better,  
Than to die well, and not my master's debtor. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. *The Forest of Arden.*

*Enter ROSALIND in Boy's Olothes, CELIA drest like a Shepherdess, and TOUCHSTONE.*

*Ros.* O Jupiter, how weary are my spirits!

*Touch.* I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.

*Ros.* I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel, and to cry like a woman; but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat: therefore, courage! good Aliena.

*Cel.* I pray you, bear with me; I cannot go no further.<sup>1</sup>

*Touch.* For my part, I had rather bear with you than bear you: yet I should bear no cross,<sup>2</sup> if I did bear you; for I think you have no money in your purse.

*Ros.* Well, this is the Forest of Arden.

*Touch.* Ay, now am I in Arden; the more fool I: when I was at home I was in a better place; but travellers must be content.

*Ros.* Ay, be so, good Touchstone. — Look you, who comes here; a young man and an old in solemn talk.<sup>3</sup>

*Enter CORIN and SILVIUS.*

*Cor.* That is the way to make her scorn you still.

*Sil.* O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her!

*Cor.* I partly guess; for I have lov'd ere now.

*Sil.* No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess;  
Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover  
As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow:  
But if thy love were ever like to mine, —  
As sure I think did never man love so, —  
How many actions most ridiculous  
Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?

*Cor.* Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

*Sil.* O, thou didst then ne'er love so heartily!  
If thou remember'st not the slightest folly  
That ever love did make thee run into,

<sup>1</sup> This doubling of the negative is common in our old writers.

<sup>2</sup> In the Poet's time certain English coins had a cross stamped on one side, and hence were called *crosses*. This gave occasion for frequent puns. Thus in 2 *Henry IV.*, i. 2, we have the grave Lord Chief Justice punning upon it: Falstaff having asked him for a loan of money, he replies: "Not a penny, not a penny; you are too impatient to bear *crosses*."

<sup>3</sup> In old language, *solemn* is often used in the sense of *serious* or *earnest*.

Thou hast not lov'd:  
Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,  
Wearying thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,  
Thou hast not lov'd:

Or if thou hast not broke from company  
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,  
Thou hast not lov'd. — O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe! [Exit.

*Ros.* Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy wound,  
I have by hard adventure found mine own.

*Touch.* And I mine. I remember, when I was in love I broke my sword upon a stone, and bid him<sup>4</sup> take that for coming a-night to Jane Smile: and I remember the kissing of her batlet,<sup>5</sup> and the cow's dugs that her pretty chapp'd hands had milk'd: and I remember the wooing of a peascod instead of her; from whom<sup>6</sup> I took two cods, and, giving her them again, said with weeping tears, *Wear these for my sake.* We that are true lovers run into strange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly.<sup>7</sup>

*Ros.* Thou speak'st wiser than thou art 'ware of.

*Touch.* Nay, I shall ne'er be 'ware of mine own wit till I break my shins against it.

*Ros.* Jove! Jove! this shepherd's passion  
Is much upon my fashion.

*Touch.* And mine; but it grows something stale with me.

*Cel.* I pray you, one of you question yond man,  
If he for gold will give us any food:  
I faint almost to death.

*Touch.* Holla, you clown!

*Ros.* Peace, Fool: he's not thy kinsman.

*Cor.* Who calls?

*Touch.* Your betters, sir.

*Cor.* Else are they very wretched.

*Ros.* Peace! I say. — Good even to you, friend.

*Cor.* And to you, gentle sir, and to you all.

*Ros.* I pr'ythee, shepherd, if that love or gold  
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,  
Bring us where we may rest ourselves and feed:  
Here's a young maid with travel much oppress'd,  
And faints for succour.

<sup>4</sup> The imaginary rival for whose visits to Jane the stone was held vicariously responsible.

<sup>5</sup> An instrument with which washers beat clothes.

<sup>6</sup> That is, from his mistress. *Cod* was formerly used for the *shell* of peas, what we now call the *pod*. Pea-pods seem to have been worn sometimes for ornament. Thus Camden, speaking of Richard II., in his *Remains*: "He also used a *peascod* branch with the *cods* open, and the peas out, as it is upon his robe in his monument at Westminster."

<sup>7</sup> I am not quite clear as to what sense the last *mortal* is used in here. The word is sometimes used in common talk as a general intensive.

*Cor.* Fair sir, I pity her,  
 And wish, for her sake more than for mine own,  
 My fortunes were more able to relieve her;  
 But I am shepherd to another man,  
 And do not shear the fleeces that I graze:  
 My master is of churlish disposition,  
 And little reck<sup>8</sup> to find the way to Heaven  
 By doing deeds of hospitality.  
 Besides, his cote,<sup>9</sup> his flocks, and bounds of feed  
 Are now on sale; and at our shepcote now,  
 By reason of his absence, there is nothing  
 That you will feed on: but what is, come see,  
 And in my voice most welcome shall you be.<sup>10</sup>

*Ros.* What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture?

*Cor.* That young swain that you saw here but erewhile,  
 That little cares for buying any thing.

*Ros.* I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,  
 Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock,  
 And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

*Cel.* And we will mend thy wages. I like this place,  
 And willingly could waste my time in it.

*Cor.* Assuredly the thing is to be sold.  
 Go with me: if you like, upon report,  
 The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,  
 I will your very faithful feeder be,  
 And buy it with your gold right suddenly.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Another part of the Forest.*

*Enter AMIENS, JAQUES, and others.*

*Song.*

*Ami.* Under the greenwood tree  
 Who loves to lie with me,  
 And tune<sup>1</sup> his merry note  
 Unto the sweet bird's throat,  
 Come hither, come hither, come hither:  
 Here shall he see no enemy  
 But Winter and rough weather.

*Jaq.* More, more, I pr'ythee, more.

*Ami.* It will make you melancholy, Monsieur Jaques.

*Jaq.* I thank it. More, I pr'ythee, more. I can suck

<sup>8</sup> Little cares. The sense of *reck* appears in our word *reckless*.

<sup>9</sup> That is, *cot* or *cottage*; the word is still used in its compound form, as *shepcote* in the next line.

<sup>10</sup> As far as my voice has the power to bid you welcome.

<sup>1</sup> *Turn* in the original, but commonly changed to *tune* in modern editions.

melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs. More, I pr'ythee, more.

*Ami.* My voice is ragged; I know I cannot please you.

*Jaq.* I do not desire you to please me; I do desire you to sing. Come, more; another stanza: Call you 'em stanzas?

*Ami.* What you will, Monsieur Jaques.

*Jaq.* Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me nothing:<sup>2</sup> Will you sing?

*Ami.* More at your request than to please myself.

*Jaq.* Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you: but that they call compliment is like the encounter of two dog-apes; and when a man thanks me heartily, methinks I have given him a penny, and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, sing; and you that will not, hold your tongues.

*Ami.* Well, I'll end the song. — Sirs, cover the while;<sup>3</sup> the Duke will drink under this tree. — He hath been all this day to look you.

*Jaq.* And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable<sup>4</sup> for my company: I think of as many matters as he; but I give Heaven thanks, and make no boast of them. Come, warble; come.

### *Song.*

*All. Who doth ambition shun,  
And loves to live i' the sun,  
Seeking the food he eats,  
And pleas'd with what he gets,  
Come hither, come hither, come hither:  
Here shall he see no enemy  
But Winter and rough weather.*

*Jaq.* I'll give you a verse to this note, that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.

*Ami.* And I'll sing it.

*Jaq.* Thus it goes:

*If it do come to pass  
That any man turn ass,  
Leaving his wealth and ease  
A stubborn will to please,*

In Latin, *nomina facere* means to enter an account, because not only the sums, but the *names* of the parties, are entered. Cicero uses *nomina facere* for to lend money, and *nomen solvere* for to pay a debt; and in Livy we have *nomen transcribere in alium* for to transfer a debt to another.

<sup>3</sup> *Cover* refers to the forthcoming banquet, and seems to be an order for setting out and preparing the table. Accordingly, at the close of the scene, we have "his banquet is prepar'd."

<sup>4</sup> *Disputable* for *disputatious*. The use of the passive form in an active sense, and *vice versa*, was quite common in the Poet's time.

*Ducadme, ducadme, ducadme :<sup>5</sup>*

*Here shall he see gross fools as he,  
An if he will come to me.*

*Ami.* What's that *ducadme*?

*Jaq.* 'Tis a Greek invocation,<sup>6</sup> to call fools into a circle. I'll go sleep if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt.<sup>7</sup>

*Ami.* And I'll go seek the Duke: his banquet is prepar'd.  
[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE VI. *Another Part of the Forest.*

*Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.*

*Adam.* Dear master, I can go no further: O, I die for food! Here lie I down, and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master.

*Orl.* Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little: if this uncouth forest yield any thing savage, I will either be food for it, or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit<sup>1</sup> is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake be comfortable; hold death awhile at the arm's end: I will be here with thee presently; and if I bring thee not something to eat, I'll give thee leave to die; but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said!<sup>2</sup> thou look'st cheerly; and I'll be with thee quickly. Yet thou liest in the bleak air: come, I will bear thee to some shelter; and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam! [*Exeunt*]

SCENE VII. *The Same as Scene V.*

*A Table set out.*

*Enter the DUKE, AMIENS, Lords, and others.*

*Duke.* I think he be transform'd into a beast;  
For I can nowhere find him like a man.

1 *Lord.* My lord, he is but even now gone hence:  
Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

<sup>5</sup> In the original the parts of this word are transposed, *ducadme*. As the sense required, "bring him to me," is rightly expressed in Latin by *duc ad me*, there appears no reason for the transposition, and probably it occurred by mistake of printer or transcriber.

<sup>6</sup> The invocation is Latin, not Greek. Of course the Poet knew this. Perhaps Mr. White explains it rightly: "That the cynical Jaques should pass off his Latin for Greek upon Amiens, is but in character."

<sup>7</sup> A proverbial expression for *high-born* persons.

<sup>1</sup> *Conceit* was often used for *conception*, or *imagination*.

<sup>2</sup> A phrase of the time, meaning the same as our *well done*!

*Duke.* If he, compact of jars,<sup>1</sup> grow musical,  
We shall have shortly discord in the spheres.<sup>2</sup>  
Go seek him; tell him I would speak with him.

1 *Lord.* He saves my labour by his own approach.

*Enter JAQUES.*

*Duke.* Why, how now, Monsieur! what a life is this,  
That your poor friends must woo your company!  
What, you look merrily!

*Jaq.* A Fool, a Fool! I met a Fool i' the Forest,  
A motley Fool; — a miserable world! —  
As I do live by food, I met a Fool,  
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,  
And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms,  
In good set terms, — and yet a motley Fool.

*Good morrow, Fool,* quoth I. *No, sir,* quoth he,  
*Call me not fool till Heaven hath sent me fortune.*<sup>3</sup>  
And then he drew a dial from his poke,<sup>4</sup>  
And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,  
Says very wisely, *It is ten o'clock:*

*Thus may we see,* quoth he, *how the world wags:*  
*'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,*  
*And after one hour more 'twill be eleven;*  
*And so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,*  
*And then from hour to hour we rot and rot;*  
*And thereby hangs a tale.* When I did hear  
The motley Fool thus moral on the time,  
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,  
That Fools should be so deep-contemplative;  
And I did laugh, sans intermission,  
An hour by his dial. — O noble Fool!  
A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.

*Duke.* What Fool is this?

*Jaq.* O worthy Fool! — One that hath been a courtier,  
And says, if ladies be but young and fair,  
They have the gift to know 't; and in his brain,  
Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit  
After a voyage, he hath strange places cramm'd  
With observation, the which he vents  
In mangled forms. — O, that I were a Fool!  
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

<sup>1</sup> That is, *composed* or *made up* of jars; as in the well-known passage,  
"The lunatic, the lover, and the poet are of imagination *all compact*."

<sup>2</sup> If things are going so contrary to their natural order, the music of the  
spheres will soon be untuned. This music is best described in *The Merchant of Venice*, Act v. scene 1.

<sup>3</sup> Alluding to the proverb, "Fortune favours fools." It will be time enough  
to call me fool, when I shall have got rich.

<sup>4</sup> *Pocket*, or *pouch*.

*Duke.* Thou shalt have one.

*Jaq.* It is my only suit;<sup>5</sup>  
 Provided that you weed your better judgments  
 Of all opinion that grows rank in them  
 That I am wise. I must have liberty  
 Withal, as large a charter as the wind,  
 To blow on whom I please; for so Fools have:  
 And they that are most galled with my folly,  
 They most must laugh. And why, sir, must they so?  
 The *why* is plain as way to parish church:  
 He that a Fool doth very wisely hit  
 Doth very foolishly, although he smart,  
 Not to seem senseless of the bob;<sup>6</sup> if not,  
 The wise man's folly is anatomiz'd<sup>7</sup>  
 Even by the squandering glances of the Fool.  
 Invest me in my motley; give me leave  
 To speak my mind, and I will through and through  
 Cleanse the foul body of th' infected world,  
 If they will patiently receive my medicine.

*Duke.* Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldst do.

*Jaq.* What, for a counter,<sup>8</sup> would I do, but good?

*Duke.* Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin:  
 For thou thyself hast been a libertine;  
 And all th' embossed sores<sup>9</sup> and headed evils,  
 That thou with license of free foot hast caught,  
 Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

*Jaq.* Why, who cries out on pride,  
 That can therein tax any private party?  
 Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,  
 Till that the wearer's very means do ebb?<sup>10</sup>  
 What woman in the city do I name,  
 When that I say, the city-woman bears  
 The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?<sup>11</sup>  
 Who can come in, and say that I mean her,  
 When such a one as she, such is her neighbour?  
 Or what is he of basest function,

<sup>5</sup> A quibble between *petition* and *dress* is here intended.

<sup>6</sup> *Bob* is *blow* or *thrust*.

<sup>7</sup> See page 27, note 19.

<sup>8</sup> About the time when this play was written, the French *counters*, pieces of false money used in reckoning, were brought into use in England.

<sup>9</sup> *Embossed* is *protuberant*, or *come to a head*, like boils and carbuncles. So, in *King Lear*, Act ii. scene 4: "Thou art a boil, a plague-sore, an *embossed* carbuncle." The protuberant part of a shield was called the *boss*.

<sup>10</sup> Instead of *wearer's*, the original prints *wearie*, which has been commonly changed to *very*, thus giving an awkward repetition of that word. Mr. Singer is the author of the happy emendation, which is or ought to be satisfactory to all.

<sup>11</sup> So in *King Henry VIII*, Act i. scene 1: "Many have broke their backs with laying manors on 'em."

That says his bravery is not on my cost,<sup>12</sup>  
 Thinking that I mean him, but therein suits  
 His folly to the mettle of my speech?  
 There then; how then? what then? Let me see wherein  
 My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right,  
 Then he hath wrong'd himself: if he be free,  
 Why, then my taxing like a wild goose flies,  
 Unclaim'd of any man. — But who comes here?

*Enter ORLANDO, with his Sword drawn*

*Orl.* Forbear, and eat no more!

*Jaq.* Why, I have eat none yet.

*Orl.* Nor shalt not, till necessity be serv'd.

*Jaq.* Of what kind should this cock come of?<sup>13</sup>

*Duke.* Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy distress;  
 Or else a rude despiser of good manners,  
 That in civility thou seem'st so empty?

*Orl.* You touch'd my vein at first; the thorny point  
 Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show  
 Of smooth civility: yet am I inland bred,  
 And know some nurture.<sup>14</sup> But forbear, I say:  
 He dies that touches any of this fruit  
 Till I and my affairs are answered.

*Jaq.* An you will not be answer'd with reason, I must die.

*Duke.* What would you have? Your gentleness shall force,  
 More than your force move us to gentleness.

*Orl.* I almost die for food; and let me have it.

*Duke.* Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

*Orl.* Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you:  
 I thought that all things had been savage here;  
 And therefore put I on the countenance  
 Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are,  
 That in this desert inaccessible,<sup>15</sup>  
 Under the shade of melancholy boughs,  
 Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;  
 If ever you have look'd on better days;  
 If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church;

<sup>12</sup> *Bravery* is fine showy dress and equipage.

<sup>13</sup> This doubling of the preposition was not uncommon in the Poet's time. He has many instances of it. Thus, a little later in this play: "The scene wherein we play in." So, too, in *Coriolanus*, Act ii. scene 1: "In what enormity is Marcius poor in?" And in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act i. *Chorus*: "That fair for which love groan'd for."

<sup>14</sup> *Nurture* is education, culture, good-breeding. Thus, in Prospero's description of Caliban: "A devil, a born devil, on whose nature *nurture* can never stick." — *Inland*, the commentators say, is here opposed to *upland*, which meant *rude*, *unbred*. I am apt to think the use of the word grew from the fact, that up to the Poet's time all the main springs of culture and civility in England were literally *inland*, remote from the sea.

<sup>15</sup> *Desert* was used of any wild, uninhabited place.

If ever sat at any good man's feast;  
 If ever from your eye-lids wip'd a tear,  
 And know what 'tis to pity and be pitied;  
 Let gentleness my strong enforcement be:  
 In the which hope I blush, and hide my sword.

*Duke.* True is it that we have seen better days;  
 And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church;  
 And sat at good men's feasts; and wip'd our eyes  
 Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd:  
 And therefore sit you down in gentleness,  
 And take upon command what help we have,<sup>16</sup>  
 That to your wanting may be minister'd.

*Orl.* Then but forbear your food a little while,  
 Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,  
 And give it food. There is an old poor man,  
 Who after me hath many a weary step  
 Limp'd in pure love: till he be first suffic'd, —  
 Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger, —  
 I will not touch a bit.

*Duke.* Go find him out,  
 And we will nothing waste till you return.

*Orl.* I thank ye; and be bless'd for your good comfort!

[*Exit.*

*Duke.* Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy:  
 This wide and universal theatre  
 Presents more woful pageants than the scene  
 Wherein we play in.

*Jaq.* All the world's a stage,<sup>17</sup>  
 And all the men and women merely players:  
 They have their exits and their entrances;  
 And one man in his time plays many parts,  
 His acts being seven ages. As, first the infant,  
 Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms:  
 And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel  
 And shining morning face, creeping like snail  
 Unwillingly to school: And then the lover,  
 Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad  
 Made to his mistress' eyebrow: Then the soldier,  
 Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,<sup>18</sup>

<sup>16</sup> That is, command, or order, for yourself whatever help we have.

<sup>17</sup> In *The Treasury of Ancient and Modern Times*, 1618, is a division of the life of man into *seven ages*, said to be taken from Proclus; and it appears from Browne's *Vulgar Errors*, that Hippocrates also divided man's life into seven degrees or stages, though he differs from Proclus in the number of years allotted to each stage. Dr. Henley mentions an old emblematical print, entitled "The Stage of Man's Life divided into Seven Ages," from which he thinks Shakespeare more likely to have taken his hint than from Hippocrates or Proclus; but he does not tell us that this print was of Shakespeare's age.

<sup>18</sup> *Pard* is *leopard*.

Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,  
 Seeking the bubble reputation<sup>19</sup>  
 Even in the cannon's mouth: And then the justice,  
 In fair round belly with good capon lin'd,  
 With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,  
 Full of wise saws and modern instances;<sup>20</sup>  
 And so he plays his part: The sixth age shifts  
 Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloons,<sup>21</sup>  
 With spectacles on nose and pouch on side;  
 His youthful hose, well sav'd, a world too wide  
 For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,  
 Turning again toward childish treble, pipes  
 And whistles in his sound:<sup>22</sup> Last scene of all,  
 That ends this strange eventful history,  
 Is second childishness and mere oblivion;  
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

*Re-enter ORLANDO, with ADAM.*

*Duke.* Welcome: Set down your venerable burden,  
 And let him feed.

*Orl.* I thank you most for him.

*Adam.* So had you need: —  
 I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.

*Duke.* Welcome; fall to: I will not trouble you  
 As yet, to question you about your fortunes. —  
 Give us some music; and, good cousin, sing.

*Song.*

*Amiens. Blow, blow, thou winter wind, •*  
*Thou art not so unkind*  
*As man's ingratitude;*  
*Thy tooth is not so keen,*  
*Because thou art not seen,<sup>23</sup>*

<sup>19</sup> Shakespeare has many instances of words ending in *tion*, *sion*, and *cian*, where *on* or *an* makes a distinct syllable by itself. Nevertheless, I would not recommend the reading it so now; for it seldom occurs but at the end of lines, and the line can just as well be read as a verse of four feet, the last foot being an Amphibrach. Spenser's *Faerie Queene* abounds in like instances; but there the *on* or *an* has to be read as a distinct syllable on account of the rhyme.

<sup>20</sup> *Saws* are *sayings*; often so used. *Modern* is *trite*, *common*, *familiar*. Men may still be seen overflowing with stale, threadbare proverbs and phrases, and imagining themselves wondrous wise.

<sup>21</sup> The *pantaloons* was a stereotyped character in the old Italian farces: it represented a thin, emaciated old man, in *slippers*.

<sup>22</sup> *His* for *its*, the latter not being then in use. It does not once occur in our English Bible.

<sup>23</sup> I am not quite sure that I understand this. Does a wound hurt any the less for being made by an unseen hand? Perhaps, however, the idea is, that the biting of the winter wind is not so keen, because there is no *malice* in it. Various changes have been proposed, of which the only one worth considering is Mr. Staunton's: "Because thou art *foreseen*."

*Although thy breath be rude.  
 Heigh, ho! sing, heigh, ho! unto the green holly:  
 Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:  
 Then, heigh, ho, the holly!  
 This life is most jolly.*

*Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,  
 That dost not bite so nigh  
 As benefits forgot:  
 Though thou the waters warp,<sup>24</sup>  
 Thy sting is not so sharp  
 As friend remember'd not.  
 Heigh, ho! sing, heigh, ho! &c.*

*Duke.* If that you were the good Sir Roland's son, —  
 As you have whisper'd faithfully you were,  
 And as mine eye doth his effigies witness  
 Most truly limn'd and living in your face, —  
 Be truly welcome hither: I'm the Duke,  
 That lov'd your father. The residue of your fortune,  
 Go to my cave and tell me. — Good old man,  
 Thou art right welcome as thy master is. —  
 Support him by the arm. — Give me your hand,  
 And let me all your fortunes understand. [*Exeunt*

### ACT III. SCENE I. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter DUKE FREDERICK, OLIVER, Lords, and Attendants.*

*Fred.* Not see him since? Sir, sir, that cannot be:  
 But were I not the better part made mercy,  
 I should not seek an absent argument<sup>1</sup>  
 Of my revenge, thou present. But look to it:  
 Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is;  
 Seek him with candle; bring him dead or living  
 Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more  
 To seek a living in our territory.  
 Thy lands, and all things that thou dost call thine

<sup>24</sup> In the Poet's time the verb *warp* was sometimes used for to *weave*, — a sense now retained only in the substantive. Thus in Sternhold's version of the Psalms: "While he doth mischief *warp*," and "Such wicked wiles to *warp*;" where we should say *weave*. In Hickes' *Thesaurus* is found a Saxon proverb, — "Winter shall *warp water*." And Propertius has a line containing the same figure: "Africus in glaciem frigore *nectit aquas*." The appropriateness of the figure may be seen in the fine network appearance which water assumes in the first stages of crystallization.

<sup>1</sup> *Argument* was used in a good many senses: here it means *object*.

Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands,  
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth  
Of what we think against thee.

*Ol.* O, that your Highness knew my heart in this!  
I never lov'd my brother in my life.

*Fred.* More villian thou. — Well, push him out of doors;  
And let my officers of such a nature  
Make an extent upon his house and lands:<sup>2</sup>  
Do this expediently,<sup>3</sup> and turn him going. [Exeunt.

## SCENE II. *The Forest of Arden.*

*Enter ORLANDO with a Paper.*

*Orl.* Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love:  
And thou, thrice-crowned Queen of Night,<sup>1</sup> survey  
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,  
Thy huntress' name, that my full life doth sway.  
O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books,  
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character;  
That every eye, which in this forest looks,  
Shall see thy virtue witness'd everywhere.  
Run, run, Orlando; carve on every tree  
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she.<sup>2</sup> [Exit.

*Enter CORIN and TOUCHSTONE.*

*Corin.* And how like you this shepherd's life, Master Touchstone?

*Touch.* Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the Court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humour

<sup>2</sup> A law phrase, thus explained by Blackstone: "The process hereon is usually called an *extent* or *extendi facias*, because the sheriff is to cause the lands, &c., to be appraised to their full *extended* value, before he delivers them to the plaintiff."

<sup>3</sup> That is, *expeditiously*. *Expedient* is used by Shakespeare throughout his plays for *expeditious*.

<sup>1</sup> Luna Queen of Night, Proserpine Queen of Hades, and Diana the Goddess of Chastity, were all three sometimes identified in classical mythology; hence the epithet *thrice-crowned*. In George Chapman's *Hymns to Night and to Cynthia*, which were doubtless well known to Shakespeare, we have the following highly poetical passage:

"Nature's bright *eye-sight*, and the night's fair soul,  
That with thy *triple forehead* dost control  
Earth, seas, and hell."

<sup>2</sup> *Inexpressible* she; the active form with the passive sense. See page 47, note 4.

well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?

*Cor.* No more but that I know the more one sickens, the worse at ease he is; and that he that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends; that the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn; that good pasture makes fat sheep; and that a great cause of the night is lack of the Sun; that he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art may complain of good breeding,<sup>3</sup> or comes of a very dull kindred.

*Touch.* Such a one is a natural philosopher.<sup>4</sup> Wast ever in Court, shepherd?

*Cor.* No, truly.

*Touch.* Then thou art damn'd.

*Cor.* Nay, I hope, —

*Touch.* Truly, thou art damn'd; like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side.

*Cor.* For not being at Court? Your reason.

*Touch.* Why, if thou never wast at Court, thou never saw'st good manners; if thou never saw'st good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation: Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd.<sup>5</sup>

*Cor.* Not a whit, Master Touchstone: those that are good manners at the Court are as ridiculous in the country as the behaviour of the country is most mockable at the Court. You told me you salute not at the Court, but you kiss your hands: that courtesy would be uncleanly, if courtiers were shepherds.

*Touch.* Instance, briefly; come, instance.

*Cor.* Why, we are still handling our ewes; and their fells,<sup>6</sup> you know, are greasy.

*Touch.* Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat? and is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow! A better instance, I say; come.

*Cor.* Besides, our hands are hard.

*Touch.* Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow, again! A more sounder instance;<sup>7</sup> come.

<sup>3</sup> That is, complain of *want* of good breeding. In Ben Jonson's play, *The Sad Shepherd*, Lionel says of Amie: "She's sick of the young shepherd that bekist her;" sick *for want* of him.

<sup>4</sup> A *natural* being a common term for a fool, Touchstone quibbles on the word.

<sup>5</sup> *Parlous* is an old form of *perilous*; sometimes used in a humorous sense.

<sup>6</sup> *Hides* or *skins*; as in Ben Jonson's *Discoveries*: "A prince is the pastor of the people. He ought to shear, not to flea his sheep; to take their fleeces, not their fells."

<sup>7</sup> Comparatives, and superlatives too, were thus doubled by all writers and speakers in Shakespeare's time.

*Cor.* And they are often tarr'd over with the surgery of our sheep? and would you have us kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfum'd with civet.

*Touch.* Most shallow man! Thou worms-meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh, indeed! Learn of the wise, and perpend: Civet is of a baser birth than tar,—the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.

*Cor.* You have too courtly a wit for me: I'll rest.

*Touch.* Wilt thou rest damn'd? God help thee, shallow man! God make incision in thee!<sup>8</sup> thou art raw.

*Cor.* Sir, I am a true labourer: I earn that I eat, get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good, content with my harm; and the greatest of my pride is, to see my ewes graze and my lambs suck.

*Touch.* That is another simple sin in you. If thou be'st not damn'd for this, the Devil himself will have no shepherds: I cannot see else how thou should'st 'scape.

*Cor.* Here comes young Master Ganymede, my new mistress' brother.

*Enter ROSALIND, reading a Paper.*

*Ros.* *From the East to Western Ind,  
No jewel is like Rosalind.  
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,  
Through all the world bears Rosalind.  
All the pictures fairest lin'd<sup>9</sup>  
Are but black to Rosalind.  
Let no face be kept in mind  
But the face of Rosalind.<sup>10</sup>*

*Touch.* I'll rhyme you so eight years together, dinners and suppers and sleeping-hours excepted: it is the right butter-women's rank to market.<sup>11</sup>

*Ros.* Out, Fool!

*Touch.* For a taste:

If a hart do lack a hind,  
Let him seek out Rosalind.  
If the cat will after kind,

<sup>8</sup> Alluding, apparently, to the practice of surgeons, who used *cuttings* and burnings for the healing of a disease called the *simples*; a quibble being implied withal between *simples* and *simpleton*. His being *raw* is the reason why incision should be made, in Touchstone's logic. Bearing in mind that *raw* is used in the double sense of *green* and *sore*, perhaps this will render the passage clear enough.

<sup>9</sup> Most fairly *delineated*.

<sup>10</sup> The original has *fair* instead of *face*; but *face* in the preceding line fully warrants the change.

<sup>11</sup> The *jog-trot rate* with which butter-women travel *one after another*, or in a *row*, to market.

So be sure will Rosalind.  
 Winter-garments must be lin'd,  
 So must slender Rosalind.  
 They that reap must sheaf and bind ;  
 Then to cart with Rosalind.  
 Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,  
 Such a nut is Rosalind.  
 He that sweetest rose will find,  
 Must find love's prick and Rosalind.

This is the very false gallop of verses :<sup>12</sup> Why do you infect yourself with them ?

*Ros.* Peace, you dull Fool ! I found them on a tree.

*Touch.* Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

*Ros.* I'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it with a medlar : then it will bear the earliest fruit i' the country ;<sup>13</sup> for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medlar.

*Touch.* You have said ; but whether wisely or no, let the Forest judge.

*Enter CELIA, reading a Paper.*

*Ros.* Peace !

Here comes my sister, reading : stand aside.

*Cel.* [Reads.] *Why should this a desert be ?  
 For it is unpeopled ?<sup>14</sup> No ;  
 Tongues I'll hang on every tree,  
 That shall civil sayings show :<sup>15</sup>  
 Some, how brief the life of man  
 Runs his erring pilgrimage ;  
 That the stretching of a span  
 Buckles in his sum of age :  
 Some, of violated vows  
 'Twixt the souls of friend and friend :  
 But upon the fairest boughs,  
 Or at every sentence' end,  
 Will I Rosalinda write ;*

<sup>12</sup> So in Nashe's *Pierce Pennilesse*, 1593: "I would trot a *false gallop* through the rest of his ragged *verses*, but that, if I should retort the rime doggrel aright, I must make my verses (as he doth) run *hobbling*, like a brewer's cart upon the stones. and observe no measure in their feet."

<sup>13</sup> The medlar is one of the latest fruits, being uneatable till the end of November. Moreover, though the *latest* of fruits to *ripen*, it is one of the *earliest* to *rot*. Does Rosalind mean that when the tree is grafted with Touchstone, its fruit will rot earlier than ever? The original has *be* instead of *bear*.

<sup>14</sup> *For* was often used where we should use *because*.

<sup>15</sup> *Civil* is here used in the same sense as when we say, *civil* wisdom and *civil* life, in opposition to a solitary state.

*Teaching all that read to know  
 The quintessence of every sprite  
 Heaven would in little show.<sup>16</sup>  
 Therefore Heaven Nature charg'd  
 That one body should be fill'd  
 With all graces wide-enlarg'd :  
 Nature presently distill'd  
 • Helen's cheek, but not her heart ;  
 Cleopatra's majesty ;  
 Atalanta's better part ;<sup>17</sup>  
 Sad Lucretia's modesty.  
 Thus Rosalind of many parts  
 By heavenly synod was devis'd ;  
 Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,  
 To have the touches dearest priz'd.  
 Heaven would that she these gifts should have,  
 And I to live and die her slave.*

*Ros.* O, most gentle Pulpiter!<sup>18</sup> what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cried, *Have patience, good people!*

*Cel.* How now! back, friends:—Shepherd, go off a little:—Go with him, sirrah.

*Touch.* Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage.

[*Exeunt CORIN and TOUCHSTONE.*]

*Cel.* Didst thou hear these verses?

*Ros.* O yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

*Cel.* That's no matter; the feet might bear the verses.

*Ros.* Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

<sup>16</sup> *In little means in miniature.*

<sup>17</sup> The commentators have been a good deal puzzled to make out what this better part really was. It must have been that wherein Atalanta surpassed the other ladies mentioned. Now she seems to have been the nimblest-footed of all the ancient girls; so fleet, that she ran clean away from all her lovers, till some of them hit upon the device of throwing golden apples in her way, which soon rendered her as catchable as other girls. This would seem to infer exquisite symmetry and proportion of form; or, in plain English, that her ladyship had a pair of remarkably straight, round, well-knit, beautiful legs, with the rest of her material establishment corresponding. In short, Atalanta was a model woman only in personal form; and Orlando must of course imagine all formal, as well as all mental and moral graces, in his "heavenly Rosalind."

<sup>18</sup> The original has *Jupiter* instead of *Pulpiter*. The former seems out of place; the latter agrees perfectly with the context: still I am by no means sure that *Pulpiter* ought to be admitted.

*Cel.* But didst thou hear without wondering how thy name should be hang'd and carved upon these trees?

*Ros.* I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder before you came; for look here what I found on a palm-tree: I was never so berhym'd since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat,<sup>19</sup> which I can hardly remember.

*Cel.* Trow you who hath done this?

*Ros.* Is it a man?

*Cel.* And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck. Change you colour?

*Ros.* I pr'ythee, who?

*Cel.* O Lord, Lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be remov'd with earthquakes, and so encounter.<sup>20</sup>

*Ros.* Nay, but who is it?

*Cel.* Is it possible?

*Ros.* Nay, I pray thee now with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

*Cel.* O, wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all whooping.<sup>21</sup>

*Ros.* Good my complexion! <sup>22</sup> dost thou think, though I am caparison'd like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South-sea of discovery.<sup>23</sup> I pr'ythee, tell me who is it quickly, and speak apace: I would thou could'st stammer, that thou might'st pour this conceal'd man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle; either too much at once, or none at all. I pr'ythee, take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

*Cel.* So you may put a man in your [stomach.]

*Ros.* Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?

*Cel.* Nay, he hath but a little beard.

*Ros.* Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful: Let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

<sup>19</sup> This romantic way of killing rats in Ireland is mentioned by Ben Jonson and other writers of the time. Thus, in the *Poetaster*: "Rhyme them to death, as they do Irish rats in drumming tunes."

<sup>20</sup> In Holland's *Pliny*, Shakespeare found that "two hills removed by an earthquake encountered together, charging as it were and with violence assailing one another, and retiring again with a most mighty noise."

<sup>21</sup> To *whoop* or *hoop* is to cry out, to exclaim with astonishment. *Out of all cry* seems to have been a similar phrase for the expression of vehement admiration.

<sup>22</sup> This was probably only a little unmeaning exclamation similar to *Goodness me!*

<sup>23</sup> That is, if you keep me in suspense any longer, my curiosity will shape to itself a region as wide as the *South Sea*, which was supposed to be the widest field of discovery in the world.

*Cel.* It is young Orlando, that tripp'd up the wrestler's heels and your heart both in an instant.

*Ros.* Nay, but the Devil take mocking: speak sad brow and true maid.<sup>24</sup>

*Cel.* I' faith, coz, 'tis he.

*Ros.* Orlando?

*Cel.* Orlando.

*Ros.* Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose? — What did he when thou saw'st him? What said he? How look'd he? Wherein went he?<sup>25</sup> What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

*Cel.* You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth first:<sup>26</sup> 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size. To say ay and no to these particulars, is more than to answer in a catechism.

*Ros.* But doth he know that I am in this forest, and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

*Cel.* It is as easy to count atomies<sup>27</sup> as to resolve the propositions of a lover: but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropp'd acorn.

*Ros.* It may well be call'd Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit.

*Cel.* Give me audience, good Madam.

*Ros.* Proceed.

*Cel.* There lay he, stretch'd along, like a wounded knight.

*Ros.* Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

*Cel.* Cry holla!<sup>28</sup> to thy tongue, I pr'ythee; it curvets unseasonably. He was furnish'd like a hunter.

*Ros.* O, ominous! he comes to kill my heart.<sup>29</sup>

*Cel.* I would sing my song without a burden: thou bring'st me out of tune.

*Ros.* Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

*Cel.* You bring me out. — Soft! comes he not here?

*Ros.* 'Tis he: slink by, and note him. [*They retire.*]

<sup>24</sup> Speak with a *serious* countenance, and as a true virgin. See note 31 below.

<sup>25</sup> How was he dressed?

<sup>26</sup> Gargantua is the name of a most gigantic giant in *Rabelais*, who forks five pilgrims, staves and all, into his mouth in a salad, and afterwards picks them out from between his teeth; not *swallows* them, as White and others say.

<sup>27</sup> "An *atomie* is a mote flying in the sun. Any thing so small that it cannot be made less." Bullokar's *English Expositor*, 1616.

<sup>28</sup> This was a term by which the rider restrained and *stopped* his horse.

<sup>29</sup> A quibble between *hart* and *heart*, then spelt the same.

*Enter ORLANDO and JAQUES.*

*Jaq.* I thank you for your company ; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

*Orl.* And so had I ; but yet, for fashion's sake, I thank you too for your society.

*Jaq.* God b' wi' you ! let's meet as little as we can.

*Orl.* I do desire we may be better strangers.

*Jaq.* I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

*Orl.* I pray you, mar no more of my verses with reading them ill-favouredly.

*Jaq.* Rosalind is your love's name ?

*Orl.* Yes, just.

*Jaq.* I do not like her name.

*Orl.* There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christen'd.

*Jaq.* What stature is she of ?

*Orl.* Just as high as my heart.

*Jaq.* You are full of pretty answers : have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conn'd them out of rings ?<sup>80</sup>

*Orl.* Not so ; but I answer you right painted cloth,<sup>81</sup> from whence you have studied your questions.

*Jaq.* You have a nimble wit ; I think it was made of Atalanta's heels.<sup>82</sup> Will you sit down with me ? and we two will rail against our mistress the world and all our misery.

*Orl.* I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults.

*Jaq.* The worst fault you have is to be in love.

*Orl.* 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

*Jaq.* By my troth, I was seeking for a fool when I found you.

*Orl.* He is drown'd in the brook : look but in, and you shall see him.

<sup>80</sup> The meaning is, that goldsmiths' wives have given him the freedom of their husbands' shops, where he has committed to memory the mottoes inscribed on their rings and other jewels.

<sup>81</sup> To answer *right painted cloth* is to answer sententiously. *Painted cloth* was a species of hangings for the walls of rooms, which was *cloth* or canvas *painted* with various devices and mottoes. The verses, mottoes, and proverbial sentences on such cloths are often made the subject of allusion in old writers. Thus, in Roper's *Life of Sir Thomas More* : " Master Thomas More, in his youth, devised in his father's house in London a goodly hanging of *fine painted cloth*, with nine pageants, and verses over every of these pageants." Shakespeare again mentions it in *Lucrece* :

" Who fears a sentence or an old man's saw  
Shall by a *painted cloth* be kept in awe."

<sup>82</sup> See note 17 of this scene.

*Jaq.* There shall I see mine own figure.

*Orl.* Which I take to be either a fool or a cipher.

*Jaq.* I'll tarry no longer with you: farewell, good Signior Love.

*Orl.* I am glad of your departure: adieu, good Monsieur Melancholy.

[*Exit JAQ. — CEL. and ROS. come forward.*]

*Ros.* [*Aside to CEL.*] I will speak to him like a saucy lacquey, and under that habit play the knave with him. — [*To ORL.*] Do you hear, forester?

*Orl.* Very well: what would you?

*Ros.* I pray you, what is't o'clock?

*Orl.* You should ask me what time o' day: there's no clock in the forest.

*Ros.* Then there is no true lover in the forest; else sighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of Time as well as a clock.

*Orl.* And why not the swift foot of Time? had not that been as proper?

*Ros.* By no means, sir: Time travels in divers paces with divers persons. I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

*Orl.* I pr'ythee, who doth he trot withal?

*Ros.* Marry, he trots hard with a young maid between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemniz'd:<sup>88</sup> if the interim be but a se'nnight, Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven year.

*Orl.* Who ambles Time withal?

*Ros.* With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout; for the one sleeps easily, because he cannot study; and the other lives merrily, because he feels no pain: the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning; the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury. These Time ambles withal.

*Orl.* Who doth he gallop withal?

*Ros.* With a thief to the gallows; for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

*Orl.* Who stays it still withal?

*Ros.* With lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how Time moves.

*Orl.* Where dwell you, pretty youth?

<sup>88</sup> Hardly any thing is so apt to make a short journey *seem* long, as riding on a hard-trotting horse, however fast the horse may go. On the other hand, to ride an ambling horse makes a long journey seem short, because the horse rides so easy. It were hardly needful to say this, but that some have lately proposed to invert the order of the nags in this case.

*Ros.* With this shepherdess, my sister; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

*Orl.* Are you native of this place?

*Ros.* As the coney that you see dwell where she is kindled.<sup>84</sup>

*Orl.* Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.<sup>85</sup>

*Ros.* I have been told so of many: but indeed an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man;<sup>86</sup> one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it; and I thank God I am not a woman, to be touch'd with so many giddy offences as he hath generally tax'd their whole sex withal.

*Orl.* Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?

*Ros.* There were none principal: they were all like one another as half-pence are; every one fault seeming monstrous till his fellow fault came to match it.

*Orl.* I pr'ythee, recount some of them.

*Ros.* No; I will not cast away my physic but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving *Rosalind* on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles; all, forsooth, deifying the name of *Rosalind*: if I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.<sup>87</sup>

*Orl.* I am he that is so love-shak'd: I pray you, tell me your remedy.

*Ros.* There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes I am sure you are not prisoner.

*Orl.* What were his marks?

*Ros.* A lean cheek,—which you have not; a blue eye<sup>88</sup> and sunken,—which you have not; an unquestionable spirit,<sup>89</sup> —which you have not; a beard neglected,—which you have

<sup>84</sup> *Kindled*, here, is altogether another word than our present verb *to kindle*. It is from *kind*, which, again, is from a word meaning *to bring forth*. The word has long been obsolete.

<sup>85</sup> *Removed* is *sequestered*.

<sup>86</sup> See page 51, note 14. *Courtship* is the practice of Courts; *courtliness*.

<sup>87</sup> *Quotidian* was the name of an intermittent fever, so called because the fits came on every day. In like manner, *tertian* and *quartan* were applied to those that came on once in three and once in four days.

<sup>88</sup> Not blue in our sense of the phrase; but with blueness *about* the eyes, such as to indicate hunger or dejection. Blue eyes were called *gray* in the Poet's time.

<sup>89</sup> A reserved, unsociable spirit, the reverse of that in *Hamlet*: "Thou comest in such a *questionable* shape that I will speak to thee."

not;—but I pardon you for that; for simply your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue.<sup>40</sup>—Then your hose should be ungarter'd, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbutton'd, your shoe untied, and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man: you are rather point-devise<sup>41</sup> in your accoutrements; as loving yourself than seeming the lover of any other.

*Orl.* Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

*Ros.* Me believe it! you may as soon make her that you love believe it; which I warrant she is apter to do than to confess she does: that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

*Orl.* I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

*Ros.* But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?

*Orl.* Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

*Ros.* Love is merely a madness, and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do:<sup>42</sup> and the reason why they are not so punish'd and cured is, that the lunacy is so ordinary, that the whippers are in love too: Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

*Orl.* Did you ever cure any so?

*Ros.* Yes, one; and in this manner: He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me: at which time would I, being but a moonish<sup>43</sup> youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something, and for no passion truly any thing, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour: would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love to a loving humour of madness;<sup>44</sup> which was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook merely monastic. And thus I cur'd him; and this way will I take upon me to wash

<sup>40</sup> Under the law of primogeniture, a younger brother's revenue was apt to be small. Orlando is too young for his *having* in beard to amount to much.

<sup>41</sup> That is, *precise, exact*; dressed with finical nicety.

<sup>42</sup> This shows how lunatics were apt to be treated in the Poet's time. But then lunacy was often counterfeited, as it still is, either as a cover to crime or as an occasion for charity. See *King Lear*, Act ii. scene 3.

<sup>43</sup> As changeable as the Moon.

<sup>44</sup> The original reads "*living* humour of madness." Johnson suspected that there was some antithesis lost in the printing, and proposed *loving*. Mr. Collier found the change made in an old manuscript note in the copy owned by Lord Francis Egerton.

your liver<sup>45</sup> as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in't.

*Orl.* I would not be cured, youth.

*Ros.* I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cote, and woo me.

*Orl.* Now, by the faith of my love, I will: tell me where it is.

*Ros.* Go with me to it, and I'll show it you; and by the way you shall tell me where in the forest you live. Will you go?

*Orl.* With all my heart, good youth.

*Ros.* Nay, you must call me Rosalind:—Come, sister, will you go? [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III. *Another Part of the Forest.*

*Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY;*<sup>1</sup> *JAQUES at a distance, observing them.*

*Touch.* Come apace, good Audrey: I will fetch up your goats, Audrey. And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? doth my simple feature content you?

*Aud.* Your features! Lord warrant us! what features?<sup>2</sup>

*Touch.* I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet,<sup>3</sup> honest Ovid, was among the Goths.

*Jag.* [*Aside.*] O knowledge ill-inhabited! worse than Jove in a thatch'd house!<sup>4</sup>

*Touch.* When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child, understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room.—Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

*Aud.* I do not know what *poetical* is. Is it honest in deed and word? is it a true thing?

*Touch.* No, truly; for the truest poetry is the most feign-

<sup>45</sup> The *liver* was supposed to be the special seat of *love* and *courage*.

<sup>1</sup> *Audrey* is a corruption of *Etheldreda*. The saint of that name is so styled in ancient calendars.

<sup>2</sup> The word *feature* is too learned for Audrey, and she reiterates it with simple wonder. *Feature* and *features* were then used indiscriminately for the proportion and figure of the whole body.

<sup>3</sup> Shakespeare remembered that *caper* was Latin for goat, and thence chose this epithet. There is also a quibble between *goats* and *Goths*.

<sup>4</sup> The active and passive forms had not become fully differentiated in the Poet's time. We have already had *disputable* for *disputations*, and *unexpressive* for *inexpressible*. So here we have *ill-inhabited* for *ill-inhabiting*; that is, *ill-lodged*. An old classical fable represents that Jupiter and Mercury were once overtaken by night in Phrygia, and were inhospitably excluded by all the people, till at last an old poor couple, named Philemon and Baucis, who lived in a *thatched house*, took them in, and gave them the best entertainment the house would afford. Their kindness was richly rewarded by the gods afterwards. That is the matter alluded to in the text.

ing; and lovers are given to poetry, and what they swear in poetry, may be said, as lovers, they do feign.

*Aud.* Do you wish, then, that the gods had made me poetical?

*Touch.* I do, truly; for thou swear'st to me thou art honest: now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

*Aud.* Would you not have me honest?

*Touch.* No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favour'd; for honesty coupled to beauty is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

*Jaq.* [*Aside.*] A material Fool!<sup>5</sup>

*Aud.* Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest!

*Touch.* Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut, were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

*Aud.* I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.<sup>6</sup>

*Touch.* Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee; and to that end I have been with Sir Oliver Martext,<sup>7</sup> the vicar of the next village, who hath promis'd to meet me in this place of the forest, and to couple us.

*Jaq.* [*Aside.*] I would fain see this meeting.

*Aud.* Well, the gods give us joy!

*Touch.* Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though? Courage! Here comes Sir Oliver. —

*Enter Sir OLIVER MARTEXT.*

Sir Oliver Martext, you are well met: will you despatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

*Sir Oli.* Is there none here to give the woman?

*Touch.* I will not take her on gift of any man.

*Sir Oli.* Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

*Jaq.* [*Coming forward.*] Proceed, proceed: I'll give her.

*Touch.* Good even, good Master What-ye-call't: How do you, sir? You are very well met: God 'ild you<sup>8</sup> for your

<sup>5</sup> A *material Fool* is a Fool with matter in him.

<sup>6</sup> Audrey uses *foul* as opposed to *fair*; that is, for *plain*, *homely*. She had good authority for doing so. Thus, in Thomas' *History of Italy*: "If the maiden be *fair*, she is soon had, and little money given with her; if she be *foul*, they advance her with a better portion."

<sup>7</sup> *Sir* was in common use as a clerical title in Shakespeare's time, and long before. He has several instances of it; as, Sir Hugh Evans, the famous Welsh parson.

<sup>8</sup> God *yield* you, God *reward* you.

last company: I am very glad to see you:— Even a toy in hand here, sir:— nay, pray be cover'd.

*Jaq.* Will you be married, Motley?

*Touch.* As the ox hath his bow,<sup>9</sup> sir, the horse his curb, and the falcon her bells, so man hath his desires; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

*Jaq.* And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush, like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot; then one of you will prove a shrunk panel, and like green timber warp, warp.

*Touch.* I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another: for he is not like to marry me well; and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.

*Jaq.* Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

*Touch.* Come, sweet Audrey:—  
Farewell, good master Oliver! Not—

*O sweet Oliver, O brave Oliver,  
Leave me not behind thee;*

but—

*Wend away; begone, I say,  
I will not to wedding with thee.<sup>10</sup>*

[*Exeunt* JAQ., TOUCH., and AUDREY.

*Sir Oli.* 'Tis no matter: ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling. [Exit.

SCENE IV. *Another Part of the Forest. Before a Cottage.*

*Enter* ROSALIND and CELIA.

*Ros.* Never talk to me; I will weep.

*Cel.* Do, I pr'ythee; but yet have the grace to consider that tears do not become a man.

*Ros.* But have I not cause to weep?

*Cel.* As good cause as one would desire; therefore weep.

*Ros.* His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

*Cel.* Something browner than Judas's:<sup>1</sup> Marry, his kisses are Judas's own children.

<sup>9</sup> That is, his yoke, which, in ancient time, resembled a bow or branching horns.

<sup>10</sup> The ballad of "O sweet Oliver, leave me not behind thee," and the answer to it, are entered on the Stationers' books in 1584 and 1586. Touchstone says, I will sing — *not* that part of the ballad which says — "Leave me not behind thee;" *but* that which says — "Begone, I say," probably part of the answer.

<sup>1</sup> Judas was represented in old paintings and tapestry, with red hair and beard. So in *The Insatiate Countess*: "I ever thought by his red beard he would prove a Judas."

*Ros.* I' faith, his hair is of a good colour.

*Cel.* An excellent colour: your chestnut was ever the only colour.

*Ros.* And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.

*Cel.* He hath bought a pair of chaste lips of Diana:<sup>2</sup> a nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them.

*Ros.* But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?

*Cel.* Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

*Ros.* Do you think so?

*Cel.* Yes: I think he is not a pick-purse nor a horse-stealer; but, for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a covered goblet or a worm-eaten nut.

*Ros.* Not true in love?

*Cel.* Yes, when he is in; but I think he is not in.

*Ros.* You have heard him swear downright he was.

*Cel.* *Was* is not *is*: besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster;<sup>3</sup> they are both the confirmers of false reckonings. He attends here in the forest on the Duke your father.

*Ros.* I met the Duke yesterday, and had much question with him. He ask'd me of what parentage I was: I told him, of as good as he; so he laugh'd, and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?

*Cel.* O, that's a brave man! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover; as a puny tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose:<sup>4</sup> but all's brave that youth mounts and folly guides. — Who comes here?

*Enter CORIN.*

*Cor.* Mistress and master, you have oft inquir'd  
After the shepherd that complain'd of love,  
Whom you saw sitting by me on the turf,

<sup>2</sup> The original has "*cast* lips," which is commonly explained as meaning lips cast aside, as we still say cast clothes. So understood, *cast* may add some humour to the passage, but makes it rather incoherent. In old printing and writing we have many cases of phonographic spelling; and the probability is, that *chaste* was pronounced with the *ch* hard, like *k*, in the Poet's time. The word is from the Latin *castus*, *castitas*.

<sup>3</sup> In accordance with the ancient proverb, "At lovers' perjuries, Jove laughs."

<sup>4</sup> An allusion to tilting, where it was held disgraceful for a knight to break his lance *across* the body of his adversary, instead of by a push of the point.

Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess  
That was his mistress.

*Cel.* Well, and what of him?

*Cor.* If you will see a pageant truly play'd,  
Between the pale complexion of true love  
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,  
Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you,  
If you will mark it.

*Ros.* O come, let us remove:  
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love. —  
Bring us to see this sight, and you shall say  
I'll prove a busy actor in their play.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Another Part of the Forest.*

*Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.*

*Sil.* Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not, Phebe:  
Say that you love me not; but say not so  
In bitterness. The common executioner,  
Whose heart th' accustom'd sight of death makes hard,  
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck,  
But first begs pardon: will you sterner be  
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?<sup>1</sup>

*Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN, at a distance.*

*Phe.* I would not be thy executioner:  
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.  
Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye:  
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,  
That eyes — that are the frail'st and softest things,  
Who shut their coward gates on atomies<sup>2</sup> —  
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!  
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;  
And, if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee:  
Now counterfeit to swoon; why, now fall down;  
Or, if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame,  
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers!  
Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee:  
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains  
Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush,  
The cicatrice and capable impressure<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> It was customary for the executioner to kneel down and ask pardon of the victim, before striking him. To "die and live by bloody drops" is to get one's living till one dies, by making others bleed.

<sup>2</sup> *Atomie* has already been explained, page 61, note 27.

<sup>3</sup> *Cicatrice* is *scar*. — Some would read *palpable* instead of *capable*. But the latter is much the more characteristic expression. And the *dent* made by leaning on any firm substance is *capable*, has capacity, will *hold* some water, while it lasts.

Thy palm some moment keeps : but now mine eyes,  
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not ;  
Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes  
That can do hurt.

*Sil.* O dear Phebe !

If ever — as that ever may be near —  
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,<sup>4</sup>  
Then shall you know the wounds invisible  
That love's keen arrows make.

*Phe.* But, till that time,  
Come not thou near me ; and when that time comes  
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not,  
As till that time I shall not pity thee.

*Ros.* [*Advancing.*] And why, I pray you ? Who might be  
your mother,  
That you insult, exult, and all at once,  
Over the wretched ? What though you have no beauty, —  
As, by my faith, I see no more in you  
Than without candle may go dark to bed, —  
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless ?<sup>5</sup>  
Why, what means this ? Why do you look on me ?  
I see no more in you than in the ordinary  
Of Nature's sale-work : — 'Od's my little life !<sup>6</sup>  
I think she means to tangle my eyes too. —  
No, 'faith, proud mistress, hope not after it :  
'Tis not your inky brows, your black-silk hair,  
Your bugle eye-balls, nor your cheek of cream,  
That can entame my spirits to your worship. —  
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,  
Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain ?  
You are a thousand times a properer man<sup>7</sup>  
Than she a woman : 'Tis such fools as you  
That make the world full of ill-favour'd children.  
'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her ;  
And out of you she sees herself more proper  
Than any of her lineaments can show her. —  
But, mistress, know yourself : down on your knees,  
And thank Heaven fasting for a good man's love ;

<sup>4</sup> *Fancy* is continually used for *love* in old authors.

<sup>5</sup> Some would strike out *no* before *beauty*, others would change it into *some* : whereas the peculiar force of the passage is. Rosalind knows that to tell Phebe she ought not to be proud because she has beauty, would but make her the prouder ; she therefore tells her she ought not to be proud because she lacks it. The best way to take down people's pride often is, to assume that they cannot be so big fools as to think they have any thing to be proud of.

<sup>6</sup> A petty oath ; 'Od's being a diminutive of the sacred name.

<sup>7</sup> *Proper* is often used in *Shakespeare* for *handsome*.

For I must tell you friendly in your ear,  
 Sell when you can; you are not for all markets.  
 Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer:  
 Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.<sup>8</sup> —  
 So, take her to thee, shepherd: — Fare you well.

*Phe.* Sweet youth, I pray you chide a year together:  
 I had rather hear you chide than this man woo.

*Ros.* He's fallen in love with her foulness,<sup>9</sup> and she'll fall in  
 love with my anger. — If it be so, as fast as she answers thee  
 with frowning looks, I'll sauce her with bitter words. — Why  
 look you so upon me?

*Phe.* For no ill will I bear you.

*Ros.* I pray you, do not fall in love with me,  
 For I am falser than vows made in wine:  
 Besides, I like you not. If you will know my house,  
 'Tis at the tuft of olives, here hard by. —  
 Will you go, sister? — Shepherd, ply her hard: —  
 Come, sister: — Shepherdess, look on him better,  
 And be not proud: though all the world could see,  
 None could be so abus'd in sight as he.<sup>10</sup> —  
 Come, to our flock.

[*Exeunt ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN.*]

*Phe.* Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might, —  
*Who ever lov'd that lov'd not at first sight?*<sup>11</sup>

*Sil.* Sweet Phebe, —

*Phe.* Ha, what say'st thou, Silvius?

*Sil.* Sweet Phebe, pity me.

*Phe.* Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

*Sil.* Wherever sorrow is, relief would be:  
 If you do sorrow at my grief in love,  
 By giving love, your sorrow and my grief  
 Were both extermin'd.

*Phe.* Thou hast my love: is not that neighbourly?

*Sil.* I would have you.

*Phe.* Why, that were covetousness.  
 Silvius, the time was that I hated thee,  
 And yet it is not that I bear thee love;  
 But since that thou canst talk of love so well,  
 Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,

<sup>8</sup> The ugly seem most ugly, when, as if proud of their ugliness, they set up for scoffers.

<sup>9</sup> The original has "*your* foulness." With that reading, the first clause of the sentence would be addressed to Phebe, the other to Silvius.

<sup>10</sup> If all men could see you, none could be so *deceived* as to think you beautiful but he.

<sup>11</sup> This line is from Marlowe's version of *Hero and Leander*, which was not printed till 1598, though the author was killed in 1593. The poem was deservedly popular, and the words "dead shepherd" look as though Shakespeare remembered him with affection.

I will endure ; and I'll employ thee too :  
 But do not look for further recompense  
 Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.

*Sil.* So holy and so perfect is my love,  
 And I in such a poverty of grace,  
 That I shall think it a most plenteous crop  
 To glean the broken ears after the man  
 That the main harvest reaps : loose now and then  
 A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.

*Phe.* Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me erewhile ?

*Sil.* Not very well, but I have met him oft ;  
 And he hath bought the cottage and the bounds  
 That the old carlot once was master of.<sup>12</sup>

*Phe.* Think not I love him, though I ask for him :  
 'Tis but a peevish boy : — yet he talks well ; —  
 But what care I for words ? yet words do well,  
 When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.  
 It is a pretty youth : — not very pretty : —  
 But, sure, he's proud ; and yet his pride becomes him :  
 He'll make a proper man : the best thing in him  
 Is his complexion ; and faster than his tongue  
 Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.  
 He is not tall ; yet for his years he's tall :  
 His leg is but so-so ; and yet 'tis well :  
 There was a pretty redness in his lip ;  
 A little riper and more lusty red  
 Than that mix'd in his cheek ; 'twas just the difference  
 Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.<sup>13</sup>  
 There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him  
 In parcels,<sup>14</sup> as I did, would have gone near  
 To fall in love with him : but, for my part,  
 I love him not, nor hate him not ; and yet  
 I have more cause to hate him than to love him :  
 For what had he to do to chide at me ?  
 He said mine eyes were black, and my hair black ;  
 And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me :  
 I marvel why I answer'd not again ;  
 But that's all one ; omittance is no quittance.<sup>15</sup>  
 I'll write to him a very taunting letter,  
 And thou shalt bear it ; wilt thou, Silvius ?

*Sil.* Phebe, with all my heart.

<sup>12</sup> *Churl*, *carle*, and *carlot* are all words of the same origin and meaning. The same person has already been described as "of a *churlish* disposition."

<sup>13</sup> Shakespeare has reference to the *red rose*, which is red all over alike, and the *damask rose*, in which various shades of color are *mingled*.

<sup>14</sup> *In parcels* is *in detail* ; part by part.

<sup>15</sup> *Quittance* is used in the sense of *requital*.

*Phe.* I'll write it straight;  
The matter's in my head and in my heart:  
I will be bitter with him and passing short.  
Go with me, Silvius.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I. *The Forest of Arden.*

*Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and JAQUES.*

*Jaq.* I pr'ythee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

*Ros.* They say you are a melancholy fellow.

*Jaq.* I am so; I do love it better than laughing.

*Ros.* Those that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows, and betray themselves to every modern<sup>1</sup> censure worse than drunkards.

*Jaq.* Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

*Ros.* Why, then 'tis good to be a post.

*Jaq.* I have neither the Scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the Musician's, which is fantastical; nor the Courtier's, which is proud; nor the Soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the Lawyer's, which is politic; nor the Lady's, which is nice; nor the Lover's, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and indeed the sundry contemplation of my travels; which my often rumination<sup>2</sup> wraps me in a most humourous sadness.

*Ros.* A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad: I fear you have sold your own lands, to see other men's; then, to have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

*Jaq.* Yes, I have gain'd my experience.

*Ros.* And your experience makes you sad. I had rather have a Fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad; and to travel for it too!

*Enter ORLANDO.*

*Orl.* Good day and happiness, dear Rosalind!

*Jaq.* Nay then, God b' wi' you, an you talk in blank verse.

<sup>1</sup> See page 53, note 20. *Extremity* in the sense of *excess*, or *too much*.

<sup>2</sup> That is, which frequent rumination of mine. The original has *by* instead of *my*; an easy misprint. — *Simples* appears to be used in the sense of *elements*: it commonly means *herbs*.

*Ros.* Farewell, Monsieur Traveller: Look, you lisp, and wear strange suits; disable<sup>3</sup> all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are, or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola.<sup>4</sup> [*Exit JAQUES.*]—Why, how now, Orlando! where have you been all this while? You a lover! An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

*Orl.* My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

*Ros.* Break an hour's promise in love! He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him that Cupid hath clapp'd him o' the shoulder, but I warrant him heart-whole.

*Orl.* Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

*Ros.* Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight: I had as lief be woo'd of a snail.

*Orl.* Of a snail?

*Ros.* Ay, of a snail; for, though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head; a better jointure, I think, than you can make a woman. Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holiday humour, and like enough to consent. What would you say to me now, an I were your very very Rosalind?

*Orl.* I would kiss before I spoke.

*Ros.* Nay, you were better speak first; and when you were gravell'd<sup>5</sup> for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers, lacking (God warn us!) matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

*Orl.* How if the kiss be denied?

*Ros.* Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

*Orl.* Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

*Ros.* Am not I your Rosalind?

*Orl.* I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

*Ros.* Well, in her person, I say I will not have you.

*Orl.* Then, in mine own person, I die.

<sup>3</sup> *Disable* was sometimes used in the sense of *disrepute*, *detract from*, or *impeach*.

<sup>4</sup> In Shakespeare's time, Venice was the common resort of travellers, as much as Paris is now. And of course all who went to Venice sailed or "swam in a gondola."

<sup>5</sup> This use of *gravel* probably sprang from horses being lamed, as they sometimes are, by getting gravel-stones into their hoofs.

*Ros.* No, faith, die by attorney.<sup>6</sup> The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, *videlicet*, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dash'd out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before, and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have liv'd many a fair year, though Hero had turn'd nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night; for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and, being taken with the cramp, was drown'd; and the foolish chroniclers of that age found it was — Hero of Sestos.<sup>7</sup> But these are all lies: men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

*Orl.* I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind; for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

*Ros.* By this hand, it will not kill a fly. But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition,<sup>8</sup> and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

*Orl.* Then love me, Rosalind.

*Ros.* Yes, faith will I; Fridays and Saturdays, and all.

*Orl.* And wilt thou have me?

*Ros.* Ay, and twenty such.

*Orl.* What say'st thou?

*Ros.* Are you not good?

*Orl.* I hope so.

*Ros.* Why, then, can one desire too much of a good thing? — Come, sister, you shall be the priest, and marry us. — Give me your hand, Orlando: — What do you say, sister?

*Orl.* Pray thee, marry us.

*Cel.* I cannot say the words.

*Ros.* You must begin, — *Will you, Orlando,* —

*Cel.* Go to: — *Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?*

*Orl.* I will.

*Ros.* Ay, but when?

*Orl.* Why, now; as fast as she can marry us.

*Ros.* Then you must say, — *I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.*

*Orl.* I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

*Ros.* I might ask you for your commission; but, — I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband: There's a girl goes before the priest;<sup>9</sup> and certainly a woman's thought runs before her actions.

<sup>6</sup> That is, by *deputy* or *substitute*. A man's *attorney* is one who represents him or stands for him in his cause.

<sup>7</sup> Found, brought in, a verdict of drowned himself for love of Hero. Some editors change *chroniclers* to *coroners*; which is quite unnecessary, the report of the old chroniclers or historians being *implicitly* compared to the finding of a coroner's inquest.

<sup>8</sup> A disposition more ready, willing, and encouraging.

<sup>9</sup> That is, goes faster than the priest, gets ahead of him in the service; alluding to her anticipating what was to be said first by Celia.

*Orl.* So do all thoughts; they are wing'd.

*Ros.* Now tell me how long you would have her, after you have possess'd her.

*Orl.* For ever and a day.

*Ros.* Say a day, without the ever. Nō, no, Orlando: men are April when they woo, December when they wed; maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen; more clamorous than a parrot against rain; more new-fangled than an ape; more giddy in my desires than a monkey: I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain;<sup>10</sup> and I will do that when you are dispos'd to be merry: I will laugh like a hyen,<sup>11</sup> and that when thou art inclin'd to sleep.

*Orl.* But will my Rosalind do so?

*Ros.* By my life, she will do as I do.

*Orl.* O, but she is wise.

*Ros.* Or else she could not have the wit to do this: the wiser, the waywarder: Make the doors<sup>12</sup> upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

*Orl.* A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say, *Wit, whither wilt?*

*Ros.* You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. O, that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion,<sup>13</sup> let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool!

*Orl.* For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

*Ros.* Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

*Orl.* I must attend the Duke at dinner: by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

*Ros.* Ay, go your ways, go your ways: I knew what you would prove; my friends told me as much, and I thought no less. That flattering tongue of yours won me:—'tis but one cast away, and so,—come, death!—Two o'clock is your hour?

*Orl.* Ay, sweet Rosalind.

*Ros.* By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend

<sup>10</sup> Figures, and particularly that of *Diana*, with water conveyed through them, were anciently a frequent ornament of fountains. So, in *The City Match*: "Now could I cry like any image in a fountain, which runs lamentations." Such an image of *Diana*, "with water prilling from her naked breast," was set up at the cross in Cheapside in 1596, according to Stowe.

<sup>11</sup> The bark of the hyæna was thought to resemble a loud laugh.

<sup>12</sup> Bar the doors, make them fast.

<sup>13</sup> That is, make her husband the occasion of her fault; a thing by no means confined to the matrimonial relation.

me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathological break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful: Therefore beware my censure, and keep your promise.

*Orl.* With no less religion than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: So, adieu.

*Ros.* Well, Time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let Time try: Adieu.

[*Exit ORLANDO.*]

*Cel.* You have simply misus'd our sex in your love-prate: we must have your doublet and hose pluck'd over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.<sup>14</sup>

*Ros.* O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded; my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

*Cel.* Or rather, bottomless; that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

*Ros.* No; that same wicked [son] of Venus, that was begot of thought, conceiv'd of spleen, and born of madness; that blind rascally boy, that abuses every one's eyes because his own are out, let him be judge how deep I am in love. I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando: I'll go find a shadow, and sigh till he come.

*Cel.* And I'll sleep.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II. *Another Part of the Forest.*

*Enter JAQUES and Lords, like Foresters, with a dead Deer.*

*Jaq.* Which is he that killed the deer?

1 *Lord.* Sir, it was I.

*Jaq.* Let's present him to the Duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory. — Have you no song, Forester, for this purpose?

2 *Lord.* Yes, sir.

*Jaq.* Sing it: 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

*Song.*

2 *Lord.* *What shall he have that kill'd the deer?  
His leather skin and horns to wear.*

<sup>14</sup> Referring to the old proverb, "'Tis an ill bird that fouls her own nest."

*Take thou no scorn to wear the horn :  
It was a crest ere thou wast born.*

[They sing him home, the Others bearing the Burden.

*The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,  
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.*

[Exeunt, with the Deer, singing.

SCENE III. *Another Part of the Forest.*

*Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.*

*Ros.* How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock? and here much Orlando!<sup>1</sup>

*Cel.* I warrant you, with pure love and troubled brain he hath ta'en his bow and arrows, and is gone forth—to sleep. Look, who comes here.

*Enter SILVIUS.*

*Sil.* My errand is to you, fair youth.  
My gentle Phebe bid me give you this: [Giving a Letter.  
I know not the contents; but, as I guess  
By the stern brow and waspish action  
Which she did use as she was writing of it,  
It bears an angry tenour: pardon me;  
I am but as a guiltless messenger.

*Ros.* Patience herself would startle at this letter,  
And play the swaggerer: bear this, bear all.  
She says I am not fair; that I lack manners;  
She calls me proud; and that she could not love me,  
Were man as rare as phoenix. 'Od's my will!<sup>2</sup>  
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt:  
Why writes she so to me?—Well, shepherd, well,  
This is a letter of your own device.

*Sil.* No, I protest; I know not the contents:  
Phebe did write it.

*Ros.* Come, come, you're a fool,  
And turn'd into th' extremity of love.  
I saw her hand: she has a leathern hand,  
A freestone-colour'd hand; I verily did think  
That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands:  
She has a housewife's hand; but that's no matter.  
I say she never did invent this letter;  
This is a man's invention, and his hand.

<sup>1</sup> *Much* is used ironically; as we still say, "A good deal you will," meaning, "No, you won't."

<sup>2</sup> See page 71, note 6.

*Sil.* Sure, it is hers.

*Ros.* Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel style,  
A style for challengers: why, she defies me,  
Like Turk to Christian. Woman's gentle brain  
Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention,  
Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect  
Than in their countenance. — Will you hear the letter?

*Sil.* So please you, for I never heard it yet;  
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

*Ros.* She Phebes me: Mark how the tyrant writes:

[Reads.] *Art thou god to shepherd turn'd,  
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?*

Can a woman rail thus?

*Sil.* Call you this railing?

*Ros.* [Reads.] *Why, thy godhead laid apart,  
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?*

Did you ever hear such railing? —

*Whiles the eye of man did woo me,  
That could do no vengeance to me.*

Meaning me a beast. —

*If the scorn of your bright eyne  
Have power to raise such love in mine,  
Alack, in me what strange effect  
Would they work in mild aspect!  
Whiles you chid me, I did love;  
How then might your prayers move!  
He that brings this love to thee  
Little knows this love in me:  
And by him seal up thy mind;<sup>3</sup>  
Whether that thy youth and kind<sup>4</sup>  
Will the faithful offer take  
Of me, and all that I can make;  
Or else by him my love deny,  
And then I'll study how to die.*

*Sil.* Call you this chiding?

*Cel.* Alas, poor shepherd!

*Ros.* Do you pity him? no; he deserves no pity. — Wilt thou love such a woman? What, to make thee an instru-

<sup>3</sup> Seal up your answer, and send it back by him.

<sup>4</sup> *Kind* was often used for *nature*, *kindly* for *natural*; akin to the sense of *kindled* as explained page 64, note 34. A relic of the same sense survives in the Litany of the Episcopal Church: "That it may please Thee to give and preserve to our use the *kindly* fruits of the earth."

ment, and play false strains upon thee! not to be endured! Well, go your way to her, (for I see love hath made thee a tame snake,) and say this to her: That if she love me, I charge her to love thee; if she will not, I will never have her, unless thou entreat for her. If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word; for here comes more company.

[*Exit* SILVIUS.]

*Enter* OLIVER.

*Oli.* Good-morrow, fair ones: Pray you, if you know,  
Where in the purlieus of this forest stands  
A sheep-cote fenc'd about with olive-trees?

*Cel.* West of this place, down in the neighbour bottom:  
The rank of osiers, by the murmuring stream,  
Left on your right hand, brings you to the place:  
But at this hour the house doth keep itself;  
There's none within.

*Oli.* If that an eye may profit by a tongue,  
Then I should know you by description;  
Such garments and such years: *The boy is fair,  
Of female favour, and bestows himself  
Like a ripe sister; but the woman low,  
And browner than her brother.* Are not you  
The owners of the house I did inquire for?

*Cel.* It is no boast, being ask'd, to say we are.

*Oli.* Orlando doth commend him to you both;  
And to that youth he calls his Rosalind  
He sends this bloody napkin:<sup>5</sup>—Are you he?

*Ros.* I am: What must we understand by this?

*Oli.* Some of my shame; if you will know of me  
What man I am, and how, and why, and where  
This handkerchief was stain'd.

*Cel.* I pray you, tell it.

*Oli.* When last the young Orlando parted from you,  
He left a promise to return again  
Within an hour; and, pacing through the forest,  
Chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy,<sup>6</sup>  
Lo, what befell! he threw his eye aside,  
And, mark, what object did present itself!  
Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age,  
And high top bald with dry antiquity,

<sup>5</sup> *Napkin* and *handkerchief* were often used interchangeably.

<sup>6</sup> The original has *food* instead of *cud*. Dyce and Staunton both print *cud*; but the change is traceable to Sir Walter Scott. To *chew the cud* was a common phrase, meaning to *ruminate*, or *revolve in the mind*.—The epithets *sweet* and *bitter* are in accordance with the old custom of describing love by contraries; and we have many instances of *fancy* used for *love*.

A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,  
 Lay sleeping on his back : about his neck  
 A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself,  
 Who with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd  
 The opening of his mouth ; but suddenly,  
 Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,  
 And with indented glides did slip away  
 Into a bush : under which bush's shade  
 A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,  
 Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike watch,  
 When that the sleeping man should stir ; for 'tis  
 The royal disposition of that beast  
 To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead.<sup>7</sup>  
 This seen, Orlando did approach the man,  
 And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

*Cel.* O, I have heard him speak of that same brother ;  
 And he did render him the most unnatural  
 That liv'd 'mongst men.

*Oli.* And well he might so do,  
 For well I know he was unnatural.

*Ros.* But, to Orlando : Did he leave him there,  
 Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness ?

*Oli.* Twice did he turn his back, and purpos'd so ;  
 But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,  
 And nature, stronger than his just occasion,  
 Made him give battle to the lioness,  
 Who quickly fell before him ; in which hurtling<sup>8</sup>  
 From miserable slumber I awak'd.

*Cel.* Are you his brother ?

*Ros.* Was it you he rescu'd ?

*Cel.* Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill him ?

*Oli.* 'Twas I ; but 'tis not I : I do not shame  
 To tell you what I was, since my conversion  
 So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

*Ros.* But, for the bloody napkin ? —

*Oli.* By-and-by.  
 When from the first to last, betwixt us two,  
 Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd ;  
 As, how I came into that desert place ; —  
 In brief, he led me to the gentle Duke,

<sup>7</sup> The bringing lions, serpents, palm-trees, rustic shepherds, and banished noblemen together in the Forest of Arden, is a strange piece of geographical license, which the critics have not failed to notice. I suspect the Poet knew well enough what he was about. The matter, however, was taken from Lodge's tale.

<sup>8</sup> That is, jostling or clashing encounter. In *Julius Cæsar* we have, —  
 "The noise of battle *hurled* in the air."

Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,  
 Committing me unto my brother's love;  
 Who led me instantly unto his cave,  
 There stripp'd himself; and here upon his arm  
 The lioness had torn some flesh away,  
 Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,  
 And cried in fainting upon Rosalind.  
 Brief, I recover'd him; bound up his wound;  
 And, after some small space, being strong at heart,  
 He sent me hither, stranger as I am,  
 To tell this story, that you might excuse  
 His broken promise; and to give this napkin,  
 Dy'd in his blood, unto the shepherd youth  
 That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

*Cel.* Why, how now, Ganymede! sweet Ganymede!

[*ROSALIND faints.*]

*Oli.* Many will swoon when they do look on blood.

*Cel.* There is more in it:—Cousin—Ganymede!<sup>9</sup>

*Oli.* Look, he recovers.

*Ros.* I would I were at home.

*Cel.* We'll lead you thither.—

I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

*Oli.* Be of good cheer, youth:—You a man! you lack a man's heart.

*Ros.* I do so, I confess it. Ah, sirrah! a body would think this was well counterfeited.<sup>10</sup> I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited.—Heigh ho!

*Oli.* This was not counterfeit: there is too great testimony in your complexion, that it was a passion of earnest.

*Ros.* Counterfeit, I assure you.

*Oli.* Well, then take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man.

*Ros.* So I do; but, i' faith, I should have been a woman by right.

*Cel.* Come, you look paler and paler: pray you, draw homewards:—Good sir, go with us.

*Oli.* That will I, for I must bear answer back.  
 How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

*Ros.* I shall devise something: but, I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him.—Will you go? [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>9</sup> A very delightful stroke of art. In her sudden fright, Celia is betrayed out of her assumed character, and calls out "Cousin," then instantaneously corrects herself, lest she should start some suspicion as to what she or Rosalind is.

<sup>10</sup> Rosalind is afraid of being discovered; that her fainting will betray her; and in her anxiety to keep up the show of a saucy, mannish youth, perhaps she slightly overacts the part in this instance.

ACT V. SCENE I. *The Forest of Arden.*

*Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.*

*Touch.* We shall find a time, Audrey; patience, gentle Audrey.

*Aud.* 'Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.

*Touch.* A most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey; a most vile Martext. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

*Aud.* Ay, I know who 'tis; he hath no interest in me in the world: here comes the man you mean.

*Touch.* It is meat and drink to me to see a clown: By my troth, we that have good wits have much to answer for: we shall be flouting; we cannot hold.

*Enter WILLIAM.*

*Will.* Good even, Audrey.

*Aud.* God ye good even,<sup>1</sup> William.

*Will.* And good even to you, sir.

*Touch.* Good even, gentle friend: Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, pr'ythee, be cover'd.<sup>2</sup> How old are you, friend?

*Will.* Five-and-twenty, sir.

*Touch.* A ripe age. Is thy name William?

*Will.* William, sir.

*Touch.* A fair name. Wast born i' the forest here?

*Will.* Ay, sir, I thank God.

*Touch.* Thank God;—a good answer. Art rich?

*Will.* 'Faith, sir, so-so.

*Touch.* So-so is good, very good, very excellent good:—and yet it is not; it is but so-so. Art thou wise?

*Will.* Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

*Touch.* Why, thou say'st well. I do now remember a saying, *The fool doth think he is wise; but the wise man knows himself to be a fool.* The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby, that grapes were made to eat, and lips to open. You do love this maid?

*Will.* I do, sir.

*Touch.* Give me your hand. Art thou learned?

*Will.* No, sir.

<sup>1</sup> God give ye good even. Such was the original of our salutations "good evening," "good morning," &c.

<sup>2</sup> William is standing with his hat off, in token of respect.

*Touch.* Then learn this of me: To have, is to have; for it is a figure in rhetoric, that drink, being pour'd out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other; for all your writers do consent that *ipse* is he: now, you are not *ipse*, for I am he.

*Will.* Which he, sir?

*Touch.* He, sir, that must marry this woman: Therefore, you clown, abandon — which is in the vulgar leave — the society — which in the boorish is company — of this female — which in the common is woman; which together is, abandon the society of this female; or, clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage. I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel: I will bandy with thee in faction;<sup>3</sup> I will o'er-run thee with policy;<sup>4</sup> I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways: therefore tremble, and depart.

*Aud.* Do, good William.

*Will.* God rest you merry, sir.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter CORIN.*

*Cor.* Our master and mistress seek you: come, away, away!

*Touch.* Trip, Audrey, trip, Audrey. — I attend, I attend.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Another Part of the Forest.*

*Enter ORLANDO and OLIVER.*

*Orl.* Is't possible that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that, but seeing, you should love her? and, loving, woo? and, wooing, she should grant?

*Oli.* Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting; but say with me, I love Aliena; say with her, that she loves me; consent with both, that we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your good; for my father's house, and all the revenue that was old Sir Roland's, will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

*Orl.* You have my consent. Let your wedding be tomorrow: thither will I invite the Duke and all's contented followers. Go you and prepare Aliena; for, look you, here comes my Rosalind.

<sup>3</sup> Fight against thee with conspiracies.

<sup>4</sup> Circumvent thee with cunning; the arts of politicians.

*Enter ROSALIND.*

*Ros.* God save you, brother!

*Oli.* And you, fair sister.<sup>1</sup>

[*Exit.*

*Ros.* O my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf!

*Orl.* It is my arm.

*Ros.* I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

*Orl.* Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

*Ros.* Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon when he show'd me your handkerchief?

*Orl.* Ay, and greater wonders than that.

*Ros.* O, I know where you are:—Nay, 'tis true: there never was any thing so sudden, but the fight of two rams, and Cæsar's thrasonical<sup>2</sup> brag of—*I came, saw, and overcame*: For your brother and my sister no sooner met, but they look'd; no sooner look'd, but they lov'd; no sooner lov'd, but they sigh'd; no sooner sigh'd, but they ask'd one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remedy: and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage, which they will climb incontinent:<sup>3</sup> they are in the very wrath of love, and they will together; clubs cannot part them.<sup>4</sup>

*Orl.* They shall be married to-morrow; and I will bid the Duke to the nuptial. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy in having what he wishes for.

<sup>1</sup> Oliver has before this learnt from Celia the whole secret of who Gany-mede and Aliena are. Hence he calls Rosalind "sister" here, well knowing that Orlando will understand him as referring to the character she is sustaining in her masked courtship.

<sup>2</sup> *Thrasonical* is from *Thraso*, the name of a bragging, vain-glorious soldier in one of Terence's comedies.—The famous despatch, "*veni, vidi, vici*," which Julius Cæsar was *alleged* to have sent to Rome, announcing his great and swift victory in the battle of Zela in Pontus, which occurred in the year 47 before Christ, some three years before Cæsar was murdered, is the matter referred to. The despatch has a more vain-glorious air than any thing else that is recorded of the "mightiest Julius," who charmed the world almost as much by his modesty, as he astonished it by the splendour of his military career.

<sup>3</sup> *Incontinent* here signifies *immediately*, without any stay.

<sup>4</sup> It was a common custom in Shakespeare's time, on the breaking out of a fray, to call out, "clubs, clubs," to part the combatants. So, in *Titus Andronicus*: "*Clubs, clubs! these lovers will not keep the peace.*" It was the popular cry to call forth the London apprentices. So, in *The Renegado*, Act i. scene 3: "If he were in London among the *clubs*, up went his heels for striking of a prentice." The matter is well set forth in Scott's *Fortunes of Nigel*.

*Ros.* Why, then to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

*Orl.* I can live no longer by thinking.

*Ros.* I will weary you, then, no longer with idle talking. Know of me then, (for now I speak to some purpose,) that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit:<sup>5</sup> I speak not this, that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, insomuch I say I know you are; neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good, and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things: I have, since I was three year old, convers'd with a magician, most profound in this art, and yet not damnable.<sup>6</sup> If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena shall you marry her: I know into what straits of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow human as she is, and without any danger.

*Orl.* Speak'st thou in sober meaning?

*Ros.* By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician:<sup>7</sup> Therefore put you in your best array, bid your friends; for, if you will be married to-morrow, you shall, and to Rosalind, if you will. Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

*Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.*

*Phe.* Youth, you have done me much ungentleness,  
To show the letter that I writ to you.

*Ros.* I care not, if I have; it is my study  
To seem spiteful and ungentle to you.  
You are there follow'd by a faithful shepherd:  
Look upon him, love him; he worships you.

*Phe.* Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

*Sil.* It is to be all made of sighs and tears;  
And so am I for Phebe.

*Phe.* And I for Ganymede.

*Orl.* And I for Rosalind.

*Ros.* And I for no woman.

<sup>5</sup> *Conceit* signified *wit*, or *conception*, and *imagination*. See page 48, note 1.

<sup>6</sup> In Shakespeare's time, the practice of magic was held to be criminal, or *damnable*, and was punishable with death. Rosalind means that her preceptor, though a magician, used magic only for honest and charitable ends; such a pure and benevolent magician, perhaps, as the Poet shows us in *Prospero*.

<sup>7</sup> She alludes to the danger in which her avowal of practising magic, had it been serious, would have involved her.

*Sil.* It is to be all made of faith and service;  
And so am I for Phebe.

*Phe.* And I for Ganymede.

*Orl.* And I for Rosalind.

*Ros.* And I for no woman.

*Sil.* It is to be all made of fantasy,  
All made of passion, and all made of wishes;  
All adoration, duty, and obedience;<sup>8</sup>  
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience;  
All purity, all trial, all observance;  
And so am I for Phebe.

*Phe.* And so am I for Ganymede.

*Orl.* And so am I for Rosalind.

*Ros.* And so am I for no woman.

*Phe.* [*To Ros.*] If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

*Sil.* [*To PHE.*] If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

*Orl.* If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

*Ros.* Who do you speak to, — *Why blame you me to love you?*

*Orl.* To her that is not here, nor doth not hear.

*Ros.* Pray you, no more of this; 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the Moon. — [*To SIL.*] I will help you, if I can: — [*To PHE.*] I would love you, if I could. — To-morrow meet me all together. — [*To PHE.*] I will marry you, if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow: — [*To ORL.*] I will satisfy you, if ever I satisfy man, and you shall be married to-morrow: — [*To SIL.*] I will content you, if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow. — [*To ORL.*] As you love Rosalind, meet; — [*To SIL.*] As you love Phebe, meet; and as I love no woman, I'll meet. — So, fare you well: I have left you commands.

*Sil.* I'll not fail, if I live.

*Phe.* Nor I.

*Orl.* Nor I.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III. *Another Part of the Forest.*

*Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.*

*Touch.* To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey; to-morrow will we be married.

*Aud.* I do desire it with all my heart; and I hope it is no

<sup>8</sup> The original has *observance* both here and in the second line below. The repetition is very awkward, and seems much more likely to have been made by the printer than by the Poet. Ritson proposed *obeisance*, and has been generally followed.

dishonest desire, to desire to be a woman of the world.<sup>1</sup> Here come two of the banish'd Duke's pages.

*Enter two Pages.*

1 *Page*. Well met, honest gentleman.

*Touch*. By my troth, well met: Come, sit, sit, and a song.

2 *Page*. We are for you: sit i' the middle.

1 *Page*. Shall we clap into't roundly, without hawking or spitting, or saying we are hoarse, which are the only prologues to a bad voice?

2 *Page*. I' faith, i' faith; and both in a tune, like two gipsies on a horse.

*Song.*

*It was a lover and his lass,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
That o'er the green corn-field did pass  
In spring-time, the only pretty ring-time,<sup>2</sup>  
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:  
Sweet lovers love the Spring.*

*Between the acres of the rye,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
These pretty country-folks would lie  
In spring-time, &c.*

*This carol they began that hour,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
How that a life was but a flower  
In spring-time, &c.*

*And therefore take the present time,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;  
For love is crowned with the prime  
In spring-time, &c.*

*Touch*. Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untimeable.

1 *Page*. You are deceiv'd, sir: we kept time; we lost not our time.

1 "To be a woman of the world" was to be a *married* woman, as opposed to being a woman of the *Church*, which implied a vow of perpetual celibacy. So we have the phrase of "going to the world," for getting married, in contradistinction to becoming a monk or a nun. In *Much Ado About Nothing*, Act ii. scene 1, Beatrice says: "Thus goes every one to the world but I; I may sit in a corner, and cry heigh-ho! for a husband." So too in *All's Well that Ends Well*, Act i. scene 3, the Clown says: "If I may have your ladyship's good will to go to the world, Isabel the woman and I will do as we may."

<sup>2</sup> *Ring-time* is time for marriage.

*Touch.* By my troth, yes; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God b' wi' you; and God mend your voices! — Come, Audrey. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV. *Another Part of the Forest.*

*Enter the DUKE, AMIENS, JAQUES, ORLANDO, OLIVER, and CELIA.*

*Duke.* Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy  
Can do all this that he hath promised?

*Orl.* I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not;  
As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.<sup>1</sup>

*Enter ROSALIND, SILVIUS, and PHEBE.*

*Ros.* Patience once more, whiles our compáct is urg'd. —  
*[To the DUKE.]* You say, if I bring in your Rosalind,  
You will bestow her on Orlando here?

*Duke.* That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.

*Ros.* *[To ORL.]* And you say you will have her, when I  
bring her?

*Orl.* That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.

*Ros.* *[To PHE.]* You say you'll marry me, if I be willing?

*Phe.* That will I, should I die the hour after.

*Ros.* But if you do refuse to marry me,  
You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?

*Phe.* So is the bargain.

*Ros.* *[To SIL.]* You say that you'll have Phebe, if she  
will?

*Sil.* Though to have her and death were both one thing.

*Ros.* I've promis'd to make all this matter even. —  
Keep you your word, O Duke, to give your daughter; —  
You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter: —  
Keep your word, Phebe, that you'll marry me;  
Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd: —  
Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her,  
If she refuse me: — and from hence I go,  
To make these doubts all even.

*[Exeunt ROSALIND and CELIA.]*

*Duke.* I do remember in this shepherd-boy  
Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

*Orl.* My lord, the first time that I ever saw him,

<sup>1</sup> The meaning appears to be, — As those that fear lest they may believe a thing because they wish it true, and at the same time know that this fear is no better ground of action than their hope. Who has not sometime caught himself in a similar perplexity of hope and fear?

Methought he was a brother to your daughter;<sup>2</sup>  
 But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born,  
 And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments  
 Of many desperate studies by his uncle,  
 Whom he reports to be a great magician,  
 Obscured in the circle of this Forest.

*Jaq.* There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples  
 are coming to the ark! Here comes a pair of very strange  
 beasts, which in all tongues are called fools.

*Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.*

*Touch.* Salutation and greeting to you all!<sup>3</sup>

*Jaq.* Good my lord, bid him welcome: This is the motley-  
 minded gentleman that I have so often met in the Forest; he  
 hath been a courtier, he swears.

*Touch.* If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purga-  
 tion.<sup>4</sup> I have trod a measure;<sup>5</sup> I have flatter'd a lady; I have  
 been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have  
 undone three tailors;<sup>6</sup> I have had four quarrels, and like to  
 have fought one.

*Jaq.* And how was that ta'en up?<sup>7</sup>

*Touch.* 'Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the  
 Seventh Cause.

*Jaq.* How, the Seventh Cause? — Good my lord, like this  
 fellow.

*Duke.* I like him very well.

<sup>2</sup> This aptly shows the danger Rosalind has been in, of being discovered notwithstanding her disguise. Doubtless, we have all found how one face will sometimes remind us of another by tricks of association too subtle for our tracing; so that we seem at the same time to know and not to know the stranger.

<sup>3</sup> Touchstone is humorously affecting the stately manners and language of the Court.

<sup>4</sup> Put me under oath, make me swear to the truth of the matter. People were often called upon or permitted to *purge*, that is, *clear* themselves of imputed guilt by thus affirming their innocence under oath. Sometimes a man got others to swear with him, who were called *compurgators*. We have found *purgation* in the same sense once before. See page 36, note 4.

<sup>5</sup> The *measure* was a grave, solemn dance, with a slow and measured step, somewhat like the *minuet*, and therefore well comporting with the dignity of the Court. Thus in *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act ii. scene 1: "Wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a *measure*, and a cinque-pace: the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding mannerly-modest, as a *measure* full of state and ancientry."

<sup>6</sup> Delicious satire. *Smooth* was often used in the sense of *flattery*. Thus in *Richard III.*, Act i. scene 3: "I cannot flatter, and speak fair, smile in men's faces, *smooth*, deceive, and cog." Touchstone means to imply, that to use sharp practice on one's friend, to cajole and beguile one's enemy, and to bankrupt one's tailors by running up huge accounts and leaving them unpaid, are characteristic of courts and courtiers.

<sup>7</sup> *Taken up* is *made up*; that is, *composed*, *settled*.

*Touch.* God 'ild you, sir; I desire you of the like.<sup>8</sup> I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear and to forswear, according as marriage binds and blood breaks.<sup>9</sup> — A poor virgin, sir, an ill-favour'd thing, sir, but mine own:<sup>10</sup> a poor humour of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will. Rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor-house; as your pearl in your foul oyster; —

*Duke.* By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

*Touch.* According to the Fool's bolt,<sup>11</sup> sir; — and such dulcet diseases —

*Jaq.* But, for the Seventh Cause; how did you find the quarrel on the Seventh Cause?

*Touch.* — Upon a lie seven times removed; — bear your body more seeming,<sup>12</sup> Audrey; — as thus, sir: I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard: he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: this is call'd the Retort Courteous. If I sent him word again, it was not well cut, he would send me word, he cut it to please himself: this is call'd the Quip Modest. If again, it was not well cut, he disabled my judgment: this is call'd the Reply Churlish. If again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I spake not true: this is call'd the Reproof Valiant. If again, it was not well cut, he would say, I lied: this is call'd the Counter-check Quarrelsome: and so to the Lie Circumstantial and the Lie Direct.

*Jaq.* And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut?

*Touch.* I durst go no further than the Lie Circumstantial, nor he durst not give me the Lie Direct; and so we measur'd swords, and parted.

*Jaq.* Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

*Touch.* O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book;<sup>13</sup> as you

<sup>8</sup> This mode of speech was quite common in the Poet's time. So, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, Act iii. scene 1: "I shall desire you of more acquaintance." *God 'ild you* is *God yield, reward you*. See page 67, note 8.

<sup>9</sup> *Blood* was much used for *passion* or *impulse*. "Excitements of my reason and my *blood*," occurs in *Hamlet*, Act iv. scene 4

<sup>10</sup> Touchstone here just hits the very pith of the matter. It is by such strokes as this that the Poet keeps the man, Fool though he be, bound up fresh and warm with our human sympathies. Celia gives the key-note of his real inside character, when she says, Act i. scene 3, "He'll go along o'er the wide world with me."

<sup>11</sup> The *bolt* was a short, thick, blunt arrow, for shooting near objects, and requiring little practice or skill. There was an old proverb, "A fool's bolt is soon shot."

<sup>12</sup> Seemly.

<sup>13</sup> The book alluded to is entitled, "Of Honour and Honourable Quarrels, by Vincentio Saviolo," 1594. The first part of which is "A Discourse most necessary for all Gentlemen that have in regard their Honours, touching the giving and receiving the Lie, whereupon the *Duello* and the Combat in divers Forms doth ensue; and many other inconveniences for lack only of true knowledge of Honour, and the right *Understanding of Words*, which here is

have books for good manners: I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort Courteous; the second, the Quip Modest; the third, the Reply Churlish; the fourth, the Reproof Valiant; the fifth, the Countercheck Quarrelsome; the sixth, the Lie with Circumstance; the seventh, the Lie Direct. All these you may avoid, but the Lie Direct; and you may avoid that too with an *if*. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel; but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an *if*, as, *If you said so, then I said so*; and they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your *if* is the only peace-maker; much virtue in *if*.

*Jaq.* Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's as good at any thing, and yet a Fool.

*Duke.* He uses his folly like a stalking-horse,<sup>14</sup> and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

*Still Music.* Enter HYMEN,<sup>15</sup> leading ROSALIND in Woman's Clothes; and CELIA.

*Hym.* Then is there mirth in Heaven,  
When earthly things made even  
Atone together.<sup>16</sup> —

Good Duke, receive thy daughter;  
Hymen from Heaven brought her;  
Yea, brought her hither,  
That thou might'st join her hand with his  
Whose heart within her bosom is.

*Ros.* [To the DUKE.] To you I give myself, for I am yours:—  
[To ORL.] To you I give myself, for I am yours.

*Duke.* If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

*Orl.* If there be truth in shape, you are my Rosalind.

*Phe.* If sight and shape be true,  
Why, then, — my love adieu!

*Ros.* [To the DUKE.] I'll have no father, if you be not he:—

[To ORL.] I'll have no husband, if you be not he;—

[To PHE.] Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.

set down." The eight following chapters are on the Lie and its various circumstances, much in the order of Touchstone's enumeration; and in the chapter of Conditional Lies, speaking of the particle *if*, he says, — "Conditional lies be such as are given conditionally, as if a man should say or write these words: '*if* thou hast said that I have offered my lord abuse, thou liest; or *if* thou sayest so hereafter, thou shalt lie.'"

<sup>14</sup> A stalking-horse was a piece of stretched cloth or canvas, with a horse painted on it, which the fowler carried before him to deceive the game.

<sup>15</sup> Rosalind is imagined by the rest of the company to be brought by enchantment, and is therefore introduced by a supposed aerial being in the character of Hymen.

<sup>16</sup> Accord, or agree together. This is the old sense of the phrase.

*Hym.* Peace, ho! I bar confusion:  
 'Tis I must make conclusion  
 Of these most strange events:  
 Here's eight that must take hands,  
 To join in Hymen's bands,  
 If truth holds true contents.<sup>17</sup>

[*To ORL. and ROS.*] You and you no cross shall part:—

[*To OLI. and CEL.*] You and you are heart in heart:—

[*To PHE.*] You to his love must accord,  
 Or have a woman to your lord:—

[*To TOUCH. and AUD.*] You and you are sure together,  
 As the Winter to foul weather.—  
 Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,  
 Feed yourselves with questioning,  
 That reason wonder may diminish,  
 How thus we met, and these things finish.

*Song.*

*Wedding is great Juno's crown:  
 O blessed bond of board and bed!  
 'Tis Hymen peoples every town;  
 High wedlock, then, be honour'd:  
 Honour, high honour and renown,  
 To Hymen, god of every town!*

*Duke.* O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me!  
 Even daughter-welcome,—in no less degree.

*Phe.* [*To SIL.*] I will not eat my word, now thou art mine;  
 Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

*Enter JAQUES DE BOIS.*

*Jaq. de B.* Let me have audience for a word or two.  
 I am the second son of old Sir Roland,<sup>18</sup>  
 That bring these tidings to this fair assembly:  
 Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day  
 Men of great worth resorted to this Forest,  
 Address'd a mighty power,<sup>19</sup> which were on foot  
 In his own conduct, purposely to take  
 His brother here, and put him to the sword:

<sup>17</sup> That is, if there be *truth* in *truth*.

<sup>18</sup> In the original this Jaques is introduced as the *Second Brother*, in accordance with what he here says of himself. Though the third brother brought into the play, he is the second in order of birth. His name is given in the first scene, and he is spoken of as being then "at school." Which might seem to make Orlando too young to have smashed up the great wrestler; but *school* was then a common term for any place of study or institution of learning, whether academical or professional.

<sup>19</sup> *Address'd* is *prepared, made ready*.

And to the skirts of this wild wood he came;  
 Where, meeting with an old religious man,  
 After some question with him, was converted  
 Both from his enterprise and from the world;  
 His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,  
 And all their lands restor'd to them again  
 That were with him exil'd. This to be true,  
 I do engage my life.

*Duke.* Welcome, young man;  
 Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding;  
 To one, his lands withheld; and to the other,<sup>20</sup>  
 A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.  
 First, in this Forest, let us do those ends  
 That here were well begun and well begot;  
 And after, every of this happy number,  
 That have endur'd shrewd days and nights with us,<sup>21</sup>  
 Shall share the good of our returned fortune,  
 According to the measure of their states.  
 Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity,  
 And fall into our rustic revelry:—  
 Play, music!—and you, brides and bridegrooms all,  
 With measure heap'd in joy, to th' measures fall.

*Jaq.* Sir, by your patience:—If I heard you rightly,  
 The Duke hath put on a religious life,<sup>22</sup>  
 And thrown into neglect the pompous Court.

*Jaq. de B.* He hath.

*Jaq.* To him will I: out of these convertites  
 There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.—  
 [*To the DUKE.*] You to your former honour I bequeath;  
 Your patience and your virtue well deserve it:—  
 [*To ORL.*] You to a love that your true faith doth merit:—  
 [*To OLI.*] You to your land, and love, and great allies:—  
 [*To SIL.*] You to a long and well-deserved bed:—  
 [*To TOUCH.*] And you to wrangling; for thy loving voyage  
 Is but for two months victuall'd.—So, to your pleasures:  
 I am for other than for dancing measures.

*Duke.* Stay, Jaques, stay.

*Jaq.* To see no pastime, I: what you would have,  
 I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave.

[*Exit.*]

<sup>20</sup> The *one* is Oliver, whose lands had been seized by Frederick; the *other* is Orlando, who with Rosalind is to inherit the dukedom, she being the old Duke's only child. The sense of *offer'st* is continued through these two lines.

<sup>21</sup> *Shrewd* is *sharp, piercing*, and was formerly applied as variously as *keen* is now. So, in *Hamlet*: "The air bites *shrewdly*."

<sup>22</sup> That is, put on a monk's or hermit's dress, the badge of a religious life. So, before, "an old *religious* man," meaning a member of a religious order.

*Duke.* Proceed, proceed: we will begin these rites,  
As we do trust they'll end in true delights. [*A dance.*]

## EPILOGUE.

*Ros.* It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue; but it is no more unhandsome than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true that good wine needs no bush,<sup>23</sup> 'tis true that a good play needs no epilogue; yet to good wine they do use good bushes, and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in, then, that am neither a good epilogue, nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play! I am not furnish'd like a beggar, therefore to beg will not become me: my way is, to conjure you; and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please you: and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women, (as I perceive by your simpering none of you hates them,) that between you and the women the play may please. If I were a woman,<sup>24</sup> I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleas'd me, complexions that lik'd me,<sup>25</sup> and breaths that I defied not; and I am sure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will, for my kind offer, when I make curtsy, bid me farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>23</sup> It was formerly the general custom in England to hang a *bush of ivy* at the door of a vintner: there was a classical propriety in this; *ivy* being sacred to Bacchus.

<sup>24</sup> The parts of women were performed by men or boys in Shakespeare's time.

<sup>25</sup> The Poet often uses *like* in the sense of *please*; a common thing in his time.

## INTRODUCTION TO THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

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**T**HIS is among the plays of Shakespeare mentioned by Francis Meres in 1598. How long before that time it was written we have no means of knowing; but, judging by the qualities of the workmanship, we cannot well assign the writing to a much earlier date. In July of the same year (1598), the play was registered in the Stationers' books, but with a special proviso, "that it be not printed without license first had from the Right Hon. the Lord Chamberlain." The theatrical company to which Shakespeare belonged were then known as "The Lord Chamberlain's Servants;" and the purpose of the proviso was to keep the play out of print till the company's permission were given through their patron. The play was entered again at the same place in October, 1600; his lordship's license having probably been obtained by that time. Accordingly, two distinct editions of it were published in quarto form in the course of that year. These editions were by different publishers, and were most likely printed from different manuscripts, though the printer was the same in both. The play was never issued again, that we know of, till in the folio of 1623, where the repetition of various misprints shows it to have been reprinted from one of the quarto copies. Except in one instance, there is little difficulty about the text, nor has there been much controversy on that score. That exception is in Act iii. scene 2, where all the old copies have "the beauteous scarf veiling an Indian beauty." My own judgment of the passage is given in a note. A few varieties of reading are noted in the margin.

In this play, again, the Poet shows the same indifference to mere novelty of incident, which I have remarked in the case of *As You Like It*. Here, as there, he drew largely from preceding writers. Of invention, in the matter of plot and story, there is almost none. Nevertheless, in conception and development of character, in poetical texture and grain, in sap and flavour of wit and humour, and in all that touches the real life and virtue of the work, it is one of the most original productions that ever came from the human mind. Of the materials here used, some were so much the common stock of European literature before the Poet's time, and had been run into so many variations, that it is not easy to say what sources he was most indebted to for them. The incidents of the bond and the caskets are found separately in the *Gesta Romanorum*, an ancient and curious collection of tales. There was also an Italian novel, by Giovanni Fiorentino, written as early as 1378, but not printed till 1558, to which the Poet is clearly traceable. As nothing is known of any English translation of the novel, dating so far back as his time, it seems not unlikely that he may have been acquainted with it in the original.

The praise of *The Merchant of Venice* is in the mouth of nearly all the critics. That this praise is well deserved appears in that, from the reopening of the theatres at the Restoration (in 1660) till the present day, the play has kept its place on the boards; while it is also among the first of the Poet's works to be read, and the last to be forgotten; its interest being as durable in the closet as on the stage. Well do I remember it as the very beginning of my acquaintance with Shakespeare. As in case of the preceding play, I probably cannot do better than by quoting the temperate and firm-footed judgment of Hallam:

"*The Merchant of Venice* is generally esteemed the best of Shakespeare's comedies. In the management of the plot, which is sufficiently complex, without the slightest confusion or incoherence, I do not conceive that it has been surpassed in the annals of any theatre.

Yet there are those who still affect to speak of Shakespeare as a barbarian ; and others who, giving what they think due credit to his genius, deny him all judgment and dramatic taste. A comparison of his works with those of his contemporaries — and it is surely to them that we should look — will prove that his judgment is by no means the least of his rare qualities. This is not so remarkable in the mere construction of his fable — though the present comedy is absolutely perfect in that point of view, and several others are excellently managed — as in the general keeping of the characters, and the choice of incidents. The variety of the characters in *The Merchant of Venice*, and the powerful delineation of those upon whom the interest chiefly depends, the effectiveness of many scenes in representation, the copiousness of the wit, and the beauty of the language, it would be superfluous to extol ; nor is it our office to repeat a tale so often told as the praise of Shakespeare."

The remarks, also, of Schlegel on this drama are in so high a strain, and of a spirit so genial, that I cannot well forbear quoting a portion of them. "*The Merchant of Venice*," says this admirable critic, "is one of Shakespeare's perfectest works ; popular to an extraordinary degree, and calculated to produce the most powerful effect on the stage, and at the same time a wonder of ingenuity and art for the reflecting critic. Shylock, the Jew, is one of the inimitable master-pieces of characterization which are to be found only in *Shakespeare*. It is easy for both poet and player to exhibit a caricature of national sentiments, modes of speaking, and gestures. Shylock, however, is any thing but a common Jew : he has a strongly marked and original individuality, and yet we perceive a light touch of Judaism in every thing he says or does. The desire to avenge the wrongs and indignities heaped upon his nation is, after avarice, his strongest spring of action. His hate is naturally directed chiefly against those Christians who are actuated by truly Christian sentiments : a disinterested love of our neighbour seems to him the most unrelenting persecution of the Jews. The letter of the law is his idol : he refuses his ear to the voice of mercy which speaks to him with heavenly eloquence from Portia's lips ; insisting on rigid and inflexible justice, which at last recoils on his own head. Thus he becomes a symbol of the general history of his unfortunate nation. The melancholy and self-sacrificing magnanimity of Antonio is affectingly sublime. Like a princely merchant, he is surrounded with a whole train of noble friends. The contrast which this forms to the selfish cruelty of the usurer Shylock was necessary to redeem the honour of human nature. The danger which, almost to the close of the Fourth Act, hangs over Antonio, would fill the mind with too painful anxiety, if the Poet did not also provide for its recreation and diversion. This is effected in a special manner by the scenes at Portia's country-seat, which transport the spectator into quite another world. The judgment-scene, with which the Fourth Act is occupied, is in itself a perfect drama, concentrating in itself the interest of the whole. The knot is now untied, and, according to the common ideas of theatrical satisfaction, the curtain ought to drop. But the Poet was unwilling to dismiss his audience with the gloomy impressions which Antonio's acquittal — effected with so much difficulty — and the condemnation of Shylock were calculated to leave behind them : he therefore added the Fifth Act by way of a musical afterlude to the piece itself. The episode of Jessica, the fugitive daughter of the Jew, in whom Shakespeare has contrived to throw a veil of sweetness over the national features, and the artifice by which Portia and her companion are enabled to rally their newly married husbands, supply him with the necessary materials."

# THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUKE of Venice.  
Prince of Morocco, } Suitors to Portia.  
Prince of Arragon, }  
ANTONIO, the Merchant of Venice.  
BASSANIO, his Friend.  
SOLANIO, } Friends to Antonio and Bas-  
SALARINO, } sanio.  
GRATIANO, }  
LORENZO, in love with Jessica.  
SHYLOCK, a Jew.  
TUBAL, a Jew, his Friend.

LAUNCELOT GOBBO, a Clown, Servant to Shylock.  
OLD GOBBO, Father to Launcelot.  
LEONARDO, Servant to Bassanio.  
BALTHAZAR, } Servants to Portia.  
STEPHANO, }  
PORTIA, a rich Heiress.  
NERISSA, her Companion.  
JESSICA, daughter to Shylock.

Magnificoes of Venice, Officers of the Court of Justice, Jailer, Servants, and other Attendants.

SCENE, partly at Venice, and partly at Belmont.

## ACT I. SCENE I. *Venice. A Street.*

*Enter* ANTONIO, SALARINO, and SOLANIO.<sup>1</sup>

*Ant.* In sooth,<sup>2</sup> I know not why I am so sad :  
It wearies me, you say it wearies you ;  
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,  
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,  
I am to learn ;  
And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,  
That I have much ado to know myself.

*Sal.* Your mind is tossing on the ocean ;  
There, where your argosies<sup>3</sup> with portly sail, —  
Like signiors and rich burghers of the flood,<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> In the old copies there is much confusion in the printing of these names, especially in the first scene. After the first scene the prefixes to the speeches uniformly are *Sal.* and *Sol.* So that we have authority for reading *Solanio* instead of *Salanio*, as it is in most modern editions.

<sup>2</sup> *Sooth* is *truth* ; old English.

<sup>3</sup> *Argosies* are large ships either for merchandise or for war. The name was probably derived from the classical ship *Argo*, which carried Jason and the Argonauts in quest of the golden fleece.

<sup>4</sup> *Signior* is used by Shakespeare very much in the sense of *lord* ; *signiory*, of *lordship*, meaning *dominium*. Thus, in *The Tempest*, Act i. scene 2, Prospero says of his dukedom : "Through all the *signiories* it was the first." *Burghers* are citizens. So, in *As You Like It*, Act ii. scene 1, the deer in the Forest of Arden, "poor dappled fools," are spoken of as "being native *burghers* of this desert city."

Or, as it were, the pageants<sup>5</sup> of the sea, —  
Do overpeer the petty traffickers,  
That curtsy to them, do them reverence,  
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

*Sol.* Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth,<sup>6</sup>  
The better part of my affections would  
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still  
Plucking the grass, to know where sits the wind;  
Peering in maps for ports, and piers, and roads;<sup>7</sup>  
And every object that might make me fear  
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt,  
Would make me sad.

*Sal.* My wind, cooling my broth,  
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought  
What harm a wind too great might do at sea.  
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,  
But I should think of shallows and of flats;  
And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd in sand,<sup>8</sup>  
Vailing<sup>9</sup> her high-top lower than her ribs,  
To kiss her burial. Should I go to church,  
And see the holy edifice of stone,  
And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks,  
Which, touching but my gentle vessel's side,  
Would scatter all her spices on the stream;  
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks;  
And, in a word, but even now worth this,  
And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought  
To think on this, and shall I lack the thought,  
That such a thing bechanc'd would make me sad?  
But tell not me: I know Antonio  
Is sad to think upon his merchandise.

*Ant.* Believe me, no: I thank my fortune for it,  
My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,<sup>10</sup>  
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate  
Upon the fortune of this present year:  
Therefore my merchandise makes me not sad.

<sup>5</sup> *Pageants* were shows of various kinds, theatrical and others; from a word originally meaning, it is said, a high stage or scaffold. Pageants of great splendour, with gay barges and other paraphernalia, used to be held upon the Thames. Leicester had a grand pageant exhibited before Queen Elizabeth, on the water at Kenilworth Castle, when she visited him there in 1575; described in Scott's *Kenilworth*. Perhaps our Fourth-of-July fireworks come as near to it as any thing now in use.

<sup>6</sup> *Venture* is what is *risked*; exposed to "the peril of waters, winds, and rocks." — *Still*, second line below, has the sense of *continually*.

<sup>7</sup> *Roads* are *anchorages*; places where ships *ride* at anchor safely.

<sup>8</sup> *Dock'd in sand* is *stranded*. — Italian ships were apt to be named from Andrea Doria, the great Genoese Admiral.

<sup>9</sup> To *vail* is to *lower*, to *let fall*.

<sup>10</sup> A *bottom* is a transport-ship, or merchant-man.

*Sal.* Why, then you are in love: . . . . .

*Ant.* Fie, fie!

*Sal.* Not in love neither? Then let's say, you're sad,  
Because you are not merry; and 'twere as easy  
For you to laugh and leap, and say you're merry  
'Cause you're not sad. Now, by two-headed Janus,<sup>11</sup>  
Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time:  
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,  
And laugh like parrots at a bag-piper;  
And other of such vinegar aspect,<sup>12</sup>  
That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,  
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.<sup>13</sup>

*Sol.* Here comes Bassanio, your most noble kinsman,  
Gratiano, and Lorenzo. Fare ye well:  
We leave you now with better company.

*Sal.* I would have stay'd till I had made you merry,  
If worthier friends had not prevented me.<sup>14</sup>

*Ant.* Your worth is very dear in my regard.  
I take it, your own business calls on you,  
And you embrace th' occasion to depart.

*Enter BASSANIO, LORENZO, and GRATIANO.*

*Sal.* Good morrow, my good lords.

*Bass.* Good signiors both, when shall we laugh? say, when?  
You grow exceeding strange:<sup>15</sup> must it be so?

*Sal.* We'll make our leisures to attend on yours.

*[Exeunt SALAR. and SOLAN.]*

*Lor.* My Lord Bassanio, since you've found Antonio,  
We two will leave you; but at dinner-time,  
I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.

*Bass.* I will not fail you.

*Gra.* You look not well, Signior Antonio;  
You have too much respect upon the world:<sup>16</sup>

<sup>11</sup> Janus, the old Latin Sun-god, who gave the name to the month of January, is here called *two-headed*, because he had two faces, one on either side of his head. There is also an allusion to certain antique two-faced images, one face being grave, the other merry, or a gloomy Saturn on one side, and a laughing Apollo on the other.

<sup>12</sup> In *Shakespeare* and other writers of the time, *aspect* generally has the accent on the second syllable. — *Other*, the singular form, was sometimes used with the plural sense.

<sup>13</sup> Nestor was the oldest and gravest of the Greek heroes in the Trojan war. The severest faces might justly laugh at what he should pronounce laughable.

<sup>14</sup> *Prevented*, in old language, is *anticipated*. To *prevent* is literally to go before. So in the *Prayer-Book*, 17th Sunday after Trinity: "That thy grace may always *prevent* and follow us."

<sup>15</sup> *Strange* is *distant*, *stranger-like*.

<sup>16</sup> The Poet often uses *respect* for *consideration*. So, in *King Lear*, i. 1: "Love's not love, when it is mingled with *respects* that stand aloof from th'

~~They lose it that do buy it with much care.~~  
Believe me, you are marvellously chang'd.

*Ant.* I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;  
A stage, where every man must play a part,  
And mine a sad one.

*Gra.* Let me play the Fool:<sup>17</sup>  
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;  
And let my liver rather heat with wine  
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.  
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,  
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?  
Sleep when he wakes? and creep into the jaundice  
By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio, —  
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks, —  
There are a sort of men whose visages  
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond;  
And do a wilful stillness entertain,  
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion  
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;<sup>18</sup>  
As who should say, *I am Sir Oracle,*  
*And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!*  
O my Antonio! I do know of these,  
That therefore only are reputed wise  
For saying nothing; who,<sup>19</sup> I'm very sure,  
If they should speak, would almost damn those ears,  
Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools.  
I'll tell thee more of this another time:  
But fish not, with this melancholy bait,  
For this fool-gudgeon, this opinion. —  
Come, good Lorenzo. — Fare ye well, awhile:  
I'll end my exhortation after dinner.

*Lor.* Well, we will leave you, then, till dinner-time.  
I must be one of these same dumb wise men,  
For Gratiano never lets me speak.

*Gra.* Well, keep me company but two years more,  
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.

entire point." Near the end of this play, we have *respective* for *considerative*.

<sup>17</sup> To *play the Fool* is, in Gratiano's sense, to act such a part as that of Touchstone in *As You Like It*.

<sup>18</sup> *Conceit* for *conception* or *thought*. See page 87, note 5.

<sup>19</sup> All the old copies have *when* instead of *who*, thus leaving *would damn* without a subject. — The following lines refer to the judgment pronounced in the Gospel against him who "says to his brother, Thou fool." The meaning, therefore, is, that if those who "only are reputed wise for saying nothing" should go to talking, they would be apt to damn their hearers, by provoking them to utter this reproach. *Fool-gudgeon*, a little below, appears to mean such a fish as any fool might catch, or none but fools would care to catch. *Gudgeon* was the name of a small fish very easily caught.

*Ant.* Farewell: I'll grow a talker for this gear.<sup>20</sup>

*Gra.* Thanks, i' faith; for silence is only commendable  
In a neat's tongue dried, and a maid not vendible.<sup>21</sup>

[*Exeunt GRATIA. and LOREN.*

*Ant.* Is that any thing now?

*Bass.* Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice: His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff: you shall seek all day ere you find them; and when you have them, they are not worth the search.

*Ant.* Well; tell me now, what lady is the same  
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,  
That you to-day promis'd to tell me of?

*Bass.* 'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,  
How much I have disabled mine estate,  
By something showing a more swelling port<sup>22</sup>  
Than my faint means would grant continuance:  
Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd  
From such a noble rate; but my chief care  
Is to come fairly off from the great debts  
Wherein my time, something too prodigal,  
Hath left me gag'd.<sup>23</sup> To you, Antonio,  
I owe the most, in money and in love;  
And from your love I have a warranty  
T' unburden all my plots and purposes,  
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

*Ant.* I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it;  
And if it stand, as you yourself still do,  
Within the eye of honour, be assur'd,  
My purse, my person, my extremest means  
Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.

*Bass.* In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,  
I shot his fellow of the self-same flight<sup>24</sup>  
The self-same way with more advised watch,<sup>25</sup>  
To find the other forth; and, by adventuring both,

<sup>20</sup> *Gear* was often used of any business, matter, or affair in hand.

<sup>21</sup> Not good for the matrimonial market, unless she have the rare gift of silence to recommend her, or to make up for the lack of other attractions.

<sup>22</sup> *Port* is bearing, carriage, behaviour. — Next line, "continuance of."

<sup>23</sup> *Gag'd* is *pledged*. So in 1 *Henry IV.* i. 3: "That men of your nobility and power did *gage* them both in an unjust behalf."

<sup>24</sup> Arrows were variously formed for different ranges. A shaft "of the self-same flight" was an arrow made for shooting the same distance. — *His* for *its*, which was not then a legitimate word. See page 53, note 22.

<sup>25</sup> *Advised* is *careful deliberate*. So Bacon says that judges ought to be "more *advised* than confidant." — Observe, *especially*, that in the text as here set forth, — and it is the same in the old copies, — in all such words, *ed*, when printed in full, except in words ending in *ied*, always makes a syllable by itself, and is required by the verse to be so. See page 39, note 6.

I oft found both. I urge this childhood proof,<sup>26</sup>  
 Because what follows is pure innocence.  
 I owe you much, and, like a wilful youth,  
 That which I owe is lost; but if you please  
 To shoot another arrow that self way  
 Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt, —  
 As I will watch the aim, — or to find both,  
 Or bring your latter hazard back again,  
 And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

*Ant.* You know me well, and herein spend but time,  
 To wind about my love with circumstance;<sup>27</sup>  
 And out of doubt you do me now more wrong  
 In making question of my uttermost,  
 Than if you had made waste of all I have:  
 Then do but say to me what I should do,  
 That in your knowledge may by me be done,  
 And I am prest unto it:<sup>28</sup> therefore speak.

*Bass.* In Belmont is a lady richly left;  
 And she is fair, and, fairer than that word,  
 Of wondrous virtues: sometimes from her eyes<sup>29</sup>  
 I did receive fair speechless messages.  
 Her name is Portia; nothing undervalu'd  
 To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia:  
 Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth;  
 For the four winds blow in from every coast  
 Renowned suitors; and her sunny locks  
 Hang on her temples like a golden fleece;  
 Which makes her seat of Belmont Colchos' strand,  
 And many Jasons come in quest of her.  
 O my Antonio! had I but the means  
 To hold a rival place with one of them,<sup>30</sup>  
 I have a mind presages me such thrift,  
 That I should questionless be fortunate.

*Ant.* Thou know'st that all my fortunes are at sea;  
 Neither have I money, nor commodity  
 To raise a present sum: therefore go forth;  
 Try what my credit can in Venice do:  
 That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost,  
 To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.

<sup>26</sup> The Poet elsewhere has *childhood* in the sense of *childish*.

<sup>27</sup> *Circumstance* is *circumlocution*. Thus, in *Hamlet*, i. 5: "And so, without more *circumstance* at all, I hold it fit that we shake hands and part."

<sup>28</sup> *Prest* is *prompt, ready*; from an old French word. Spenser has it repeatedly in the same sense. The Latin *præsto* is the origin of it.

<sup>29</sup> *Sometimes* and *sometime* were used indifferently in the sense of *formerly*.

<sup>30</sup> The language is awkward: "*as one of them*," we should say.

Go, presently inquire, and so will I,  
Where money is; and I no question make,  
To have it of my trust, or for my sake.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Belmont. A Room in PORTIA'S House.*

*Enter PORTIA and NERISSA.*

*Por.* By my troth,<sup>1</sup> Nerissa, my little body is a-weary of this great world.

*Ner.* You would be, sweet Madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are: and yet, for aught I see, they are as sick that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing. It is no small happiness, therefore, to be seated in the mean: superfluity comes sooner by white hairs,<sup>2</sup> but competency lives longer.

*Por.* Good sentences, and well pronounc'd.

*Ner.* They would be better, if well followed.

*Por.* If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood,<sup>3</sup> but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree: such a hare is madness the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel the cripple. But this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband.—O me, the word *choose*! I may neither choose whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curb'd by the will of a dead father.—Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none?

*Ner.* Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men at their death have good inspirations: therefore, the lottery that he hath devised in these three chests of gold, silver, and lead—whereof who chooses his meaning chooses you—will no doubt never be chosen by any rightly, but one whom you shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

*Por.* I pray thee over-name them, and as thou namest them, I will describe them; and, according to my description, level at my affection.<sup>4</sup>

*Ner.* First, there is the Neapolitan Prince.

<sup>1</sup> *Troth* is but an old form of *truth*.

<sup>2</sup> That is, superfluity sooner *acquires* white hairs; becomes old. We still say, how did he *come by* it? — The quartos have "no *mean* happiness," which makes a poor jingle with "seated in the *mean*."

<sup>3</sup> This use of *blood* was very common. See page 92, note 9.

<sup>4</sup> *Level at* is *guess* or *infer*. The Poet uses *aim* in the same sense.

*Por.* Ay, that's a colt<sup>5</sup> indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts, that he can shoe him himself. I am much afraid my lady his mother play'd false with a smith.

*Ner.* Then is there the County Palatine.

*Por.* He doth nothing but frown; as who should say, *An you will not have me, choose.* He hears merry tales, and smiles not: I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old,<sup>6</sup> being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a Death's-head with a bone in his mouth than to either of these. God defend me from these two!

*Ner.* How say you by the French lord,<sup>7</sup> Monsieur le Bon?

*Por.* God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker: but he! why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's; a better bad habit of frowning than the Count Palatine: he is every man in no man: if a throstle sing, he falls straight a-capering; he will fence with his own shadow. If I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands. If he would despise me,<sup>8</sup> I would forgive him; for, if he love me to madness, I shall never requite him.

*Ner.* What say you then to Faulconbridge, the young baron of England?

*Por.* You know I say nothing to him; for he understands not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian; and you will come into the court and swear that I have a poor penny-worth in the English. He is a proper man's picture;<sup>9</sup> but, alas, who can converse with a dumb show?<sup>10</sup> How oddly he is suited! I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany,<sup>11</sup> and his behaviour everywhere.

<sup>5</sup> The Neapolitans were eminently skilled in horsemanship. — *Colt* is used for a witless, heady, gay youngster.

<sup>6</sup> "The weeping philosopher" was Heraclitus of Ephesus, who became a complete recluse, and retreated to the mountains, where he lived on pot-herbs. He was called "the weeping philosopher" because he mourned over the follies of mankind, just as Democritus was called "the laughing philosopher" because he laughed at them. Perhaps Portia has in mind the precept, "*Rejoice with those that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep.*"

<sup>7</sup> *By* and *of* were among the words not fully differentiated in the Poet's time. So again, in Act ii. scene 9: "That *many* may be meant *by* the fool multitude." See page 38, note 18.

<sup>8</sup> *Would* for *should*; the two words being often used indifferently. So a little after: "You *should* refuse to perform." See preceding note and reference.

<sup>9</sup> A *proper* man is a *handsome* man.

<sup>10</sup> For an instance of *dumb show*, see *Hamlet*, Act iii. scene 2.

<sup>11</sup> *Bonnet* and *hat* have changed places with each other, since the Poet's time.

*Ner.* What think you of the Scottish lord,<sup>12</sup> his neighbour?

*Por.* That he hath a neighbourly charity in him; for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him again when he was able: I think the Frenchman became his surety, and seal'd under for another.<sup>13</sup>

*Ner.* How like you the young German, the Duke of Saxony's nephew?

*Por.* Very vilely in the morning when he is sober, and most vilely in the afternoon when he is drunk: when he is best, he is a little worse than a man; and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast. An the worst fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him.

*Ner.* If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

*Por.* Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee, set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket;<sup>14</sup> for, if the Devil be within, and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do any thing, Nerissa, ere I will be married to a sponge.

*Ner.* You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords: they have acquainted me with their determination; which is, indeed, to return to their home, and to trouble you with no more suit, unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition,<sup>15</sup> depending on the caskets.

*Por.* If I live to be as old as Sibylla,<sup>16</sup> I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's

<sup>12</sup> So in the quartos. In the folio *Scottish* was changed to *other*; doubtless on account of King James.

<sup>13</sup> To *seal* was to *subscribe*; as Antonio afterwards says, "I'll *seal* to such a bond." The principal sealed to a bond, his surety *sealed under*. The meaning therefore is, that the Frenchman became surety for another box of the ear, to be given in repayment of the first.

<sup>14</sup> The *wrong* casket. So, in *King John*, iv. 2: "Standing on slippers which his nimble haste had falsely thrust upon *contrary* feet."

<sup>15</sup> *Sort* appears to be here used in the sense of *lot*; from the Latin *sors*. So, in *Troilus and Cressida*, i. 3: "Let blockish Ajax draw the *sort* to fight with Hector." — "Your father's imposition" means the conditions imposed by your father.

<sup>16</sup> Shakespeare here turns the word *sibyl* into a proper name. That he knew it to be a generic, not an individual name, appears in *Othello*, iii. 4: "A sibyl, that had number'd in the world the Sun to course two hundred compasses, in her prophetic fury sew'd the work." Bacon, in his *Essay Of Delays*, also uses the word as a proper name: "Fortune is like the market where, many times, if you can stay a little, the price will fall; and again, it is sometimes like *Sibylla's* offer, which at first offereth the commodity at the full, then consumeth part and part, and still holdeth up the price." The particular Sibyl referred to by Portia is probably the Cumæan Sibyl, so named from Cumæ in Italy, where she had her prophetic seat. Apollo fell in love with her, and offered to grant any request she might make. Her request was that she might live as many years as she held grains of sand in her hand. She forgot to ask for the continuance of her beauty also, and so had a rather hard bargain of it.

will. I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable; for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence, and I pray God grant them a fair departure.<sup>17</sup>

*Ner.* Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar, and a soldier, that came hither in company of the Marquess of Montferrat?

*Por.* Yes, yes; it was Bassanio: as I think, so was he call'd.

*Ner.* True, Madam: he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes look'd upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

*Por.* I remember him well; and I remember him worthy of thy praise. —

*Enter a Servant.*

How now! what news?

*Serv.* The four strangers<sup>18</sup> seek for you, Madam, to take their leave; and there is a forerunner come from a fifth, the Prince of Morocco; who brings word, the Prince his master will be here to-night.

*Por.* If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach: if he have the condition of a saint<sup>19</sup> and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrive me than wive me.<sup>20</sup>

Come, Nerissa. — Sirrah, go before. —

Whiles we shut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door. *[Exeunt.]*

### SCENE III. Venice. A public Place.

*Enter BASSANIO and SHYLOCK.*

*Shy.* Three thousand ducats, — well.

*Bass.* Ay, sir, for three months.

*Shy.* For three months, — well.

*Bass.* For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

*Shy.* Antonio shall become bound, — well.

*Bass.* May you stead me?<sup>1</sup> Will you pleasure me? Shall I know your answer?

<sup>17</sup> So in the quartos: the folio, "*I wish them a fair departure.*" The change was made in pursuance of a statute, passed in the first year of James, 1603–4, against desecrating the sacred names. I prefer what the Poet's own genius dictated, to what was done by Act of Parliament.

<sup>18</sup> An oversight, perhaps. There were *six* of them.

<sup>19</sup> *Condition* is *temper, disposition*. So used continually by Shakespeare, and other writers of his time.

<sup>20</sup> Devils were imagined and represented as of dark colour. So, in *Othello*, Iago says to Brabantio, "The Devil will make a grandsire of you," referring to the Moor's colour. — *Shrift* is *confession*.

<sup>1</sup> Another instance of the undifferentiated use of words. Instead of *may*, we should use *can* or *will*. See note 8, preceding scene.

*Shy.* Three thousand ducats for three months, and Antonio bound.

*Bass.* Your answer to that.

*Shy.* Antonio is a good man.

*Bass.* Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

*Shy.* Ho! no, no, no, no; — my meaning, in saying he is a good man, is to have you understand me that he is sufficient. Yet his means are in supposition: he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand moreover upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England; and other ventures he hath, squandered abroad.<sup>2</sup> But ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land-rats and water-rats, land-thieves and water-thieves, — I mean, pirates: and then there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks. The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient. Three thousand ducats; — I think I may take his bond.

*Bass.* Be assured you may.

*Shy.* I will be assured I may; and, that I may be assured, I will bethink me. May I speak with Antonio?

*Bass.* If it please you to dine with us.

*Shy.* Yes, to smell pork; to eat of the habitation which your prophet the Nazarite conjured the Devil into.<sup>3</sup> I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto? — Who is he comes here?

*Enter ANTONIO.*

*Bass.* This is Signior Antonio.

*Shy.* [*Aside.*] How like a fawning publican he looks! I hate him for he is a Christian;<sup>4</sup> But more, for that in low simplicity He lends out money gratis, and brings down The rate of usance here with us in Venice.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>2</sup> *Squandered* here means simply *scattered, dispersed*; a frequent usage of the time.

<sup>3</sup> Alluding to the permission given to the Legion of devils to enter into the herd of swine: *St. Luke* viii. 33. — *Habitation* is used of the *body*; the dwelling-place, in this instance, of the devils.

<sup>4</sup> *For* was often used with the exact sense of our *because*.

<sup>5</sup> *Usance, usury, and interest* were all terms of precisely the same import in Shakespeare's time; there being then no such law or custom whereby *usury* has since come to mean the taking of interest above a certain rate. How the taking of interest, at whatever rate, was commonly esteemed, is shown in Lord Bacon's *Essay of Usury*, where he mentions the popular arguments against it: "That the usurer is the greatest Sabbath-breaker, because his plough goeth every Sunday; that the usurer breaketh the first law that was made for mankind after the fall, which was, 'in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread;' that *usurers should have orange-tawny bonnets*

If I can catch him once upon the hip,<sup>6</sup>  
 I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.  
 He hates our sacred nation ; and he rails,  
 Even there where merchants most do congregate,  
 On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,  
 Which he calls interest : Cursed be my tribe,  
 If I forgive him !

*Bass.* Shylock, do you hear ?

*Shy.* I am debating of my present store ;  
 And, by the near guess of my memory,  
 I cannot instantly raise up the gross  
 Of full three thousand ducats : What of that ?  
 Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,  
 Will furnish me. But, soft ! how many months  
 Do you desire ? — [*To ANT.*] Rest you fair, good Signior ;  
 Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

*Ant.* Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow,  
 By taking nor by giving of excess,  
 Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,  
 I'll break a custom. — Is he yet possess'd ?  
 How much you would ?

*Shy.* Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

*Ant.* And for three months.

*Shy.* I had forgot ; — three months ; you told me so.  
 Well then, your bond ; and, let me see, — But hear you :  
 Methought you said you neither lend nor borrow  
 Upon advantage.

*Ant.* I do never use it.

*Shy.* When Jacob graz'd his uncle Laban's sheep, —  
 This Jacob from our holy Abraham was  
 (As his wise mother wrought in his behalf)  
 The third possessor ; ay, he was the third,<sup>8</sup> —

*Ant.* And what of him ? did he take interest ?

*Shy.* No, not take interest ; not, as you would say,  
 Directly interest : mark what Jacob did,  
 When Laban and himself were compromis'd,  
 That all the eanlings which were streak'd and pied  
 Should fall as Jacob's hire.

*because they do Judaize ; that it is against nature for money to beget money, and the like."* The words in *Italic* show that usury was regarded as a badge of Judaism.

<sup>6</sup> Some explain this as a phrase of wrestling ; others, of hunting. To *have one on the hip* was to have the advantage of him ; as when a wrestler seized his antagonist by that part, or a hound a deer.

<sup>7</sup> *Possessed* was often used for *informed*. — *Excess*, second line before, means in excess of the sum lent ; that is, *interest*.

<sup>8</sup> The third, reckoning Abraham himself as the first. — See *Genesis xxvii.*

This was a way to thrive, and he was blest;  
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.<sup>9</sup>

*Ant.* This was a venture, sir, that Jacob serv'd for;  
A thing not in his power to bring to pass,  
But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of Heaven.

Was this inserted<sup>10</sup> to make interest good?  
Or is your gold and silver ewes and rams?

*Shy.* I cannot tell; I make it breed as fast.  
But note me, Signior.

*Ant.* Mark you this, Bassanio,  
The Devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.  
An evil soul, producing holy witness,  
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek,  
A goodly apple rotten at the heart:  
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!<sup>11</sup>

*Shy.* Three thousand ducats; — 'tis a good round sum.  
Three months from twelve, — then, let me see, the rate —

*Ant.* Well, Shylock, shall we be beholding to you?

*Shy.* Signior Antonio, many a time and oft,  
In the Rialto, you have rated me<sup>12</sup>

About my moneys, and my usances:  
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug;  
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.

You call me misbeliever, cut-throat, dog,  
And spet<sup>13</sup> upon my Jewish gaberdine,  
And all for use of that which is mine own.

Well then, it now appears you need my help:  
Go to then; you come to me, and you say,

*Shylock, we would have moneys: you say so;*  
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,  
And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur  
Over your threshold: moneys is your suit.

What should I say to you? Should I not say,  
*Hath a dog money? is it possible,*

<sup>9</sup> See *Genesis xxx.* 31–43.

<sup>10</sup> That is, inserted in the Scriptures.

<sup>11</sup> *Falsehood* here means *knavery, treachery*, as *truth* is sometimes used for *honesty*.

<sup>12</sup> In this scene we have already had “on the Rialto,” and “upon the Rialto.” Concerning the place meant, Rogers thus speaks in one of the notes to his poem on Italy: “Rialto is the name, not of the bridge, but of the island from which it is called; and the Venetians say *il ponte di Rialto*, as we say Westminster-bridge. In that island is the exchange; and I have often walked there as on classic ground. In the days of Antonio and Bassanio it was second to none.”

<sup>13</sup> So in the old copies, but commonly changed to *spit*. As an old form of the word, and as giving a Shylockian tang to the speech, *spet* ought to be retained. — *Gaberdine* was a long, coarse outer garment or frock. Caliban, in *The Tempest*, li. 2, wears one big enough, it seems, to wrap both himself and Trinculo in.

*A cur can lend three thousand ducats? or  
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,  
With 'bated breath and whispering humbleness,  
Say this, —*

*Fair sir, you spet on me on Wednesday last;  
You spurn'd me such a day; another time  
You call'd me dog; and for these courtesies  
I'll lend you thus much moneys?*

*Ant.* I am as like to call thee so again,  
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.  
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not  
As to thy friend; (for when did friendship take  
A breed<sup>14</sup> of barren metal of his friend?)  
But lend it rather to thine enemy;  
Who if he break,<sup>15</sup> thou may'st with better face  
Exact the penalty.

*Shy.* Why, look you, how you storm!  
I would be friends with you, and have your love,  
Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with,  
Supply your present wants, and take no doit<sup>16</sup>  
Of usance for my moneys, and you'll not hear me:  
This is kind I offer.

*Ant.* This were kindness.

*Shy.* This kindness will I show:  
Go with me to a notary, seal me there  
Your single bond; and, in a merry sport,  
If you repay me not on such a day,  
In such a place, such sum or sums as are  
Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit  
Be nominated for an equal pound  
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken  
In what part of your body pleaseth me.

*Ant.* Content, in faith; I'll seal to such a bond,  
And say there is much kindness in the Jew.

*Bass.* You shall not seal to such a bond for me:  
I'll rather dwell<sup>17</sup> in my necessity.

*Ant.* Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it:  
Within these two months, that's a month before  
This bond expires, I do expect return  
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

*Shy.* O, father Abraham, what these Christians are,  
Whose own hard dealing teaches them suspect

<sup>14</sup> *Breed* is *interest*, money *bred* from the principal.

<sup>15</sup> For this uniting of the relative and personal pronouns, *who* and *he*, in one subject, see page 39, note 2.

<sup>16</sup> *Doit* was a small Italian coin, considerably less than our cent.

<sup>17</sup> That is, *continue*, or *abide*.

The thoughts of others!—Pray you, tell me this:  
 If he should break his day, what should I gain  
 By the exaction of the forfeiture?  
 A pound of man's flesh taken from a man  
 Is not so estimable, profitable neither,  
 As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,  
 To buy his favour I extend this friendship:  
 If he will take it, so; if not, adieu;  
 And, for my love, I pray you wrong me not.

*Ant.* Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.

*Shy.* Then meet me forthwith at the notary's:  
 Give him direction for this merry bond,  
 And I will go and purse the ducats straight;  
 See to my house, left in the fearful guard<sup>18</sup>  
 Of an unthrifty knave, and presently  
 I will be with you.

[*Exit.*

*Ant.* Hie thee, gentle Jew.

The Hebrew will turn Christian; he grows kind.

*Bass.* I like not fair terms and a villain's mind.

*Ant.* Come on: in this there can be no dismay;  
 My ships come home a month before the day.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I. *Belmont. A Room in PORTIA'S House.*

*Flourish of Cornets. Enter the Prince of Morocco, and his Train; PORTIA, NERISSA, and other of her Attendants.*

*Mor.* Mislike me not for my complexion,  
 The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd Sun,  
 To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred.  
 Bring me the fairest creature northward born,  
 Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,  
 And let us make incision for your love,  
 To prove whose blood is reddest,<sup>1</sup> his or mine.  
 I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine  
 Hath fear'd the valiant:<sup>2</sup> by my love I swear,  
 The best-regarded virgins of our clime

<sup>18</sup> *Fearful guard* is a guard that is not to be trusted, but gives cause of fear. To *fear* was anciently to *give* as well as *feel* terrors.

<sup>1</sup> *Red* blood is a traditionary sign of courage. Thus Macbeth calls one of his frightened soldiers a *lily-liver'd* boy; again, in this play, cowards are said to have *livers as white as milk*; and an effeminate man is termed a *milk-sop*.

<sup>2</sup> *Fear* was often used as a transitive verb, in the sense of *frighten* or *terrify*. See last note of preceding scene.

Have lov'd it too. I would not change this hue,  
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.

*Por.* In terms of choice I am not solely led  
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes;<sup>3</sup>  
Besides, the lottery of my destiny  
Bars me the right of voluntary choosing:  
But, if my father had not scanted me,  
And hedg'd me by his will, to yield myself  
His wife who wins me by that means I told you,  
Yourself, renowned Prince, then stood as fair  
As any comer I have look'd on yet  
For my affection.

*Mor.* Even for that I thank you:  
Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets,  
To try my fortune. By this scimitar,—  
That slew the Sophy, and a Persian prince<sup>4</sup>  
That won three fields of Sultan Solyman,—  
I would outstare the sternest eyes that look,  
Outbrave the heart most daring on the earth,  
Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she-bear,  
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,  
To win thee, lady: But, alas the while!  
If Hercules and Lichas play at dice  
Which is the better man,<sup>5</sup> the greater throw  
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand:  
So is Alcides beaten by his page;  
And so may I, blind Fortune leading me,  
Miss that which one unworthier may attain,  
And die with grieving.

*Por.* You must take your chance;  
And either not attempt to choose at all,  
Or swear, before you choose, if you choose wrong  
Never to speak to lady afterward  
In way of marriage; therefore be advis'd.

*Mor.* Nor will not: Come, bring me unto my chance.

<sup>3</sup> She means that reason and judgment have a voice potential in her matrimonial thoughts. *Nice* has somewhat the sense of *fanciful* here.

<sup>4</sup> A "History of the Wars between the Turks and Persians," translated from the Italian, was published in London in 1595; from which Shakespeare might have learned that "*Soffi*, an ancient word signifying a wise man," was "grown to be the common name of the Emperors of Persia." I-mael Sophi is said to have been the founder of what was called the Suffavian dynasty. The same potentate is twice referred to in *Twelfth Night*. — Solyman the Magnificent had an unfortunate campaign with the Persians in 1535.

<sup>5</sup> If they stake the question of which is the *braver* man upon a game of dice. — Lichas was the servant or *page* of Hercules, who ignorantly brought to his master from Dejanira the poisoned shirt. Hercules was a descendant of Alceus, and so is called, in the Greek idiom, Alcides.

*Por.* First, forward to the Temple:<sup>6</sup> after dinner  
Your hazard shall be made.

*Mor.* Good fortune then!  
To make me bless'd, or curs'd'st among men. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *Venice. A Street.*

*Enter LAUNCELOT GOBBO.*

*Laun.* Certainly my conscience will serve me to run from this Jew my master. The fiend is at mine elbow, and tempts me, saying to me, — *Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot, or good Gobbo, or good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away*: My conscience says, — *No; take heed, honest Launcelot; take heed, honest Gobbo, or, as aforesaid, honest Launcelot Gobbo; do not run; scorn running with thy heels*. Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack: *Via!* says the fiend;<sup>1</sup> *away!* says the fiend; *for the Heavens,*<sup>2</sup> *rouse up a brave mind,* says the fiend, *and run*. Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me, — *My honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son,* — or rather an honest woman's son; for, indeed, my father did something smack, something grow to, ~~he~~ had a kind of taste; — well, my conscience says, *Launcelot, budge not*. *Budge,* says the fiend: *budge not,* says my conscience. Conscience, say I, you counsel well; fiend, say I, you counsel well: to be rul'd by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew my master, who (God bless the mark!) is a kind of devil; and, to run away from the Jew, I should be rul'd by the fiend, who, saving your reverence,<sup>3</sup> is the Devil himself. Certainly the Jew is the very Devil incarnation; and, in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew. The fiend gives the more friendly counsel: I will run, fiend; my heels are at your commandment; I will run.

<sup>6</sup> That is, to the church, to take the oath mentioned just before, and described more particularly in the eighth scene of this Act. Bibles were not kept in private houses in the Poet's time.

<sup>1</sup> *Via!* is Italian, meaning, *away!* — To scorn a thing with the heels appears to have been an old phrase for spurning or kicking at a thing. Shakespeare has the phrase again in *Much Ado about Nothing*, iii. 4. Launcelot seems to be in chase of a quibble between the heels as used in kicking, and the heels as used in running.

<sup>2</sup> *For the Heavens* was merely a petty oath. To make the fiend conjure Launcelot to do a thing for *Heaven's* sake, is a specimen of that "acute nonsense" which Barrow makes one of the species of wit.

<sup>3</sup> *Saving your reverence* is a sort of apologetic phrase for saying something lewd or coarse or profane; somewhat like our, "If you will allow me to say so." "God save the mark," and "God bless the mark," are phrases of similar import.

*Enter old GOBBO, with a Basket.*

*Gob.* Master young man, you, I pray you, which is the way to Master Jew's?

*Laun.* [*Aside.*] O Heavens, this is my true-begotten father! who, being more than sand-blind, high-gravel-blind, knows me not:—I will try confusions with him.<sup>4</sup>

*Gob.* Master young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to Master Jew's?

*Laun.* Turn up on your right hand at the next turning, but, at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.

*Gob.* By God's sonties,<sup>5</sup> 'twill be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him or no?

*Laun.* Talk you of young Master Launcelot?—[*Aside.*] Mark me now; now will I raise the waters.—[*To him.*] Talk you of young Master Launcelot?

*Gob.* No *master*, sir, but a poor man's son:<sup>6</sup> his father, though I say it, is an honest exceeding poor man, and, God be thanked, well to live.

*Laun.* Well, let his father be what 'a will, we talk of young Master Launcelot.

*Gob.* Your worship's friend, and Launcelot, sir.<sup>7</sup>

*Laun.* But I pray you, *ergo*, old man, *ergo*, I beseech you, talk you of young Master Launcelot?

*Gob.* Of Launcelot, an't please your mastership.

*Laun.* *Ergo*, Master Launcelot. Talk not of Master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman—according to Fates and Destinies, and such odd sayings, the Sisters Three, and such branches of learning—is, indeed, deceased; or, as you would say in plain terms, gone to Heaven.

*Gob.* Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

<sup>4</sup> This is usually printed *conclusions*, following one of the quartos. The other quarto and the folio have *confusions*. To *try conclusions* is, in old language, to *try experiments*. *Try confusions* is a Gobboism, like "the Devil incarnation" above.

<sup>5</sup> God's *sonties* was probably a corruption of God's *saints*, in old language *sauncles*.

<sup>6</sup> *Master*, which we have bled and disbrained into *mister*, meant something in the Poet's time, as a title of respect. Shakespeare himself had no right to the title till he got his father made into a gentleman by procuring for him a coat of arms from the Herald's College.

<sup>7</sup> It appears that old Gobbo himself was named Launcelot: hence in the next speech Launcelot junior asks him if he talks of *young* Master Launcelot. The reader will see that Launcelot senior scruples to give his son the title of *master*.

*Laun.* [*Aside.*] Do I look like a cudgel. or a hovel-post, a staff, or a prop? — [*To him.*] Do you not know me, father?

*Gob.* Alack the day, I know you not, young gentleman; but, I pray you, tell me, is my boy — God rest his soul! — alive, or dead?

*Laun.* Do you not know me, father?<sup>8</sup>

*Gob.* Alack, sir, I am sand-blind; I know you not.

*Laun.* Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wise father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son. [*Kneels, with his back to him.*] Give me your blessing: truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long, — a man's son may; but, in the end, truth will out.

*Gob.* Pray you, sir, stand up: I am sure you are not Launcelot, my boy.

*Laun.* Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing: I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

*Gob.* I cannot think you are my son.

*Laun.* I know not what I shall think of that: but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man; and I am sure Margery your wife is my mother.

*Gob.* Her name is Margery indeed: I'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood. [*Taking hold of his back hair.*] Lord worshipp'd might He be! what a beard hast thou got! thou hast got more hair on thy chin, than Dobbin my phill-horse<sup>9</sup> has on his tail.<sup>10</sup>

*Laun.* [*Rising*] It should seem, then, that Dobbin's tail grows backward: I am sure he had more hair of his tail than I have of my face, when I last saw him.

*Gob.* Lord, how art thou chang'd! How dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present. How 'gree you now?

*Laun.* Well, well; but, for mine own part, as I have set up my rest<sup>11</sup> to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground. My master's a very Jew: Give him a present! give him a halter: I am famish'd in his service; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come:

<sup>8</sup> It was customary for young people to address any old man or woman as father or mother. Hence old Gobbo does not recognize his son on being called father by him.

<sup>9</sup> That is, *shaft*-horse, or horse that goes in the shafts. *Phill* is usually printed *thill*; the editors probably not knowing that *phill* or *fill* was a common form of *thill*.

<sup>10</sup> A stage tradition makes young Launcelot turn the back of his head to the old man, instead of his chin.

<sup>11</sup> A phrase from the old game of primero; meaning, to stand upon the cards you have in hand, hoping your adversary's hand will prove worse. Hence to make up one's mind, or be determined.

give me your present to one Master Bassanio, who indeed gives rare new liveries: If I serve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground.<sup>12</sup>—O, rare fortune! here comes the man:—to him, father; for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer.

*Enter BASSANIO, with LEONARDO, and other Followers.*

*Bass.* You may do so; but let it be so hasted, that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clock. See these letters delivered; put the liveries to making; and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging. *[Exit a Servant.]*

*Laun.* To him, father.

*Gob.* God bless your worship!

*Bass.* Gramercy!<sup>13</sup> Would'st thou aught with me?

*Gob.* Here's my son, sir, a poor boy,—

*Laun.* Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man, that would, sir,—as my father shall specify,—

*Gob.* He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve,—

*Laun.* Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and I have a desire—as my father shall specify,—

*Gob.* His master and he (saving your worship's reverence) are scarce cater-cousins,<sup>14</sup>—

*Laun.* To be brief, the very truth is, that the Jew having done me wrong, doth cause me—as my father, being, I hope, an old man, shall frutify unto you,—

*Gob.* I have here a dish of doves<sup>15</sup> that I would bestow upon your worship; and my suit is,—

*Laun.* In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your worship shall know by this honest old man; and, though I say it, though old man, yet, poor man, my father.

*Bass.* One speak for both:—What would you?

*Laun.* Serve you, sir.

*Gob.* That is the very defect of the matter, sir.

*Bass.* I know thee well; thou hast obtain'd thy suit: Shylock thy master spoke with me this day,

<sup>12</sup> We must remember that in Venice it was not easy to find ground enough to run upon.

<sup>13</sup> *Great thanks!* from the French *grand merci*.

<sup>14</sup> *Cater-cousin* is commonly explained fourth cousin; *cater* being, it is said, from the French *quatre*.

<sup>15</sup> There has been no little speculation among the later critics, whether Shakespeare ever visited Italy. Mr. C. A. Brown argues strongly that he did, and refers to this passage among others in proof of it: "Where did he learn of an old villager's coming into the city with 'a dish of doves' as a present to his son's master? A present thus given, and in our days too, and of doves, is not uncommon in Italy. I myself have partaken there, with due relish, in memory of poor old Gobbo, of a dish of doves, presented by the father of a servant."

And hath preferr'd thee;<sup>16</sup> if it be preferment  
To leave a rich Jew's service, to become  
The follower of so poor a gentleman.

*Laun.* The old proverb is very well parted between my master Shylock and you, sir: you have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough.<sup>17</sup>

*Bass.* Thou speak'st it well. — Go, father, with thy son. — Take leave of thy old master, and inquire My lodging out. — [*To his followers.*] Give him a livery More guarded than his fellows';<sup>18</sup> see it done.

*Laun.* Father, in: — I cannot get a service, no; — I have ne'er a tongue in my head. — Well, [*Looking on his palm.*] if any man in Italy have a fairer table,<sup>19</sup> which doth offer to swear upon a book, I shall have good fortune! — Go to; here's a simple line of life!<sup>20</sup> here's a small trifle of wives! Alas, fifteen wives is nothing! eleven widows and nine maids is a simple coming-in for one man; and then to 'scape drowning thrice; and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed; — here are simple 'scapes!<sup>21</sup> Well, if Fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this gear.<sup>22</sup> — Father, come; I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye.

[*Exeunt LAUNCELOT and old GOBBO.*]

*Bass.* I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this:  
These things being bought and orderly bestow'd,  
Return in haste, for I do feast to-night  
My best-esteem'd acquaintance: hie thee; go.

*Leon.* My best endeavours shall be done herein.

*Enter GRATIANO.*

*Gra.* Where is your master?

*Leon.* Yonder, sir, he walks.

[*Exit.*]

<sup>16</sup> *Recommended* thee; often so used.

<sup>17</sup> "He that hath the grace of God hath enough," or something such, appears to have been "the old proverb" in question.

<sup>18</sup> That is, ornamented. *Guards* were trimmings, facings, or other ornaments, such as gold and silver lace.

<sup>19</sup> Launcelot, applauding himself for his success with Bassanio, and looking into the palm of his hand, which by fortune-tellers is called the *table*, breaks out into the following reflection: "Well, if any man in Italy have a fairer table, which doth offer to swear upon a book, I shall have good fortune;" that is, a *table* which doth *not only* promise, *but* offer to swear upon a book, *that* I shall have good fortune.

<sup>20</sup> The line in the palm passing round the root of the thumb was called the *line of life*; that which begins near the root of the little finger, and extends towards the root of the fore-finger, was the *line of fortune*.

<sup>21</sup> Launcelot was an adept in the art of chiromancy, which in his time had its learned professors and practitioners no less than astrology. In 1558 was put forth a book by John Indagine, entitled "Brief introductions, both natural, pleasant, and also delectable, unto the Art of Chiromancy, or manual divination, and Physiognomy: with circumstances upon the faces of the Signs." "A simple line of life" written in the palm was cause of exultation to wiser ones than young Gobbo. "The edge of a feather-bed" is probably an absurd variation of the phrase "the edge of the sword."

<sup>22</sup> See Act i. scene 1, note 20.

*Gra.* Signior Bassanio, —

*Bass.* Gratiano!

*Gra.* I have a suit to you.

*Bass.*

You have obtain'd it.

*Gra.* Nay, you must not deny me: I must go  
With you to Belmont.

*Bass.* Why, then you must. But hear thee, Gratiano:  
Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice;  
Parts that become thee happily enough,  
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults;  
But where thou art not known, why, there they show  
Something too liberal. Pray thee, take pain  
T' allay with some cold drops of modesty  
Thy skipping spirit; lest, through thy wild behaviour,  
I be misconstru'd in the place I go to,<sup>23</sup>  
And lose my hopes.

*Gra.* Signior Bassanio, hear me:  
If I do not put on a sober habit,  
Talk with respect, and swear but now and then,  
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely;  
Nay, more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes  
Thus with my hat,<sup>24</sup> and sigh, and say amen;  
Use all th' observance of civility,  
Like one well-studied in a sad ostent<sup>25</sup>  
To please his grandam, never trust me more.

*Bass.* Well, we shall see your bearing.

*Gra.* Nay, but I bar to-night; you shall not gauge me  
By what we do to-night.<sup>26</sup>

*Bass.* No, that were pity:  
I would entreat you rather to put on  
Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends  
That purpose merriment. But fare you well:  
I have some business.

*Gra.* And I must to Lorenzo and the rest;  
But we will visit you at supper-time.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III. *The Same. A Room in Skylock's House.*

*Enter JESSICA and LAUNCELOT.*

*Jess.* I'm sorry thou wilt leave my father so:  
Our house is hell, and thou, a merry devil,

<sup>23</sup> *Misconstru'd* has the accent on the second syllable, and is spelt *misconster'd* in the old copies. See page 34, note 22.

<sup>24</sup> People used to keep their hats on while eating dinner. While grace was saying, they were expected to take the hat off and hold it over the eyes.

<sup>25</sup> That is, grave appearance; *show* of staid and serious behaviour. *Ostent* is a word very commonly used for *show* among old dramatic writers.

<sup>26</sup> *Gauge* is *measure*.

Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness.  
 But fare thee well; there is a ducat for thee:  
 And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see  
 Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest:  
 Give him this letter; do it secretly;  
 And so farewell: I would not have my father  
 See me in talk with thee.

*Laun.* Adieu; tears exhibit my tongue.<sup>27</sup> Most beautiful  
 pagan, most sweet Jew! These foolish drops do somewhat  
 drown my manly spirit: adieu! [*Exit.*]

*Jess.* Farewell, good Launcelot. —  
 Alack, what heinous sin is it in me  
 To be asham'd to be my father's child!  
 But though I am a daughter to his blood,  
 I am not to his manners. — O Lorenzo,  
 If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife,  
 Become a Christian, and thy loving wife! [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. *The Same. A Street.*

*Enter GRATIANO, LORENZO, SALARINO, and SOLANIO.*

*Lor.* Nay, we will slink away in supper-time,  
 Disguise us at my lodging, and return  
 All in an hour.

*Gra.* We have not made good preparation.

*Sal.* We have not spoke us yet of torch-bearers.<sup>1</sup>

*Sol.* 'Tis vile, unless it may be quaintly order'd,<sup>2</sup>  
 And better, in my mind, not undertook.

*Lor.* 'Tis now but four o'clock: we have two hours  
 To furnish us. —

*Enter LAUNCELOT, with a Letter.*

Friend Launcelot, what's the news?

*Laun.* An it shall please you to break up this,<sup>3</sup> it shall seem  
 to signify.

*Lor.* I know the hand: in faith, 'tis a fair hand;  
 And whiter than the paper that it writ on  
 Is the fair hand that writ.

*Gra.* Love-news, in faith.

*Laun.* By your leave, sir.

<sup>27</sup> *Exhibit* is a Gobbism for *inhibit*; that is, *prevent* or *restrain*.

<sup>1</sup> Old language, meaning the same as *bespoken torch-bearers* for us.

<sup>2</sup> *Quaintly*, derived from the Latin *comptus*, was often used in the sense of *graceful*, *elegant*.

<sup>3</sup> *An* and *an if* were much in use with the simple force of *if*. — *Break up* is old language for *break open*.

*Lor.* Whither goest thou?

*Laun.* Marry, sir, to bid my old master the Jew to sup to-night with my new master the Christian.

*Lor.* Hold here, take this. [*Giving him money.*] Tell gentle Jessica

I will not fail her: speak it privately;

Go. — Gentlemen,

[*Exit LAUNCELOT.*]

Will you prepare you for this masque to-night?

I am provided of a torch-bearer.<sup>4</sup>

*Sal.* Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it straight.

*Sol.* And so will I.

*Lor.* Meet me and Gratiano

At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.

*Sal.* 'Tis good we do so. [*Exeunt SALAR. and SOLAN.*]

*Gra.* Was not that letter from fair Jessica?

*Lor.* I must needs tell thee all: She hath directed

How I shall take her from her father's house;

What gold and jewels she is furnish'd with;

What page's suit she hath in readiness.

If e'er the Jew her father come to Heaven,

It will be for his gentle daughter's sake;

And never dare Misfortune cross her foot,

Unless she do it under this excuse, —

That she is issue to a faithless Jew.<sup>5</sup>

Come, go with me: peruse this, as thou goest.

Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *The Same. Before SHYLOCK'S House.*

*Enter SHYLOCK and LAUNCELOT.*

*Shy.* Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge,  
The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio: —

What, Jessica! — thou shalt not gormandize,

As thou hast done with me, — What, Jessica! —

And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out. —

Why, Jessica, I say!

*Laun.* Why, Jessica!

*Shy.* Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.

*Laun.* Your worship was wont to tell me I could do nothing without bidding.

*Enter JESSICA.*

*Jess.* Call you? What is your will?

*Shy.* I am bid forth to supper, Jessica:

<sup>4</sup> The prepositions *of*, *with*, and *by*, were often used indifferently. So, in Bacon's *Advancement of Learning*: "He is invested of a precedent disposition," See page 106, note 7.

<sup>5</sup> *Faithless* is simply *without faith*, *unbelieving*.

There are my keys. — But wherefore should I go?  
 I am not bid for love; they flatter me:  
 But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon  
 The prodigal Christian.<sup>1</sup> — Jessica, my girl,  
 Look to my house. — I am right loth to go;  
 There is some ill a-brewing towards my rest,  
 For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

*Laun.* I beseech you, sir, go: my young master doth expect your reproach.

*Shy.* So do I his.<sup>2</sup>

*Laun.* And they have conspired together, — I will not say you shall see a masque; but if you do, then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a-bleeding on Black-Monday last<sup>3</sup> at six o'clock i' the morning, falling out that year on Ash-Wednesday was four year in the afternoon.

*Shy.* What, are there masks? — Hear you me, Jessica:  
 Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,  
 And the vile squealing of the wry-neck'd fife,<sup>4</sup>  
 Clamber not you up to the casements then,  
 Nor thrust your head into the public street,  
 To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces:<sup>5</sup>  
 But stop my house's ears, — I mean my casements;  
 Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter  
 My sober house. — By Jacob's staff,<sup>6</sup> I swear  
 I have no mind of feasting forth to-night;  
 But I will go. — Go you before me, sirrah;  
 Say, I will come.

<sup>1</sup> In Act i. scene 3, Shylock says, "I will *not* eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you." Did the Poet commit an oversight, or did he mean to put the Jew at odds with himself out of hatred to the Christian?

<sup>2</sup> *Reproach* is a Gobboism for *approach*, as, in a former scene, *frutify* is for *certify*. Shylock chooses to take him in the sense of *reproach*. And he expects Bassanio's reproach through the bankruptcy of Antonio. This may have some bearing on the question whether Shylock has any hand in getting up the reports of Antonio's "losses at sea," which reports, it seems, turn out false at last.

<sup>3</sup> Easter-Monday. The origin of the name is thus explained by Stowe: "In the 34th of Edward III., the 14th of April, and the morrow after Easter-day, King Edward, with his host, lay before the city of Paris: which day was full dark of mist and hail, and so bitter cold, that many men died on their horses' backs with the cold. Wherefore unto this day it hath been called *Black-Monday*." — *Bleeding at the nose* was anciently considered ominous.

<sup>4</sup> One of the quartos and the folio have *squealing*. There has been some dispute whether *wry-neck'd fife* mean the instrument or the musician. Boswell cited a passage from Barnabe Rich's *Aphorisms*, 1618, which appears to settle the matter: "A *fife* is a *wry-neckt musician*, for he always looks away from his instrument."

<sup>5</sup> Alluding perhaps to the painted masks; but meaning, withal, an insinuation of duplicity, or doublefacedness.

<sup>6</sup> *Hebrews* xi. 21: "By faith, Jacob, when he was a-dying, blessed both the sons of Joseph; and worshipped, leaning upon the top of his staff."

*Laun.* I will go before, sir. — Mistress, look out at window for all this ;

There will come a Christian by,

Will be worth a Jewess' eye.<sup>7</sup> [Exit LAUN.

*Shy.* What says that fool of Hagar's offspring, ha ?

*Jess.* His words were, *Farewell, mistress* ; nothing else.

*Shy.* The patch is kind enough ;<sup>8</sup> but a huge feeder,  
Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day  
More than the wild-cat. Drones hive not with me ;  
Therefore I part with him ; and part with him  
To one that I would have him help to waste  
His borrow'd purse. — Well, Jessica, go in :  
Perhaps, I will return immediately.

Do as I bid you ; shut doors after you :

Fast bind, fast find ;

A proverb never stale in thrifty mind.

[Exit.

*Jess.* Farewell ; and if my fortune be not crost,  
I have a father, you a daughter lost.

[Exit.

*Enter GRATIANO and SALARINO, masked.*

*Gra.* This is the pent-house under which Lorenzo  
Desir'd us to make stand.

*Sal.* His hour is almost past.

*Gra.* And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,  
For lovers ever run before the clock.

*Sal.* O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly<sup>9</sup>  
To seal love's bonds new-made, than they are wont,  
To keep obliged faith unforfeited !<sup>10</sup>

*Gra.* That ever holds : Who riseth from a feast  
With that keen appetite that he sits down ?  
Where is the horse that doth untread again  
His tedious measures with th' unbated fire  
That he did pace them first ? All things that are,  
Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.  
How like a younker or a prodigal  
The scarfed bark puts from her native bay,  
Hugg'd and embraced by the [wanton] wind !  
How like a prodigal doth she return,

<sup>7</sup> The worth of a Jew's eye was the price with which the Jews used to buy themselves off from mutilation. The expression became proverbial, and was kept up long after its original meaning was lost.

<sup>8</sup> This use of *patch* is said to have sprung from the motley or patched dress worn by professional Fools. Hence a general term of contempt. So, in a *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, iii. 2: "A crew of *patches*, rude mechanicals, that work for bread upon Athenian stalls."

<sup>9</sup> The allusion seems to be to the *doves* by which Venus's chariot is drawn.

<sup>10</sup> *Obliged* faith is *plighted* faith.

With over-weather'd ribs, and ragged sails,  
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the [wanton] wind!<sup>11</sup>

*Sal.* Here comes Lorenzo:—more of this hereafter.

*Enter* LORENZO.

*Lor.* Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode;<sup>12</sup>  
Not I, but my affairs have made you wait:  
When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,  
I'll watch as long for you then.—Come, approach;  
Here dwells my father Jew.—Ho! who's within?

*Enter* JESSICA above, in Boy's Clothes.

*Jess.* Who are you? Tell me for more certainty,  
Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue.

*Lor.* Lorenzo, and thy love.

*Jess.* Lorenzo, certain; and my love indeed;  
For whom love I so much? And now who knows  
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?

*Lor.* Heaven and thy thoughts are witness that thou art.

*Jess.* Here, catch this casket; it is worth the pains.  
I'm glad 'tis night, you do not look on me,  
For I am much asham'd of my exchange;<sup>13</sup>  
But love is blind, and lovers cannot see  
The pretty follies that themselves commit;  
For if they could, Cupid himself would blush  
To see me thus transformed to a boy.

*Lor.* Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.

*Jess.* What, must I hold a candle to my shames?  
They in themselves, good sooth, are too-too light.<sup>14</sup>  
Why, 'tis an office of discovery, love;  
And I should be obscur'd.

*Lor.* So are you, sweet,  
Even in the lovely garnish of a boy.  
But come at once;  
For the close<sup>15</sup> night doth play the run-away,  
And we are stay'd for at Bassanio's feast.

*Jess.* I will make fast the doors, and gild myself  
With some more ducats, and be with you straight.

[*Exit, from above.*]

<sup>11</sup> This passage well illustrates how the Poet's text ought to be printed, especially the verse. In *chased*, *scarfed*, and *embraced*, the verse plainly requires the *ed* to be a distinct syllable; the contrary of which as plainly holds in *enjoy'd*, *hugg'd*, *over-weather'd*, and *beggar'd*. See page 103, note 25.

<sup>12</sup> Long tarrying.

<sup>13</sup> Exchange of clothes.

<sup>14</sup> A pun implied, between light in a material and light in a moral sense.

<sup>15</sup> Close is secret, what conceals or keeps dark.

*Gra.* Now, by my hood, a Gentile,<sup>16</sup> and no Jew.

*Lor.* Beshrew me, but I love her heartily;  
For she is wise, if I can judge of her;  
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true;  
And true she is, as she hath prov'd herself;  
And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true,  
Shall she be placed in my constant soul. —

*Enter JESSICA, below.*

What, art thou come? — On, gentlemen; away!  
Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.

[*Exit, with JESSICA and SALARINO.*

*Enter ANTONIO.*

*Ant.* Who's there?

*Gra.* Signior Antonio?

*Ant.* Fie, fie, Gratiano! where are all the rest?  
'Tis nine o'clock; our friends all stay for you.  
No masque to-night; the wind is come about;  
Bassanio presently will go aboard:  
I have sent twenty out to seek for you.

*Gra.* I'm glad on't: I desire no more delight,  
Than to be under sail, and gone to-night.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Belmont. A Room in PORTIA'S House.*

*Flourish of Cornets. Enter PORTIA, with the Prince of Morocco, and both their Trains.*

*Por.* Go, draw aside the curtains, and discover  
The several caskets to this noble Prince. —  
Now make your choice.

*Mor.* The first, of gold, which this inscription bears:  
*Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.*  
The second, silver, which this promise carries:  
*Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.*  
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt:  
*Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.* —  
How shall I know if I do choose the right?

*Por.* The one of them contains my picture, Prince:  
If you choose that, then I am yours withal.

<sup>16</sup> Gratiano is disguised with a mask, and in swearing by his hood he implies a likening of himself to a hooded monk swearing by his monastic character. — There is also a play on the word *gentile*, which signifies both a *heathen* and *one well-born*; perhaps referring also to her *generosity* as contrasted with her father's *avarice*.

*Mor.* Some god direct my judgment! Let me see;  
 I will survey th' inscriptions back again.  
 What says this leaden casket?  
*Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.*  
 Must give, — For what? for lead? hazard for lead?  
 This casket threatens: Men that hazard all  
 Do it in hope of fair advantages.  
 A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross;  
 I'll then nor give nor hazard aught for lead.  
 What says the silver, with her virgin hue?  
*Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.*  
 As much as he deserves! — Pause there, Morocco,  
 And weigh thy value with an even hand:  
 If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,  
 Thou dost deserve enough; and yet enough  
 May not extend so far as to the lady:  
 And yet to be afeard of my deserving,  
 Were but a weak disabling of myself.  
 As much as I deserve! Why, that's the lady:  
 I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,  
 In graces, and in qualities of breeding;  
 But more than these, in love I do deserve.  
 What if I stray'd no further, but chose here? —  
 Let's see once more this saying grav'd in gold:  
*Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.*  
 Why, that's the lady; all the world desires her:  
 From the four corners of the earth they come,  
 To kiss this shrine, this mortal breathing saint.<sup>1</sup>  
 Th' Hyrcanian deserts<sup>2</sup> and the vasty wilds  
 Of wide Arabia are as through-fares now  
 For princes to come view fair Portia:  
 The watery kingdom, whose ambitious head  
 Spits in the face of Heaven, is no bar  
 To stop the foreign spirits; but they come,  
 As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.  
 One of these three contains her heavenly picture.  
 Is't like that lead contains her? 'Twere damnation,  
 To think so base a thought: it were too gross  
 To rib her cerecloth in the obscure grave.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Christians often made long pilgrimages to kiss the shrine of a saint, that is, the place where a saint's bones were enshrined. And Portia, because she enshrines so much excellence, though still but "a traveller between life and death," is compared to such a hallowed shrine.

<sup>2</sup> A wilderness of indefinite extent south of the Caspian Sea.

<sup>3</sup> That is, lead were unworthy even to enclose her cerements, or her shroud. The Poet elsewhere has *rib* in the sense of *enclose* or *protect*: in *Cymbeline*, iii. 1, he speaks of England as "Neptune's park, *ribbed* and paled in with rocks unscaleable and roaring waters." — It would seem that *obscure*

Or shall I think in silver she's immur'd,  
 Being ten times undervalu'd to tried gold?<sup>4</sup>  
 O sinful thought! Never so rich a gem  
 Was set in worse than gold. They have in England  
 A coin that bears the figure of an angel  
 Stamped in gold,<sup>5</sup> but that's insculp'd upon;  
 But here an angel in a golden bed  
 Lies all within. — Deliver me the key;  
 Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may!

*Por.* There, take it, Prince; and if my form lie there,  
 Then I am yours. [*He unlocks the golden Casket.*]

*Mor.* O Hell! what have we here?  
 A carrion Death,<sup>6</sup> within whose empty eye  
 There is a written scroll! I'll read the writing.

[*Reads.*] *All that glisters is not gold;  
 Often have you heard that told:  
 Many a man his life hath sold,  
 But my outside to behold:  
 Gilded tombs do worms infold.  
 Had you been as wise as bold,  
 Young in limbs, in judgment old,  
 Your answer had not been inscroll'd:  
 Fare you well; your suit is cold.*

Cold indeed, and labour lost;  
 Then, farewell heat, and welcome frost! —  
 Portia, adieu! I have too griev'd a heart  
 To take a tedious leave: thus losers part. [*Exit with Train.*]  
*Por.* A gentle riddance. — Draw the curtains, go:  
 Let all of his complexion choose me so. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE VII. Venice. A Street.

*Enter SALARINO and SOLANIO.*

*Sal.* Why, man, I saw Bassanio under sail:  
 With him is Gratiano gone along;  
 And in their ship I'm sure Lorenzo is not.

here was meant to have the first syllable long. The Poet has many instances of like usage. However, it is to be noted that he often allows and even prefers a Dibrach or a Spondee in any part of the line.

<sup>4</sup> This is said to have been just the ratio of silver and gold in the year 1600. Now it is about 1 to 15.

<sup>5</sup> The angel appears to have been the national coin in Shakespeare's time. The custom of stamping an angel upon the coin is thus explained by Verstegan, in his *Restitution of Decayed Intelligence*: "The name of *Engel* is yet at this present in all the Teutonic tongues as much as to say, an Angel; and if a Dutchman be asked how he would in his language call an Angel-like-man, he would answer, *ein English-man*."

<sup>6</sup> A human skull from which the flesh has all decayed.

*Sol.* The villain Jew with outcries rais'd the Duke,  
Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.

*Sal.* He came too late, the ship was under sail ;  
But there the Duke was given to understand  
That in a gondola were seen together  
Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica :  
Besides, Antonio certified the Duke  
They were not with Bassanio in his ship.

*Sol.* I never heard a passion so confus'd,  
So strange, outrageous, and so variable,  
As the dog Jew did utter in the streets :  
*My daughter ! — O my ducats ! — O my daughter !*  
*Fled with a Christian ! — O my Christian ducats ! —*  
*Justice ! the law ! my ducats, and my daughter !*  
*A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,*  
*Of double ducats, stol'n from me by my daughter !*  
*And jewels, — two stones, two rich and precious stones,*  
*Stol'n by my daughter ! — Justice ! find the girl !*  
*She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats !*

*Sal.* Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,  
Crying, — his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.

*Sol.* Let good Antonio look he keep his day,  
Or he shall pay for this.

*Sal.* Marry, well remember'd.  
I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday,<sup>1</sup>  
Who told me, in the narrow seas that part  
The French and English, there miscarried  
A vessel of our country richly fraught :  
I thought upon Antonio when he told me ;  
And wish'd in silence that it were not his.

*Sol.* You were best to tell Antonio what you hear ;  
Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.

*Sal.* A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.  
I saw Bassanio and Antonio part.  
Bassanio told him he would make some speed  
Of his return : he answer'd, *Do not so ;*  
*Slubber not business for my sake,*<sup>2</sup> *Bassanio,*  
*But stay the very riping of the time :*  
*And for the Jew's bond which he hath of me,*  
*Let it not enter in your mind of love.*<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The Poet uses both *reason* and *question* in the sense of *converse*. — Marry, as stated page 24, note 5, was a colloquial intensive, which probably grew into use from a custom of swearing by St. Mary the Virgin.

<sup>2</sup> To *slubber* is to do a thing carelessly. Thus, in Fuller's *Worthies of Yorkshire* : "Slightly *slubbing* it over, doing something for show, and nothing to purpose."

<sup>3</sup> *Mind of love* probably means *loving mind*, or *mind full of love*. The Poet elsewhere has *mind of honour* for *honourable mind*.

*Be merry; and employ your chiefest thoughts  
To courtship, and such fair ostents of love<sup>4</sup>  
As shall conveniently become you there.*

And even then, his eye being big with tears,  
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,  
And with affection wondrous sensible  
He wrung Bassanio's hand; and so they parted.

*Sol.* I think he only loves the world for him.  
I pray thee, let us go and find him out,  
And quicken his embraced heaviness<sup>5</sup>  
With some delight or other.

*Sal.*

Do we so.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. *Belmont. A Room in PORTIA'S House.*

*Enter NERISSA, with a Servant.*

*Ner.* Quick, quick, I pray thee; draw the curtain straight:  
The Prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,  
And comes to his election presently.

*Flourish of Cornets. Enter the Prince of Arragon, PORTIA,  
and their Trains.*

*Por.* Behold, there stand the caskets, noble Prince:  
If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,  
Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemniz'd;  
But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,  
You must be gone from hence immediately.

*Ar.* I am enjoin'd by oath t' observe three things:  
First, never to unfold to any one  
Which casket 'twas I chose; next, if I fail  
Of the right casket, never in my life  
To woo a maid in way of marriage; lastly,  
If I do fail in fortune of my choice,  
Immediately to leave you and be gone.

*Por.* To these injunctions every one doth swear  
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

*Ar.* And so have I address'd me.<sup>1</sup> Fortune now  
To my heart's hope! — Gold, silver, and base lead.  
*Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.*  
You shall look fairer, ere I give or hazard.  
What says the golden chest, ha? let me see:  
*Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.*  
What many men desire! — That many may be meant

<sup>4</sup> See page 120, note 25.

<sup>5</sup> The heaviness he is fond of, or cherishes.

<sup>1</sup> *Address'd is prepared, made ready.* See page 94, note 19.

By the fool multitude,<sup>2</sup> that choose by show,  
 Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach;  
 Which pries not to th' interior, but, like the martlet,  
 Builds in the weather on the outward wall,  
 Even in the force and road of casualty.  
 I will not choose what many men desire,  
 Because I will not jump with common spirits,<sup>3</sup>  
 And rank me with the barbarous multitude.  
 Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure-house;  
 Tell me once more what title thou dost bear:  
*Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.*  
 And well said too; for who shall go about  
 To cozen Fortune, and be honourable  
 Without the stamp of merit? Let none presume  
 To wear an undeserved dignity.  
 O, that estates, degrees, and offices,  
 Were not deriv'd corruptly! and that clear honour  
 Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!  
 How many then should cover that stand bare!  
 How many be commanded that command!  
 How much low peasantry would then be glean'd  
 From the true seed of honour! and how much honour  
 Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,  
 To be new-varnish'd! Well, but to my choice:  
*Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.*  
 I will assume desert. — Give me a key for this,  
 And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

*Por.* Too long a pause for that which you find there.

*Ar.* What's here? the portrait of a blinking idiot,  
 Presenting me a schedule! I will read it. —  
 How much unlike art thou to Portia!  
 How much unlike my hopes and my deservings!  
*Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves.*

Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?  
 Is that my prize? are my deserts no better?

*Por.* T' offend, and judge, are distinct offices,  
 And of opposed natures.

*Ar.* What is here?

*The fire seven times tried this:  
 Seven times tried that judgment is,  
 That did never choose amiss.  
 Some there be that shadows kiss;  
 Such have but a shadow's bliss.*

<sup>2</sup> By again for of. See page 106, note 7.

<sup>3</sup> To jump with is to agree with.

*There be fools alive, I wis,  
Silver'd o'er; and so was this.  
Take what wife you will to bed,<sup>4</sup>  
I will ever be your head:  
So be gone, sir; you are sped.*

Still more fool I shall appear  
By the time I linger here:  
With one fool's head I came to woo,  
But I go away with two. —  
Sweet, adieu. I'll keep my oath,  
Patiently to bear my wroth.<sup>5</sup>

*[Exeunt Arragon and Train.]*

*Por.* Thus hath the candle sing'd the moth.  
O, these deliberate fools! when they do choose,  
They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.

*Ner.* The ancient saying is no heresy:  
Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.

*Por.* Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Where is my lady?

*Por.* Here: what would my lord?<sup>6</sup>

*Serv.* Madam, there is alighted at your gate  
A young Venetian, one that comes before  
To signify th' approaching of his lord,  
From whom he bringeth sensible regreets;<sup>7</sup>  
To wit, besides commends and courteous breath,  
Gifts of rich value. Yet I have not seen  
So likely an ambassador of love:  
A day in April never came so sweet,  
To show how costly Summer was at hand,  
As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.

*Por.* No more, I pray thee: I am half afeard  
Thou'lt say anon he is some kin to thee,

<sup>4</sup> An apparent oversight of the Poet's: the Prince was sworn "never to woo a maid in way of marriage." Perhaps, though, he might woo and marry a widow.

<sup>5</sup> *Wroth* is used in some of the old writers for *suffering*. Thus, in Chapman's 22d Iliad: "Born all to *wroth* of woe and labour." The original meaning of *wrath* is pain, grief, anger, any thing that makes one *writhe*; and the text exemplifies a common form of speech, putting the effect for the cause.

<sup>6</sup> A merry reply to the Messenger's "Where is *my lady*?" So, in *Richard II.*, Act v. scene 5, the Groom says to the King, — "Hail, royal *prince*!" and he replies, "Thanks, noble *peer*." And in 1 *Henry IV.*, Act ii. scene 4, the Hostess says to Prince Henry, — "O Jesu! *my lord*, the prince;" and he replies, "How now, *my lady*, the hostess!"

<sup>7</sup> Sensible regreets are feeling salutations, or salutations that may be felt, such as valuable presents.

Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him. —  
Come, come, Nerissa; for I long to see  
Quick Cupid's post that comes so mannerly.

*Ner.* Bassanio, Lord Love, if thy will it be! [Exeunt.]

ACT III. SCENE I. *Venice. A Street.*

*Enter SOLANIO and SALABINO.*

*Sol.* Now, what news on the Rialto?

*Sal.* Why, yet it lives there uncheck'd, that Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wreck'd on the narrow seas; the Goodwins,<sup>1</sup> I think they call the place; a very dangerous flat and fatal, where the carcasses of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip Report be an honest woman of her word.

*Sol.* I would she were as lying a gossip in that as ever knapp'd ginger,<sup>2</sup> or made her neighbours believe she wept for the death of a third husband. But it is true, without any slips of prolixity, or crossing the plain highway of talk, that the good Antonio, the honest Antonio, — O, that I had a title good enough to keep his name company! —

*Sal.* Come, the full stop.

*Sol.* Ha, — what say'st thou? — Why, the end is, he hath lost a ship.

*Sal.* I would it might prove the end of his losses.

*Sol.* Let me say *amen* betimes, lest the Devil cross my prayer; for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew. —

*Enter SHYLOCK.*

How now, Shylock! what news among the merchants?

*Shy.* You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.

*Sal.* That's certain: I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal.<sup>3</sup>

*Sol.* And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledg'd; and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The Goodwin Sands, as they were called, lay off the eastern coast of Kent. The name was supposed to have been derived from Earl Godwin, whose lands were said to have been swallowed up there in the year 1100. In *King John*, v. 5, it is said that the supplies expected by the French "are cast away and sunk on Goodwin Sands."

<sup>2</sup> To *knapp* is to *break short*. The word occurs in the *Book of Common Prayer*: "He *knappeth* the spear in *sunder*."

<sup>3</sup> Salarino probably has a sly allusion to the dress in which Jessica eloped.

<sup>4</sup> *Complexion* was much used for natural temperament, or constitutional

*Shy.* She is damn'd for it.

*Sal.* That's certain, if the Devil may be her judge.

*Shy.* My own flesh and blood to rebel!

*Sol.* Out upon it, old carrion! rebels it at these years?

*Shy.* I say my daughter is my flesh and blood.

*Sal.* There is more difference between thy flesh and hers than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods than there is between red wine and Rhenish.<sup>5</sup> But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no?

*Shy.* There I have another bad match: a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto;—a beggar, that us'd to come so smug upon the mart.<sup>6</sup> Let him look to his bond: he was wont to call me usurer;—let him look to his bond: he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy;—let him look to his bond.

*Sal.* Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh: What's that good for?

*Shy.* To bait fish withal: if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgrac'd me, and hinder'd me half a million;<sup>7</sup> laugh'd at my losses, mock'd at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same Winter and Summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? if we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? revenge: if a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? why, revenge. The villainy you teach me, I will execute; and it shall go hard, but I will better the instruction.<sup>8</sup>

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house, and desires to speak with you both.

texture and grain. In the old tale upon which *Hamlet* was partly founded, the hero is spoken of as being a "Saturnist by complexion," referring to his melancholy disposition.

<sup>5</sup> Rhenish wines are called white wines; named from the river Rhine.

<sup>6</sup> *Smug* is *brisk, gay, or spruce*; applied both to persons and things. Thus, in *King Lear*, iv. 6: "I will die bravely, like a *smug* bridegroom: what, I will be jovial." And in 1 *Henry IV.*, iii. 1: "Here the *smug* and silver Trent shall run in a new channel, fair and evenly."

<sup>7</sup> Hinder'd me to the extent of half a million; ducats, of course.

<sup>8</sup> I will work mighty hard rather than fail to surpass my teachers.

*Sal.* We have been up and down to seek him.

*Sol.* Here comes another of the tribe: a third cannot be match'd, unless the Devil himself turn Jew.

[*Exeunt SOLAN., SALAR., and Servant.*]

*Enter TUBAL.*

*Shy.* How now, Tubal! what news from Genoa? hast thou found my daughter?

*Tub.* I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

*Shy.* Why there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort! The curse never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now:—two thousand ducats in that; and other precious, precious jewels.—I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! 'would she were hears'd at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them?—Why, so;—and I know not what's spent in the search: Why, thou loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge: nor no ill luck stirring but what lights o' my shoulders; no sighs but o' my breathing; no tears but o' my shedding.

*Tub.* Yes, other men have ill luck too. Antonio, as I heard in Genoa,—

*Shy.* What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

*Tub.*—hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

*Shy.* I thank God, I thank God!—Is it true, is it true?

*Tub.* I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

*Shy.* I thank thee, good Tubal:—Good news, good news! ha, ha!—Where? in Genoa?

*Tub.* Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, one night fourscore ducats.

*Shy.* Thou stick'st a dagger in me: I shall never see my gold again. Fourscore ducats at a sitting! fourscore ducats!

*Tub.* There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break.

*Shy.* I am very glad of it: I'll plague him; I'll torture him: I am glad of it.

*Tub.* One of them showed me a ring that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

*Shy.* Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal: it was my turquoise;<sup>9</sup> I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor. I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

<sup>9</sup> The *Turquoise* is a precious stone found in the veins of the mountains on the confines of Persia to the east. In old times its value was much en-

*Tub.* But Antonio is certainly undone.

*Shy.* Nay, that's true, that's very true. Go, Tubal, fee me an officer; bespeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for, were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandise I will. Go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue; go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Belmont. A Room in PORTIA'S House.*

• *Enter BASSANIO, PORTIA, GRATIANO, NERISSA, and Attendants. The caskets are set out.*

*Por.* I pray you, tarry; pause a day or two,  
Before you hazard; for, in choosing wrong,  
I lose your company: therefore forbear awhile.  
There's something tells me — but it is not love —  
I would not lose you; and you know yourself,  
Hate counsels not in such a quality.  
But, lest you should not understand me well, —  
And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought, —  
I would detain you here some month or two  
Before you venture for me. I could teach you  
How to choose right, but then I am forsworn;  
So will I never be: so may you miss me;  
But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin, —  
That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes,  
They have o'erlook'd me,<sup>1</sup> and divided me;  
One half of me is yours, th' other half yours, —  
Mine own, I would say; but if mine, then yours,  
And so all yours. O, these naughty times  
Put bars between the owners and their rights!  
And so, though yours, not yours. Prove it so,<sup>2</sup>  
Let Fortune go to Hell for it, not I.  
I speak too long; but 'tis to peize the time,<sup>3</sup>  
To eke it, and to draw it out in length,  
To stay you from election.

hanced by the magic properties attributed to it in common with other precious stones, one of which was that it faded or brightened as the health of the wearer increased or grew less.

<sup>1</sup> To be o'erlook'd, forelooked, or eye-bitten, was a term for being bewitched by an evil eye.

<sup>2</sup> If it prove so. Portia here means a good deal more than meets the ear; that if it prove so, the fault will be Fortune's, yet she herself will have to bear the pain.

<sup>3</sup> To peize is from *peser*, French; to weigh or balance. So, in *Richard III.*: "Lest leaden slumber peize me down to-morrow." In the text it is used figuratively for to *suspend*, to *retard*, or *delay* the time. Mr. Dyce changes *peize* to *piece*, which may be right.

*Bass.* Let me choose ;  
For, as I am, I live upon the rack.

*Por.* Upon the rack, Bassanio ! then confess  
What treason there is mingled with your love.

*Bass.* None but that ugly treason of mistrust,  
Which makes me fear th' enjoying of my love :<sup>4</sup>  
There may as well be amity and league  
'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.

*Por.* Ay, but I fear you speak upon the rack,  
Where men enforced do speak any thing.

*Bass.* Promise me life, and I'll confess the truth.

*Por.* Well then, confess, and live.

*Bass.* Confess, and love,  
Had been the very sum of my confession.  
O happy torment, when my torturer  
Doth teach me answers for deliverance !  
But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

*Por.* Away then ! I am lock'd in one of them :  
If you do love me, you will find me out. —  
Nerissa, and the rest, stand all aloof. —  
Let music sound, while he doth make his choice ;  
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,<sup>5</sup>  
Fading in music : that the comparison  
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream  
And watery death-bed for him. He may win,  
And what is music then ? then music is  
Even as the flourish when true subjects bow  
To a new-crowned monarch :<sup>6</sup> such it is  
As are those dulcet sounds in break of day  
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,  
And summon him to marriage. Now he goes,  
With no less presence, but with much more love,  
Than young Alcides, when he did redeem  
The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy  
To the sea-monster :<sup>7</sup> I stand for sacrifice ;  
The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,  
With bleared visages, come forth to view  
The issue of th' exploit. Go, Hercules !

<sup>4</sup> *Fear* in the sense of *doubt* ; fear the *not* enjoying of my love. — *League*, in the next line, is Mr. Walker's correction of *life*, the old reading.

<sup>5</sup> Alluding to the opinion which long prevailed, that the swan uttered a plaintive musical sound at the approach of death.

<sup>6</sup> It is an old custom in English coronations to have the putting on of the crown announced by a flourish of trumpets.

<sup>7</sup> The story, as told by Ovid, is, that Hesione, daughter of the Trojan King, being demanded by the Sea-monster, and being bound to a rock, Hercules slew the monster, and delivered her. Bassanio "goes with much more love," because Hercules went, not from love of the lady, but to gain the reward offered by Laomedon.

Live thou, I live. With much, much more dismay  
I view the fight, than thou that mak'st the fray.

*Music, whilst BASSANIO comments on the Caskets to himself.*

*Song.*

*Tell me, where is fancy bred,<sup>8</sup>  
Or in the heart, or in the head?  
How begot, how nourished?*

*Reply, reply.*

*It is engender'd in the eyes,  
With gazing fed; and fancy dies  
In the cradle where it lies.*

*Let us all ring fancy's knell;  
I'll begin it, — Ding, dong, bell.*

*All. Ding, dong, bell.*

*Bass.* So may the outward shows be least themselves:  
The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.  
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,  
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,  
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,  
What damned error, but some sober brow  
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,<sup>9</sup>  
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?  
There is no vice so simple, but assumes  
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.  
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false  
As stairs of sand,<sup>10</sup> wear yet upon their chins  
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars;  
Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk!<sup>11</sup>  
And these assume but valour's excrement,<sup>12</sup>

<sup>8</sup> *Fancy* is often used by the Poet for *love*; but that can hardly be the meaning here. Probably it refers to the *illusion* which has misled the other suitors, who, as Portia says, "have the wisdom by their wit to lose." And that illusion "dies in the cradle where it lies," as soon as it is brought to the test of experience by opening the wrong casket. Perhaps the song is meant as a sort of *riddle*, to start Bassanio on the right track, or to make him distrustful of such shows as catch the fancy.

<sup>9</sup> To *approve* it is to *make it good*, to *prove it true*; often so used.

<sup>10</sup> Perhaps the Poet had in mind the saying of the Son of Sirach: "As hills of sand are to the steps of the aged, so is one of many words to a quiet man." Perhaps it should be "*stays* of sand," or *stayers*; that is, *props*, or *supports*.

<sup>11</sup> Cowards were commonly spoken of as having white livers. Shakespeare has *lily-livered* and *milk-livered* and *milksoy* in the same sense; and Falstaff instructs us that "the second property of your excellent sherris is the warming of the blood; which, before cold and settled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice."

<sup>12</sup> *Excrement*, from *excreco*, is used for every thing which appears to grow or vegetate upon the human body, as the hair, the beard, the nails.

To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,  
 And you shall see 'tis purchas'd by the weight;  
 Which therein works a miracle in nature,  
 Making them lightest that wear most of it:<sup>13</sup>  
 So are those crisped snaky golden locks,  
 Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,  
 Upon supposed fairness,<sup>14</sup> often known  
 To be the dowry of a second head,  
 The skull that bred them, in the sepulchre.<sup>15</sup>  
 Thus ornament is but the guiled shore<sup>16</sup>  
 To a most dangerous sea, the beauteous scarf  
 Veiling an Indian; beauty,<sup>17</sup> in a word,  
 The seeming truth which cunning times put on  
 To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,  
 Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee;<sup>18</sup>  
 Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge  
 'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meagre lead,  
 Which rather threatenest than dost promise aught,  
 Thy plainness moves me more than eloquence;<sup>19</sup>  
 And here choose I. Joy be the consequence!

*Por.* How all the other passions fleet to air,  
 As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embrac'd despair,  
 And shuddering fear, and green-ey'd jealousy!  
 O love, be moderate; allay thy ecstasy;

<sup>13</sup> Another quibble upon *light*. See page 125, note 14. Here, however, it is between *light* as opposed to *heavy*, and *light* in the sense of *vanity*.

<sup>14</sup> That is, *imagined* or *imputed* fairness.

<sup>15</sup> The Poet has often expressed a strong dislike of the custom, then in vogue, of wearing false hair. His 68th Sonnet has a passage very like that in the text:

"Thus is his cheek the map of days outworn,  
 When beauty liv'd and died as flowers do now;  
 Before the golden tresses of the dead,  
 The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,  
 To live a second life on second head;  
 Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay."

<sup>16</sup> *Guiled* for *guiling*; that is, *beguiling*. The Poet often thus uses the passive form with an active sense, and *vice versa*. In Act i. scene 3, of this play, we have *beholding* for *beholden*.

<sup>17</sup> Such is the only arrangement I can make up my mind to, in this troublesome passage. Both the old and recent editions give it "veiling an Indian beauty." As printed in the text, the only objection I can think of to it is, that Bassanio is speaking of ornament, not beauty. But I cannot see that this amounts to much; for he has just used "*beauteous scarf*" to express a form of ornament.

<sup>18</sup> Midas was a mythological personage who asked of God Bacchus that whatever he touched might be turned into gold. The request being granted, and all his food turning to gold in the eating, he implored Bacchus to revoke the favour.

<sup>19</sup> The old copies have *paleness* instead of *plainness*. But the Poet has just spoken of silver as *pale*, and he would hardly apply the same epithet to lead. Moreover, *plainness* makes a right antithesis to *eloquence*.

In measure rain thy joy ; scant this excess !  
 I feel too much thy blessing ; make it less,  
 For fear I surfeit !

*Bass.* [*Opening the leaden Casket.*] What find I here ?  
 Fair Portia's counterfeit !<sup>20</sup> What demi-god  
 Hath come so near creation ? Move these eyes ?  
 Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,  
 Seem they in motion ? Here are sever'd lips,  
 Parted with sugar breath : so sweet a bar  
 Should sunder such sweet friends. Here in her hairs  
 The painter plays the spider ; and hath woven  
 A golden mesh t' entrap the hearts of men,  
 Faster than gnats in cobwebs. But her eyes ! —  
 How could he see to do them ? having made one,  
 Methinks it should have power to steal both his,  
 And leave itself unfurnish'd.<sup>21</sup> Yet look, how far  
 The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow  
 In underprizing it, so far this shadow  
 Doth limp behind the substance. — Here's the scroll,  
 The continent and summary of my fortune :<sup>22</sup>

*You that choose not by the view,  
 Chance as fair, and choose as true !  
 Since this fortune falls to you,  
 Be content and seek no new.  
 If you be well pleas'd with this,  
 And hold your fortune for your bliss,  
 Turn you where your lady is,  
 And claim her with a loving kiss.*

A gentle scroll. — Fair lady, by your leave ;  
 I come by note, to give and to receive.  
 Like one of two contending in a prize,  
 That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,  
 Hearing applause and universal shout,  
 Giddy in spirit, still gazing, in a doubt  
 Whether those peals of praise be his or no ;  
 So, thrice fair lady, stand I, even so ;

[*Kissing her.*]

<sup>20</sup> *Counterfeit* anciently signified a *likeness*, a *resemblance*. So, in *The Wit of a Woman*, 1634: "I will see if I can agree with this stranger for the drawing of my daughter's *counterfeit*." And Hamlet calls the pictures he shows to his mother, "The *counterfeit* presentment of two brothers."

<sup>21</sup> That is, unfurnished with a companion or fellow. In Fletcher's *Lover's Progress*, Alcidon says to Clarangé, on delivering Lidian's challenge, which Clarangé accepts:

"You are a noble gentleman.  
 Will't please you bring a friend ? we are two of us,  
 And pity either, sir, should be *unfurnish'd*."

<sup>22</sup> *Continent*, in old English, is simply that which *contains* something.

As doubtful whether what I see be true,  
Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.

*Por.* You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,  
Such as I am: though for myself alone  
I would not be ambitious in my wish,  
To wish myself much better; yet for you  
I would be trebled twenty times myself;  
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times more rich;  
That, only to stand high in your account,  
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,  
Exceed account: but the full sum of me  
Is sum of — something;<sup>23</sup> which, to term in gross,  
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd:  
Happy in this, she is not yet so old  
But she may learn; then happier in this,  
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;  
Happiest of all, in that her gentle spirit  
Commits itself to yours to be directed,  
As from her lord, her governor, her king.  
Myself and what is mine to you and yours  
Is now converted: but now I was the lord  
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,  
Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,  
This house, these servants, and this same myself,  
Are yours, my lord: I give them with this ring;  
Which when you part from, lose, or give away,  
Let it presage the ruin of your love,  
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

*Bass.* Madam, you have bereft me of all words;  
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins:  
And there is such confusion in my powers,  
As, after some oration fairly spoke  
By a beloved prince, there doth appear  
Among the buzzing pleased multitude;  
Where every something, being blent together,  
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,  
Express'd and not express'd. But when this ring  
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence:  
O, then be bold to say, Bassanio's dead!

*Ner.* My lord and lady, it is now our time,  
That have stood by, and seen our wishes prosper,  
To cry, good joy: Good joy, my lord and lady!

<sup>23</sup> So the quartos; the folio has *nothing*, which does not seem to cohere very well with the words, "which, to term in gross." Following the intelligent editors of the "Globe Edition," I insert a dash before *something*, to indicate hesitation on the fair speaker's part for a term with which to describe herself modestly, yet without any affectation of modesty.

*Gra.* My Lord Bassanio and my gentle lady,  
I wish you all the joy that you can wish;  
For I am sure you can wish none from me:  
And, when your honours mean to solemnize  
The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,  
Even at that time I may be married too.

*Bass.* With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.

*Gra.* I thank your lordship, you have got me one.  
My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours:  
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid;<sup>24</sup>  
You lov'd, I lov'd; for intermission  
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.  
Your fortune stood upon the caskets there,  
And so did mine too, as the matter falls;  
For wooing here, until I swet again,  
And swearing, till my very roof was dry  
With oaths of love, at last, — if promise last, —  
I got a promise of this fair one here,  
To have her love, provided that your fortune  
Achiev'd her mistress.

*Por.* Is this true, Nerissa?

*Ner.* Madam, it is, so you stand pleas'd withal.

*Bass.* And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?

*Gra.* Yes, 'faith, my lord.

*Bass.* Our feast shall be much honour'd in your marriage.

*Gra.* But who comes here? Lorenzo, and his infidel?  
What, and my old Venetian friend, Solanio?<sup>25</sup>

*Enter LORENZO, JESSICA, and SOLANIO.*

*Bass.* Lorenzo and Solanio, welcome hither!  
If that the youth of my new interest here  
Have power to bid you welcome. — By your leave,  
I bid my very friends and countrymen,  
Sweet Portia, welcome.

<sup>24</sup> We are not to understand by this that Nerissa is merely a servant-maid or waiting-woman to Portia: she holds the place of companion or friend, and Portia all along treats her as such. They are as nearly equals in rank, as Bassanio and Gratiano are, who are a pair of *friends*, not master and servant. Nor does it conflict with this, that Gratiano speaks of Portia as "her mistress;" for he is in a position that requires him to plead his present cause with a good deal of modesty and deference, lest he should seem to have abused his privilege of accompanying Bassanio on this loving voyage.

<sup>25</sup> In the old copies, this latter name is given as *Salerio*; and modern editions generally regard him as a distinct person from Solanio; one who appears nowhere but in this scene. But Gratiano's speaking of him as "my old Venetian friend" naturally refers us to the man who has hitherto been known as Solanio; so that I have little scruple in adopting the change made by Mr. Dyce. None of the old copies gives any list of the persons represented.

*Por.* So do I, my lord:  
They are entirely welcome.

*Lor.* I thank your honour. — For my part, my lord,  
My purpose was not to have seen you here;  
But meeting with Solanio by the way,  
He did entreat me, past all saying nay,  
To come with him along.

*Sol.* I did, my lord,  
And I have reason for't. Signior Antonio  
Commends him to you. [*Gives BASSANIO a Letter.*]

*Bass.* Ere I ope his letter,  
I pray you, tell me how my good friend doth.

*Sol.* Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind;  
Nor well, unless in mind: his letter there  
Will show you his estate.

*Gra.* Nerissa, cheer yond stranger; bid her welcome.—  
Your hand, Solanio: What's the news from Venice?  
How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio?  
I know he will be glad of our success:  
We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece.

*Sol.* Would you had won the fleece that he hath lost!

*Por.* There are some shrewd contents in yond same paper,<sup>26</sup>  
That steal the colour from Bassanio's cheek:  
Some dear friend dead; else nothing in the world  
Could turn so much the constitution  
Of any constant man. What, worse and worse! —  
With leave, Bassanio; I am half yourself,  
And I must have the half of any thing  
That this same paper brings you.

*Bass.* O sweet Portia!  
Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words  
That ever blotted paper. Gentle lady,  
When I did first impart my love to you,  
I freely told you, all the wealth I had  
Ran in my veins, — I was a gentleman:  
And then I told you true; and yet, dear lady,  
Rating myself at nothing, you shall see  
How much I was a braggart. When I told you  
My state was nothing, I should then have told you  
That I was worse than nothing; for, indeed,  
I have engag'd myself to a dear friend,  
Engag'd my friend to his mere enemy,  
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady, —  
The paper as the body of my friend,  
And every word in it a gaping wound,

<sup>26</sup> *Shrewd*, in old language, is *sharp*, *biting*. See page 95, note 21

Issuing life-blood. — But is it true, Solanio?  
 Have all his ventures fail'd? What, not one hit?  
 From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,  
 From Lisbon, Barbary, and India?  
 And not one vessel 'scape the dreadful touch  
 Of merchant-marring rocks?

*Sol.* Not one, my lord.  
 Besides, it should appear, that if he had  
 The present money to discharge the Jew,  
 He would not take it. Never did I know  
 A creature, that did bear the shape of man,  
 So keen and greedy to confound a man.  
 He plies the Duke at morning and at night;  
 And doth impeach the freedom of the State,  
 If they deny him justice. Twenty merchants,  
 The Duke himself, and the magnificoes  
 Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him;  
 But none can drive him from the envious plea<sup>27</sup>  
 Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.

*Jess.* When I was with him, I have heard him swear  
 To Tubal and to Chus, his countrymen,  
 That he would rather have Antonio's flesh  
 • Than twenty times the value of the sum  
 That he did owe him; and I know, my lord,  
 If law, authority, and power deny not,  
 It will go hard with poor Antonio.

*Por.* Is it your dear friend that is thus in trouble?

*Bass.* The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,  
 The best-condition'd and unwearied spirit<sup>28</sup>  
 In doing courtesies; and one in whom  
 The ancient Roman honour more appears  
 Than any that draws breath in Italy.

*Por.* What sum owes he the Jew?

*Bass.* For me three thousand ducats.

*Por.* What, no more?  
 Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond;  
 Double six thousand, and then treble that,<sup>29</sup>

<sup>27</sup> *Envy* and *envious* are continually used by old writers in the sense of *malice* and *malicious*.

<sup>28</sup> The force of the superlative, *best*, is continued over *unwearied* in the sense of *most*. — *Condition'd* is *tempered*, *disposed*. See page 108, note 19.

<sup>29</sup> The Venetian ducat, in or near the Poet's time, is said on good authority to have been equivalent to nearly \$1.53 of our money. At this rate, Portia's 36,000 ducats would have equalled about \$55,000. And money was worth some six times as much then as it is now! — In the second line below, *my* is wanting in all the old copies till the folio of 1632, where it is supplied. The Poet would hardly have made the verse deficient in a syllable there. Perhaps we should read *thorough* instead of *through*, those two forms being used indifferently at that time.

Before a friend of this description  
 Shall lose a hair through my Bassanio's fault.  
 First go with me to church and call me wife,  
 And then away to Venice to your friend;  
 For never shall you lie by Portia's side  
 With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold  
 To pay the petty debt twenty times over;  
 When it is paid, bring your true friend along:  
 My maid Nerissa and myself, mean-time,  
 Will live as maids and widows. Come, away!  
 For you shall hence upon your wedding-day.  
 Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheer;<sup>20</sup>  
 Since you are dear-bought, I will love you dear.  
 But let me hear the letter of your friend.

*Bass.* [Reads.] *Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit; and since, in paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are clear'd between you and I, if I might but see you at my death. Notwithstanding, use your pleasure: if your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter.*

*Por.* O love, despatch all business, and be gone!

*Bass.* Since I have your good leave to go away,  
 I will make haste; but, till I come again,  
 No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,  
 Nor rest be interposer 'twixt us twain.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III. Venice. A Street.

*Enter SHYLOCK, SALARINO, ANTONIO, and Jailer.*

*Shy.* Jailer, look to him: tell not me of mercy.—  
 This is the fool that lends out money gratis.—  
 Jailer, look to him.

*Ant.* Hear me yet, good Shylock.

*Shy.* I'll have my bond; speak not against my bond:  
 -I've sworn an oath that I will have my bond.  
 Thou call'dst me dog before thou hadst a cause;  
 But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs:  
 The Duke shall grant me justice.—I do wonder,  
 Thou naughty jailer, that thou art so fond<sup>1</sup>  
 To come abroad with him at his request.

*Ant.* I pray thee, hear me speak.

*Shy.* I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak:  
 I'll have my bond; and therefore speak no more.

<sup>20</sup> *Cheer* is from the French *chère*, signifying *countenance*. Shakespeare has it in the same sense again in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, iii. 2: "All fancy-sick she is, and pale of *cheer*."

<sup>1</sup> *Fond* is generally used by Shakespeare in the sense of *foolish*.

I'll not be made a soft and dull-ey'd fool,  
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield  
To Christian intercessors. Follow not;  
I'll have no speaking: I will have my bond.

[*Exit SHYLOCK.*]

*Sal.* It is the most impenetrable cur  
That ever kept with men.

*Ant.* Let him alone:  
I'll follow him no more with bootless prayers.  
He seeks my life; his reason well I know:  
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures  
Many that have at times made moan to me;  
Therefore he hates me.

*Sal.* I am sure, the Duke  
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.

*Ant.* The Duke cannot deny the course of law,  
For the commodity that strangers have  
With us in Venice: if it be denied,  
'Twill much impeach the justice of the State;  
Since that the trade and profit of the city  
Consisteth of all nations.<sup>2</sup> Therefore, go:  
These griefs and losses have so 'bated me,  
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh  
To-morrow to my bloody creditor. —  
Well, jailer, on. — Pray God, Bassanio come  
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Belmont. A Room in PORTIA'S House.*

*Enter* PORTIA, NERISSA, LORENZO, JESSICA, and BAL-  
THAZAR.

*Lor.* Madam, although I speak it in your presence,  
You have a noble and a true conceit<sup>1</sup>

<sup>2</sup> It should be borne in mind, that Antonio was one of the citizens, while Shylock was reckoned among the strangers of the place. And since the city was benefited as much by the trade and commerce of foreigners as of natives, justice evidently required that the law should give equal advantages to them both. But to stop the course of law in behalf of citizens against strangers, would be putting the latter at a disadvantage, and so would clearly impeach the justice of the State. *For* means the same as *because of*, — a sense in which it is often used by the Poet. The passage is usually printed thus:

“The Duke cannot deny the course of law;  
For the commodity that strangers have  
With us in Venice, if it be denied,  
Will much impeach the justice of the state.”

Where *commodity* is obviously the subject of *impeach*. Which greatly clogs and obscures the passage, though perhaps it may still be made to yield the same meaning. *Commodity* here bears the sense of *commercial intercourse*.

<sup>1</sup> *Conceit* is *conception, idea, or judgment*. I think the word is never used by Shakespeare in a bad sense. See page 102, note 18.

Of god-like amity ; which appears most strongly  
 In bearing thus the absence of your lord.  
 But, if you knew to whom you show this honour,  
 How true a gentleman you send relief,  
 How dear a lover of my lord your husband,  
 I know you would be prouder of the work  
 Than customary bounty can enforce you.

*Por.* I never did repent for doing good,  
 Nor shall not now : for in companions  
 That do converse and waste the time together,  
 Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,  
 There must be needs a like proportion  
 Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit ;  
 Which makes me think that this Antonio,  
 Being the bosom lover of my lord,<sup>2</sup>  
 Must needs be like my lord. If it be so,  
 How little is the cost I have bestow'd  
 In purchasing the semblance of my soul  
 From out the state of hellish cruelty !  
 This comes too near the praising of myself ;  
 Therefore no more of it : hear other things. —  
 Lorenzo, I commit into your hands  
 The husbandry and manage of my house  
 Until my lord's return : for mine own part,  
 I have toward Heaven breath'd a secret vow  
 To live in prayer and contemplation,  
 Only attended by Nerissa here,  
 Until her husband and my lord's return :  
 There is a monastery two miles off,  
 And there we will abide. I do desire you  
 Not to deny this imposition,<sup>3</sup>  
 The which my love and some necessity  
 Now lays upon you.

*Lor.* Madam, with all my heart ;  
 I shall obey you in all fair commands.

*Por.* My people do already know my mind,  
 And will acknowledge you and Jessica  
 In place of Lord Bassanio and myself.  
 So, fare you well, till we shall meet again.

*Lor.* Fair thoughts and happy hours attend on you !

*Jess.* I wish your ladyship all heart's content.

*Por.* I thank you for your wish, and am well pleas'd  
 To wish it back on you : fare you well, Jessica. —  
 Now, Balthazar,

[*Exeunt* JESSICA and LORENZO.]

<sup>2</sup> *Lover* was much used by Shakespeare and other writers of his time for *friend*. His sonnets are full of examples in point.

<sup>3</sup> *Imposition* is any charge, task, or duty imposed.

As I have ever found thee honest-true,  
 So let me find thee still. Take this same letter,  
 And use thou all th' endeavour of a man  
 In speed to Padua: see thou render this  
 Into my cousin's hand, Doctor Bellario;  
 And, look, what notes and garments he doth give thee,  
 Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd speed<sup>4</sup>  
 Unto the Tranect,<sup>5</sup> to the common ferry  
 Which trades to Venice. Waste no time in words,  
 But get thee gone: I shall be there before thee.

*Balth.* Madam, I go with all convenient speed.

[*Exit.*

*Por.* Come on, Nerissa; I have work in hand  
 That you yet know not of: we'll see our husbands  
 Before they think of us.

*Ner.* Shall they see us?

*Por.* They shall, Nerissa; but in such a habit,  
 That they shall think we are accomplished  
 With what we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,  
 When we are both accoutred like young men,  
 I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,  
 And wear my dagger with the braver grace;  
 And speak between the change of man and boy  
 With a reed voice; and turn two mincing steps  
 Into a manly stride; and speak of frays,  
 Like a fine-bragging youth; and tell quaint lies,  
 How honourable ladies sought my love,  
 Which I denying, they fell sick and died;  
 I could not do withal:<sup>6</sup> then I'll repent,  
 And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd them.  
 And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell;  
 That men shall swear I've discontinu'd school  
 Above a twelvemonth. I've within my mind  
 A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,  
 Which I will practise. —  
 But come; I'll tell thee all my whole device  
 When I am in my coach, which stays for us

<sup>4</sup> That is, with the celerity of imagination. So, in the Chorus preceding the Third Act of *Henry V.*: "Thus with *imagin'd* wing our swift scene flies."

<sup>5</sup> This word evidently implies the name of a place where the passage-boat set out, and is in some way derived from *tranare*, to draw. No other instance of its use has yet occurred. The Poet had most likely heard or read of the place on the Brenta, about five miles from Venice, where a boat was *drawn* over a dam by a crane.

<sup>6</sup> A phrase of the time, signifying *I could not help it*. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Little French Lawyer*, Dinant, who is reproached by Clerimont for not silencing the music which endangered his safety, replies: "*I cannot do withal*; I have spoke and spoke; I am betrayed and lost too."

At the park-gate ; and therefore haste away,  
For we must measure twenty miles to-day.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The Same. A Garden.*

*Enter LAUNCELOT and JESSICA.*

*Laun.* Yes, truly ; for, look you, the sins of the father are to be laid upon the children : therefore, I promise you, I fear you.<sup>1</sup> I was always plain with you, and so now I speak my agitation<sup>2</sup> of the matter : therefore be of good cheer ; for, truly, I think, you are damn'd.

*Jess.* I shall be sav'd by my husband ; he hath made me a Christian.

*Laun.* Truly, the more to blame he : we were Christians enough before ; e'en as many as could well live, one by another. This making of Christians will raise the price of hogs : if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for money.

*Jess.* I'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you say : here he comes.

*Enter LORENZO.*

*Lor.* I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Launcelot, if you thus get my wife into corners.

*Jess.* Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo : Launcelot and I are out. He tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in Heaven, because I am a Jew's daughter : and he says you are no good member of the commonwealth ; for, in converting Jews to Christians, you raise the price of pork.

*Lor.* I think the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence, and discourse grow commendable in none only but parrots.<sup>3</sup> — Go in, sirrah ; bid them prepare for dinner.

*Laun.* That is done, sir ; they have all stomachs.

*Lor.* Goodly Lord, what a wit-snapper are you ! then, bid them prepare dinner.

*Laun.* That is done too, sir ; only, cover is the word.

*Lor.* Will you cover, then, sir ?

*Laun.* Not so, sir, neither ; I know my duty.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> That is, fear *for* you, or on your account. So, in *Richard III.*, Act i. scene 1 : "The king is sickly, weak, and melancholy, and his physicians *fear* him mightily."

<sup>2</sup> A Gobboism for *cogitation*.

<sup>3</sup> A shrewd proof that the Poet rightly estimated the small wit, the puns and verbal tricks, in which he so often indulges. He did it to please others, not himself.

<sup>4</sup> Launcelot is playing upon the two senses of *cover*, which was used both for setting the table and for putting on the hat.

*Lor.* Yet more quarreling with occasion! Wilt thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? I pray thee, understand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to thy fellows; bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner.

*Laun.* For the table, sir, it shall be serv'd in; for the meat, sir, it shall be covered; for your coming in to dinner, sir, why, let it be as humours and conceits shall govern.

[*Exit* LAUNCELOT.]

*Lor.* O, dear discretion, how his words are suited!  
The fool hath planted in his memory  
An army of good words; and I do know  
A many fools, that stand in better place,  
Garnish'd like him, that for a tricky word  
Defy the matter.<sup>5</sup> — How cheer'st thou, Jessica?  
And now, good sweet, say thy opinion;  
How dost thou like the Lord Bassanio's wife?

*Jess.* Past all expressing. It is very meet  
The Lord Bassanio live an upright life;  
For, having such a blessing in his lady,  
He finds the joys of Heaven here on Earth;  
And if on Earth he do not merit it,<sup>6</sup>  
In reason he should never come to Heaven.  
Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match,  
And on the wager lay two earthly women,  
And Portia one, there must be something else  
Pawn'd with the other; for the poor rude world  
Hath not her fellow.

*Lor.* Even such a husband  
Hast thou of me as she is for a wife.

*Jess.* Nay, but ask my opinion too of that.

*Lor.* I will anon: first let us go to dinner.

*Jess.* Nay, let me praise you while I have a stomach.

*Lor.* No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk;  
Then, howsoe'er thou speak'st, 'mong other things  
I shall digest it.

*Jess.* Well, I'll set you forth. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>5</sup> That is, they set the matter at defiance, or strangle the meaning, in their fondness of verbal trickery and trifling, or in their chase after puns and plays upon words. Shakespeare alludes, no doubt, to the habit which was then but too common in the high places of learning and of the State; where one could scarce come at the matter, it was so flourished in the speaking. Launcelot is a good satire on the practice, however the satire may rebound upon the Poet himself.

<sup>6</sup> The old copies have *mean it*, instead of *merit*. The change is Pope's, approved by Dyce.

ACT IV. . SCENE I. *Venice. A Court of Justice.*

*Enter the DUKE; the Magnificoes; ANTONIO, BASSANIO, GRATIANO, SALARINO, SOLANIO, and Others.*

*Duke.* What, is Antonio here?

*Ant.* Ready, so please your Grace.

*Duke.* I'm sorry for thee: thou art come to answer  
A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch  
Uncapable of pity, void and empty  
From any dram of mercy.

*Ant.* I have heard  
Your Grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify  
His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate,  
And that no lawful means can carry me  
Out of his envy's reach,<sup>1</sup> I do oppose  
My patience to his fury, and am arm'd  
To suffer with a quietness of spirit  
The very tyranny and rage of his.

*Duke.* Go one, and call the Jew into the Court.

*Sol.* He's ready at the door: he comes, my lord.

*Enter SHYLOCK.*

*Duke.* Make room, and let him stand before our face. —  
Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,  
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice  
To the last hour of act; and then 'tis thought  
Thou'lt show thy mercy and remorse,<sup>2</sup> more strange  
Than is thy strange-apparent cruelty:  
And where<sup>3</sup> thou now exact'st the penalty, —  
Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh, —  
Thou wilt not only loose the forfeiture,<sup>4</sup>  
But, touch'd with human gentleness and love,  
Forgive a moiety of the principal;  
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,  
That have of late so huddled on his back;  
Enough to press a royal merchant down,<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Envy* in this place means *hatred* or *malice*; a frequent use of the word in Shakespeare's time, as every reader of the English Bible ought to know. See page 144, note 27.

<sup>2</sup> *Remorse* in Shakespeare's time generally signified *pity, tenderness*; the *relentings* of compassion.

<sup>3</sup> In the Poet's age, *where* was continually used, in all sorts of writing, for *whereas*.

<sup>4</sup> *Loose* has the sense of *release*. — *Moiety*, second line after, properly means the half of a thing, but is used by the Poet for any portion.

<sup>5</sup> This epithet was striking and well understood in Shakespeare's time, when Gresham had the title of the *royal merchant*, both from his wealth, and

And pluck commiseration of his state  
 From brassy bosoms and rough hearts of flint,  
 From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never train'd  
 To offices of tender courtesy.

We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

*Shy.* I have possess'd your Grace of what I purpose;  
 And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn  
 To have the due and forfeit of my bond:  
 If you deny it, let the danger light  
 Upon your charter and your city's freedom.  
 You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have  
 A weight of carrion-flesh than to receive  
 Three thousand ducats. I'll not answer that;  
 But say it is my humour:<sup>6</sup> is it answer'd?  
 What if my house be troubled with a rat,  
 And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats  
 To have it ban'd! What, are you answer'd yet?  
 Some men there are love not a gaping pig;<sup>7</sup>  
 Some, that are mad if they behold a cat.  
 Masters of passion sway it to the mood  
 Of what it likes or loathes. Now, for your answer:  
 As there is no firm reason to be render'd,  
 Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;  
 Why he, a harmless necessary cat;  
 So can I give no reason, nor I will not,  
 More than a lodg'd hate and a certain loathing  
 I bear Antonio, that I follow thus  
 A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?

*Bass.* This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,  
 T' excuse the current of thy cruelty.

*Shy.* I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

*Bass.* Do all men kill the things they do not love?

*Shy.* Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

*Bass.* Every offence is not a hate at first.

*Shy.* What, wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice?

*Ant.* I pray you, think you question with the Jew.

because he constantly transacted the mercantile business of Queen Elizabeth. And there were similar ones at Venice, such as the Giustiniani and the Grimaldi.

<sup>6</sup> In Shakespeare's time the word *humour* was used, much as *conscience* was at a later period, to justify any eccentric impulse of vanity, opinion, or self-will, for which no common ground of reason could be alleged. Thus, if a man had an individual crotchet which he meant should override the laws and conditions of our social being, it was his *humour*. Corporal Nym is a burlesque on this sort of affectation.

<sup>7</sup> A pig's head as roasted for the table. In England, a boar's head is served up at Christmas, with a lemon in its mouth. So, in Webster's *Duchess of Malfi*, iii. 2: "He could not abide to see a pig's head gaping: I thought your Grace would find him a Jew." And in Fletcher's *Elder Brother*, ii. 2: "And they stand gaping like a roasted pig."

You may as well go stand upon the beach,  
 And bid the main flood 'bate his usual height;  
 You may as well use question with the wolf,  
 Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;  
 You may as well forbid the mountain pines  
 To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,  
 When they are fretten<sup>s</sup> with the gusts of heaven;  
 You may as well do any thing most hard,  
 As seek to soften that (than which what's harder?)  
 His Jewish heart. — Therefore, I do beseech you,  
 Make no more offers, use no further means,  
 But, with all brief and plain conveniency,  
 Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.

*Bass.* For thy three thousand ducats here is six.

*Shy.* If every ducat in six thousand ducats  
 Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,  
 I would not draw them; I would have my bond.

*Duke.* How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none?

*Shy.* What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?  
 You have among you many a purchas'd slave,  
 Which, like your asses and your dogs and mules,  
 You use in abject and in slavish parts,  
 Because you bought them. Shall I say to you,  
 Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?  
 Why sweat they under burdens? let their beds  
 Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates  
 Be season'd with such viands? You will answer,  
 The slaves are ours. So do I answer you:  
 The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,  
 Is dearly bought, 'tis mine, and I will have it:  
 If you deny me, fie upon your law!  
 There is no force in the decrees of Venice.  
 I stand for judgment: answer; shall I have it?

*Duke.* Upon my power I may dismiss this Court,  
 Unless Bellario, a learned Doctor,  
 Whom I have sent for to determine this,  
 Come here to-day.

*Sal.* My lord, here stays without  
 A messenger with letters from the Doctor,  
 New come from Padua.

*Duke.* Bring us the letters; call the messenger.

*Bass.* Good cheer, Antonio! What, man, courage yet!  
 The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,  
 Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

<sup>s</sup> So in both the quartos, but usually printed *fretted*. *Fretten* is apparently an old form of the word, like *waxen* in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, Act ii. scene 1.

*Ant.* I am a tainted wether of the flock,  
Meetest for death: the weakest kind of fruit  
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me:  
You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio,  
Than to live still, and write mine epitaph.

*Enter NERISSA, dressed like a Lawyer's Clerk.*

*Duke.* Came you from Padua, from Bellario?

*Ner.* From both, my lord: Bellario greets your Grace.

[*Presents a Letter.*]

*Bass.* Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?

*Shy.* To cut the forfeit from that bankrupt there.

*Gra.* Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,  
Thou mak'st thy knife keen; but no metal can,  
No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keenness  
Of thy sharp envy.<sup>9</sup> Can no prayers pierce thee?

*Shy.* No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.

*Gra.* O, be thou damn'd, inexorable dog!<sup>10</sup>  
And for thy life let justice be accus'd.<sup>11</sup>  
Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,  
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,<sup>12</sup>  
That souls of animals infuse themselves  
Into the trunks of men: Thy currish spirit  
Govern'd a wolf, who hang'd for human slaughter,  
Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,  
And, whilst thou lay'st [with] thy unhallow'd 'dam,  
Infus'd itself in thee; for thy desires  
Are wolfish, bloody, starv'd, and ravenous.

*Shy.* Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond,  
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud:  
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall  
To cureless ruin.<sup>13</sup> — I stand here for law.

*Duke.* This letter from Bellario doth commend  
A young and learned Doctor to our Court. —  
Where is he?

<sup>9</sup> Malice. See note 1, of this scene. This passage is well illustrated by one in 2 *Henry IV.*, Act iv. scene 4.

"Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,  
Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart."

<sup>10</sup> All the old copies have "*inexorable dog*," which I am very much inclined to think right, taking the prepositive *in* as intensive.

<sup>11</sup> The meaning probably is, Let Justice be impeached for suffering thee to live.

<sup>12</sup> The ancient philosopher of Samos, who is said to have taught the transmigration of souls. In *As You Like It*, iii. 2, Rosalind says, "I was never so berhym'd since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember."

<sup>13</sup> Thus the quartos; the folio has "*endless ruin*."

*Ner.* He attendeth here hard by,  
To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.

*Duke.* With all my heart. — Some three or four of you  
Go give him courteous conduct to this place. —  
Meantime the Court shall hear Bellario's letter.

[Clerk reads.] *Your Grace shall understand, that at the receipt of your letter I am very sick; but in the instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation was with me a young doctor of Rome; his name is Balthazar. I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Antonio the merchant: we turn'd o'er many books together: he is furnished with my opinion; which, better'd with his own learning, the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend, comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your Grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation;<sup>14</sup> for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation.*

*Duke.* You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he writes:  
And here, I take it, is the Doctor come. —

*Enter PORTIA,<sup>15</sup> dressed like a Doctor of Laws.*

Give me your hand: Came you from old Bellario?

*Por.* I did, my lord.

*Duke.* You're welcome: take your place.  
Are you acquainted with the difference  
That holds this present question in the Court?

*Por.* I am informed throughly of the cause.  
Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

*Duke.* Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

*Por.* Is your name Shylock?

*Shy.* Shylock is my name.

*Por.* Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;  
Yet in such rule, that the Venetian law  
Cannot impugn you<sup>16</sup> as you do proceed. —

[To ANT.] You stand within his danger,<sup>17</sup> do you not?

*Ant.* Ay, so he says.

<sup>14</sup> The sense apparently is, Let his lack of years be no hindrance to his being treated with reverence.

<sup>15</sup> The old stage direction here is, "Enter Portia for Balthazar."

<sup>16</sup> To *impugn* is to oppose, to controvert.

<sup>17</sup> Richardson says, — "In French and old English law, *danger* seems equivalent to *penalty, damages, commissi pœna*. Thus: 'Narcissus was a bachelere that love had caught in his *daungere*;' that is, within the reach of hurtful, mischievous power. Thus also: 'In *danger* hadde he at his owen gise the yonge girles of the diocise.' And again; 'He was never wedded to woman's *danger*;' that is, woman's dangerous power."

*Por.* Do you confess the bond?

*Ant.* I do.

*Por.* Then must the Jew be merciful.

*Shy.* On what compulsion must I? tell me that.

*Por.* The quality of mercy is not strain'd;<sup>18</sup>  
It droppeth as the gentle rain from Heaven  
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd;  
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:  
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes  
The throned monarch better than his crown:  
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,  
The attribute to awe and majesty,  
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;  
But mercy is above this sceptred sway;  
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,  
It is an attribute to God himself;  
And earthly power doth then show likest God's  
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,  
Though justice be thy plea, consider this, —  
That in the course of justice none of us  
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;  
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render  
The deeds of mercy.<sup>19</sup> I have spoke thus much,  
To mitigate the justice of thy plea;  
Which if thou follow, this strict Court of Venice  
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

*Shy.* My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,  
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

*Por.* Is he not able to discharge the money?

*Bass.* Yes, here I tender 't for him in the Court;  
Yea, thrice the sum:<sup>20</sup> if that will not suffice,  
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,  
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:  
If this will not suffice, it must appear  
That malice bears down truth.<sup>21</sup> And, I beseech you,

<sup>18</sup> That is, the nature of mercy is to act freely, not from constraint. Portia had used *must* in a moral sense, and the Jew purposely mistook it in a legal sense. This gives a natural occasion and impulse for her strain of "heavenly eloquence."

<sup>19</sup> "Portia, referring the Jew to the Christian doctrine of Salvation, and the Lord's Prayer, is a little out of character." So says Sir William Blackstone; whereas the Lord's Prayer was itself but a compilation, all the petitions in it being taken out of the ancient euchologies or prayer-books of the Jews. So in *Ecclesiasticus* xxviii. 2: "Forgive thy neighbour the hurt that he hath done unto thee, so shall thy sins also be forgiven when thou prayest."

<sup>20</sup> The old copies have "twice the sum." But Portia says to the Jew a little after, "there's thrice thy money offered thee."

<sup>21</sup> *Truth* is *honesty* here. A *true* man in old language is an *honest* man. And the honesty here shown is in offering to pay thrice the money.

Wrest once the law to your authority :  
To do a great right, do a little wrong ;  
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

*Por.* It must not be ; there is no power in Venice  
Can alter a decree established :

'Twill be recorded for a precedent ;  
And many an error, by the same example,  
Will rush into the State. It cannot be.

*Shy.* A Daniel come to judgment ! yea, a Daniel ! —  
O, wise young judge, how I do honour thee !

*Por.* I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

*Shy.* Here 'tis, most reverend Doctor ; here it is.

*Por.* Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.

*Shy.* An oath, an oath, I have an oath in Heaven :  
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul ?  
No, not for Venice !

*Por.* Why, this bond is forfeit ;  
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim  
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off  
Nearest the merchant's heart. — Be merciful ;  
Take thrice thy money ; bid me tear the bond.

*Shy.* When it is paid according to the tenour.  
It doth appear you are a worthy judge ;  
You know the law, your exposition  
Hath been most sound : I charge you by the law,  
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,  
Proceed to judgment. By my soul I swear  
There is no power in the tongue of man  
To alter me : I stay here on my bond.

*Ant.* Most heartily I do beseech the Court  
To give the judgment.

*Por.* Why, then thus it is :  
You must prepare your bosom for his knife ; —

*Shy.* O, noble judge ! O, excellent young man !

*Por.* — For the intent and purpose of the law  
Hath full relation to the penalty,<sup>22</sup>  
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

*Shy.* 'Tis very true. O, wise and upright judge !  
How much more elder art thou than thy looks !

*Por.* Therefore lay bare your bosom.

*Shy.* Ay, his breast :  
So says the bond : — doth it not, noble judge ? —  
Nearest his heart : those are the very words.

*Por.* It is so. Are there balance here to weigh  
The flesh ?

<sup>22</sup> That is, the law relating to contracts is fully applicable in this case.

*Shy.* I have them ready.<sup>23</sup>

*Por.* Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,  
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.

*Shy.* Is it so nominated in the bond?

*Por.* It is not so express'd; but what of that?

'Twere good you do so much for charity.

*Shy.* I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.

*Por.* Come, merchant, have you any thing to say?

*Ant.* But little: I am arm'd and well prepar'd. —

Give me your hand, Bassanio: fare you well!

Grieve not that I am fall'n to this for you;

For herein Fortune shows herself more kind

Than is her custom: it is still her use

To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,

To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow

An age of poverty; from which lingering penance

Of such a misery doth she cut me off.

Commend me to your honourable wife:

Tell her the process of Antonio's end;

Say how I lov'd you, speak me fair in death;

And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge,

Whether Bassanio had not once a lover.

Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,

And he repents not that he pays your debt;

For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,

I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

*Bass.* Antonio, I am married to a wife

Which is as dear to me as life itself;

But life itself, my wife, and all the world,

Are not with me esteem'd above thy life:

I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all

Here to this devil to deliver you.

*Por.* Your wife would give you little thanks for that,

If she were by, to hear you make the offer.

*Gra.* I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love:

I would she were in Heaven, so she could

Entreat some power to change this currish Jew

*Ner.* 'Tis well you offer it behind her back;

The wish would make, else, an unquiet house.

*Shy.* [*Aside.*] These be the Christian husbands! I have a daughter;

Would any of the stock of Barrabas<sup>24</sup>

<sup>23</sup> *Balance*, though singular in form, is used as plural in sense, referring to the two *scales* which make the balance. The usage was common.

<sup>24</sup> Shakespeare seems to have followed the pronunciation usual in the theatre, *Barabbas* being sounded *Barabas* throughout Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*.

Had been her husband rather than a Christian! —

[*To POR.*] We trifle time: I pray thee, pursue sentence.

*Por.* A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine:  
The Court awards it, and the law doth give it.

*Shy.* Most rightful judge!

*Por.* And you must cut this flesh from off his breast:  
The law allows it, and the Court awards it.

*Shy.* Most learned Judge! A sentence! — Come, prepare.

*Por.* Tarry a little; there is something else.  
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;  
The words expressly are, a pound of flesh:  
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;  
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed  
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods  
Are by the laws of Venice confiscate  
Unto the State of Venice.

*Gra.* O upright judge! — Mark, Jew: — O learned judge!

*Shy.* Is that the law?

*Por.* Thyself shalt see the Act:  
For, as thou urgest justice, be assur'd  
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desir'st.

*Gra.* O learned judge! — Mark, Jew: — a learned judge!

*Shy.* I take his offer, then; — pay the bond thrice,  
And let the Christian go.

*Bass.* Here is the money.

*Por.* Soft!

The Jew shall have all justice: — soft! no haste: —  
He shall have nothing but the penalty.

*Gra.* O Jew, an upright judge, a learned judge!

*Por.* Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh.  
Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less nor more  
But just a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more  
Or less than a just pound, — be't but so much  
As makes it light or heavy in the substance  
Or the division of the twentieth part  
Of one poor scruple; nay, if the scale do turn  
But in the estimation of a hair, —  
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.<sup>25</sup>

*Gra.* A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!  
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

*Por.* Why doth the Jew pause? take thy forfeiture.

*Shy.* Give me my principal, and let me go.

*Bass.* I have it ready for thee; here it is.

<sup>25</sup> This form of the participle was used in a good many words. And so it is still, as in the words *situate*, *consecrate*, and others. Twice in this scene we have *forfeit* for *forfeited*.

*Por.* He hath refus'd it in the open Court:  
He shall have merely justice and his bond.

*Gra.* A Daniel, still say I; a second Daniel!—  
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

*Shy.* Shall I not have barely my principal?

*Por.* Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,  
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

*Shy.* Why, then the Devil give him good of it!  
I'll stay no longer question.

*Por.* Tarry, Jew:

The law hath yet another hold on you.  
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,—  
If it be prov'd against an alien,  
That by direct or indirect attempts  
He seek the life of any citizen,  
The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive  
Shall seize one half his goods; the other half  
Comes to the privy coffer of the State;  
And the offender's life lies in the mercy  
Of the Duke only, 'gainst all other voice.  
In which predicament I say thou stand'st;  
For it appears, by manifest proceeding,  
That indirectly, and directly too,  
Thou hast contriv'd against the very life  
Of the defendant; and thou hast incurr'd  
The danger formally by me rehears'd.<sup>26</sup>  
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke.

*Gra.* Beg that thou may'st have leave to hang thyself:  
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the State,  
Thou hast not left the value of a cord;  
Therefore thou must be hang'd at the State's charge.

*Duke.* That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit,  
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it:  
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's;  
The other half comes to the general State,  
Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.<sup>27</sup>

*Por.* Ay, for the State; not for Antonio.<sup>28</sup>

*Shy.* Nay, take my life and all; pardon not that:  
You take my house, when you do take the prop

<sup>26</sup> The old copies have *formerly* instead of *formally*. The change is Hanmer's.

<sup>27</sup> That is, submission on your part may move me to reduce it to a fine.

<sup>28</sup> Meaning, apparently, that the reduction of the forfeiture to a fine should apply only to that half of his goods which was to come to the coffer of the State, not that which fell to Antonio. Portia is not yet supposed to know that the report of Antonio's losses was bogus, and so she looks out for his interest.

That doth sustain my house ; you take my life,  
When you do take the means whereby I live.

*Por.* What mercy can you render him, Antonio?

*Gra.* A halter gratis ; nothing else, for God's sake.

*Ant.* So please my lord the Duke and all the Court  
To quit the fine for one half of his goods,  
I am content ; so he will let me have  
The other half in use, to render it,  
Upon his death, unto the gentleman  
That lately stole his daughter ;  
Two things provided more : That, for this favour,  
He presently become a Christian ;  
The other, that he do record a gift,  
Here in the Court, of all he dies possess'd,  
Unto his son Lorenzo and his daughter.

*Duke.* He shall do this ; or else I do recant  
The pardon that I late pronounced here.

*Por.* Art thou contented, Jew ? what dost thou say ?

*Shy.* I am content.

*Por.* Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

*Shy.* I pray you, give me leave to go from hence ;  
I am not well : send the deed after me,  
And I will sign it.

*Duke.* Get thee gone, but do it.

*Gra.* In christening thou shalt have two godfathers :  
Had I been judge, thou should'st have had ten more,<sup>29</sup>  
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font. [*Exit SHYLOCK.*

*Duke.* Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.

*Por.* I humbly do desire your Grace of pardon :<sup>30</sup>  
I must away this night toward Padua,  
And it is meet I presently set forth.

*Duke.* I'm sorry that your leisure serves you not. —  
Antonio, gratify this gentleman ;  
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.

[*Exeunt DUKE, Magnificoes, and Train.*

*Bass.* Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend  
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted  
Of grievous penalties ; in lieu whereof,<sup>31</sup>  
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,  
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.<sup>32</sup>

<sup>29</sup> That is, a jury of *twelve* men to condemn him. This appears to have been an old joke. So, in *The Devil is an Ass*, by Ben Jonson: "I will leave you to your godfathers in law. Let *twelve men* work."

<sup>30</sup> An old English idiom now obsolete. See page 92, note 8.

<sup>31</sup> In consideration whereof, or in return for which. For this use of *lieu*, see page 43, note 6.

<sup>32</sup> The only instance that I remember to have met with, of the word *cope*

*Ant.* And stand indebted, over and above,  
In love and service to you evermore.

*Por.* He is well paid that is well satisfied;  
And I, delivering you, am satisfied,  
And therein do account myself well paid:  
My mind was never yet more mercenary.  
I pray you, know me when we meet again:  
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.

*Bass.* Dear sir, of force I must attempt you further:  
Take some remembrance of us, as a tribute,  
Not as a fee. Grant me two things, I pray you, —  
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

*Por.* You press me far, and therefore I will yield. —  
[*To ANT.*] Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your sake; —  
[*To BASS.*] And, for your love, I'll take this ring from you.  
Do not draw back your hand: I'll take no more;  
And you in love shall not deny me this.<sup>33</sup>

*Bass.* This ring, good sir, — alas, it is a trifle!  
I will not shame myself to give you this.

*Por.* I will have nothing else but only this;  
And now methinks I have a mind to it.

*Bass.* There's more depends on this than on the value.  
The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,  
And find it out by proclamation;  
Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.

*Por.* I see, sir, you are liberal in offers:  
You taught me first to beg; and now methinks  
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.

*Bass.* Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife;  
And, when she put it on, she made me vow  
That I should neither sell nor give nor lose it.

*Por.* That 'scuse serves many men to save their gifts.  
An if your wife be not a mad-woman,  
And know how well I have deserv'd this ring,  
She would not hold out enemy for ever  
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you!

[*Exeunt PORTIA and NERISSA.*]

*Ant.* My Lord Bassanio, let him have the ring:  
Let his deservings, and my love withal,  
Be valu'd 'gainst your wife's commandment.

being used in the sense of *pay*, or *reward*. A like use of the word in composition, however, occurs in Ben Jonson's *For*, Act iii. scene 5:

“He would have sold his part of Paradise  
For ready money, had he met a *cope-man*.”

<sup>33</sup> *Shall* and *will* are among the words which had not become fully differentiated in the Poet's time. He has many instances of either being used for the other.

*Bass.* Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him;  
Give him the ring; and bring him, if thou canst,  
Unto Antonio's house. Away! make haste. —

[*Exit GRATIANO.*

Come, you and I will thither presently;  
And in the morning early will we both  
Fly toward Belmont: Come, Antonio.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Same. A Street.*

*Enter PORTIA and NERISSA, disguised as before.*

*Por.* Inquire the Jew's house out, give him this deed,  
And let him sign it. We'll away to-night,  
And be a day before our husbands home.  
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

*Enter GRATIANO.*

*Gra.* Fair sir, you are well overta'en:  
My Lord Bassanio, upon more advice,<sup>1</sup>  
Hath sent you here this ring, and doth entreat  
Your company at dinner.

*Por.* That cannot be.  
His ring I do accept most thankfully;  
And so, I pray you, tell him: furthermore,  
I pray you, show my youth old Shylock's house.

*Gra.* That will I do.

*Ner.* Sir, I would speak with you. —  
[*To POR.*] I'll see if I can get my husband's ring,  
Which I did make him swear to keep-for ever.

*Por.* Thou may'st, I warrant. We shall have old swearing<sup>2</sup>  
That they did give away the rings to men;  
But we'll outface them, and outswear them too.  
Away! make haste: thou know'st where I will tarry.

*Ner.* Come, good sir; will you show me to this house?

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I. *Belmont. Avenue to PORTIA'S House.*

*Enter LORENZO and JESSICA.*

*Lor.* The Moon shines bright. In such a night as this,  
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,

<sup>1</sup> Upon further consideration. See page 103, note 25.

<sup>2</sup> *Old* was a frequent intensive in colloquial speech; very much as *huge* is used now. So, in *Much Ado about Nothing*, v. 2: "Yonder's *old* coil at home." And in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, i 4: "Here will be an *old* abusing of God's patience and the king's English."

And they did make no noise, — in such a night  
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,  
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,  
Where Cressid lay that night.<sup>1</sup>

*Jess.* In such a night  
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew;  
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,<sup>2</sup>  
And ran dismay'd away.

*Lor.* In such a night  
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand<sup>3</sup>  
Upon the wild sea-banks, and wav'd her love  
To come again to Carthage.

*Jess.* In such a night  
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs  
That did renew old Æson.<sup>4</sup>

*Lor.* In such a night  
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew,  
And with an únthrift love did run from Venice  
As far as Belmont.

*Jess.* And in such a night  
Did young Lorenzo swear he lov'd her well,  
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,  
And ne'er a true one.

*Lor.* And in such a night  
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,  
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

*Jess.* I would out-night you, did nobody come:  
But, hark! I hear the footing of a man.

*Enter STEPHANO.*

*Lor.* Who comes so fast in silence of the night?

*Steph.* A friend.

*Lor.* A friend! what friend? your name, I pray you, friend?

*Steph.* Stephano is my name;<sup>5</sup> and I bring word

<sup>1</sup> The story of Troilus and Cressida is set forth in Shakespeare's play of that name.

<sup>2</sup> That is, ere she saw the lion himself. The story of "Pyramus and his love Thisbe" is burlesqued in the interlude of Bottom and company in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*.

<sup>3</sup> Spenser in like sort makes the willow a symbol of forsaken love. Thus, in *The Faerie Queene*, i. 1, 9: "The willow, worne of forlorne paramours."

<sup>4</sup> Twice, already, in this play, we have had allusions to the story of Jason and his voyage to Colchos in quest of the golden fleece. Medea, also, stole her father's treasure, and ran away from Colchos with Jason after he had won the fleece. The Poet seems to have been fresh from the reading of that tale, when he wrote this play. Perhaps Medea had something to do in suggesting and shaping the part of Jessica.

<sup>5</sup> In this play the name *Stephano* has the accent on the second syllable.

My mistress will before the break of day  
Be here at Belmont: she doth stray about  
By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays  
For happy wedlock hours.<sup>6</sup>

*Lor.* Who comes with her?

*Steph.* None but a holy hermit and her maid.

I pray you, is my master yet return'd?

*Lor.* He is not, nor we have not heard from him. —  
But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,  
And ceremoniously let us prepare  
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

*Enter LAUNCELOT.*

*Laun.* Sola, sola! wo, ha, ho! sola, sola!

*Lor.* Who calls?

*Laun.* Sola! — did you see Master Lorenzo and Mistress Lorenzo? — sola, sola!

*Lor.* Leave hollaing, man; — here.

*Laun.* Sola! — Where? where?

*Lor.* Here.

*Laun.* Tell him there's a post come from my master, with his horn full of good news:<sup>7</sup> my master will be here ere morning. *[Exit.]*

*Lor.* Sweet soul, let's in, and there expect their coming.  
And yet no matter: why should we go in? —  
My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,  
Within the house, your mistress is at hand;  
And bring your music forth into the air. — *[Exit STEPHANO.]*  
How sweet the moon-light sleeps upon this bank!  
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music  
Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the night  
Become the touches of sweet harmony.  
Sit, Jessica: Look, how the floor of Heaven  
Is thick inlaid with patines<sup>8</sup> of bright gold:  
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st

In *The Tempest*, written some years later, the same name has it, rightly, on the first.

<sup>6</sup> In old times crosses were set up at the intersection of roads, and in other places specially associated with saintly or heroic names, to invite the passers-by to devotion. And in those days Christians were much in the habit of remembering in their prayers whatever lay nearest their hearts. So in *The Tempest*, iii. 1, Ferdinand says to Miranda: "I do beseech you, — chiefly that I might set it in my prayers, — what is your name?" So, again, Hamlet to Ophelia: "In thy orisons be all my sins remember'd!"

<sup>7</sup> The postman used to carry a horn, and blew it to give notice of his coming, on approaching a place where he had something to deliver. Launcelot has just been imitating the notes of the horn in his exclamations, *Sola*, &c.

<sup>8</sup> A small plate, used in the administration of the Eucharist: it was commonly of gold, or silver-gilt.

But in his motion like an angel sings,  
 Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubins :<sup>9</sup>  
 Such harmony is in immortal souls ;<sup>10</sup>  
 But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay  
 Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it. —

*Enter Musicians.*

Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn !  
 With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,  
 And draw her home with music.

[*Music.*

*Jess.* I'm never merry when I hear sweet music.

*Lor.* The reason is, your spirits are attentive :  
 For do but note a wild and wanton herd,  
 Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,  
 Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing loud,  
 Which is the hot condition of their blood ;  
 If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,  
 Or any air of music touch their ears,  
 You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,  
 Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,  
 By the sweet power of music : Therefore the poet  
 Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods ;  
 Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,  
 But music for the time doth change his nature.  
 The man that hath no music in himself,  
 Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,  
 Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils ;  
 The motions of his spirit are dull as night,  
 And his affections dark as Erebus :  
 Let no such man be trusted. — Mark the music.

*Enter PORTIA and NERISSA at a distance.*

*Por.* That light we see is burning in my hall.  
 How far that little candle throws his beams !  
 So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

*Ner.* When the Moon shone we did not see the candle.

<sup>9</sup> Of course everybody has heard of "the music of the spheres," — an ancient mystery which taught that the heavenly bodies in their revolutions sing together in a concert so loud, various, and sweet, as to exceed all proportion to the human ear. And the greatest souls, from Plato to Wordsworth, have been lifted above themselves, and have waxed greater than their wont, with an idea or intuition that the universe was knit together by a principle of which musical harmony is the aptest and clearest expression.

<sup>10</sup> The soul of man was thought by some to be or to have something like the music of the spheres. Thus in Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity*, v. 88: "Touching musical harmony, such is the force thereof, and so pleasing effects it hath in that very part of man which is most divine, that some have thereby been induced to think that *the soul itself by nature is or hath in it harmony.*"

*Por.* So doth the greater glory dim the less :  
A substitute shines brightly as a king,  
Until a king be by ; and then his state  
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook  
Into the main of waters. Music ! hark !

*Ner.* It is your music, Madam, of the house.

*Por.* Nothing is good, I see, without respect :<sup>11</sup>  
Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.

*Ner.* Silence bestows that virtue on it, Madam.

*Por.* The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,  
When neither is attended ; and I think  
The nightingale, if she should sing by day  
When every goose is cackling, would be thought  
No better a musician than the wren.

How many things by season season'd are  
To their right praise and true perfection !—

Peace, ho ! the Moon sleeps with Endymion,  
And would not be awak'd !<sup>12</sup>

[*Music ceases*]

*Lor.* That is the voice,  
Or I am much deceiv'd, of Portia.

*Por.* He knows me, as the blind man knows the cuckoo,  
By the bad voice.

*Lor.* Dear lady, welcome home.

*Por.* We have been praying for our husbands' welfare,  
Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.  
Are they return'd ?

*Lor.* Madam, they are not yet ;  
But there is come a messenger before,  
To signify their coming.

*Por.* Go in, Nerissa :  
Give order to my servants that they take

<sup>11</sup> Not absolutely good, but relatively so, as its surroundings are *considered*.  
See page 101, note 16.

<sup>12</sup> Endymion was a very beautiful youth : Juno took a fancy to him, whereupon her old man, Jupiter, grew jealous of him, and cast him into a perpetual sleep on Mount Latmos. While he was there asleep, Madam Luna got so smitten with his beauty, that she used to come down and kiss him, and lie by his side. Some said, however, that Luna herself put him asleep, that she might have the pleasure of kissing him without his knowing it, the youth being somewhat shy when awake. The story was naturally a favourite with the poets. Fletcher, in *The Faithful Shepherdess*, tells the tale charmingly, —

“ How the pale Phœbe, hunting in a grove,  
First saw the boy Endymion, from whose eyes  
She took eternal fire that never dies ;  
How she convey'd him softly in a sleep,  
His temples bound with poppy, to the steep  
Head of old Latmus, where she stoops each night,  
Gilding the mountain with her brother's light,  
To kiss her sweetest.”

No note at all of our being absent hence ; —  
Nor you, Lorenzo ; — Jessica, nor you. [*A Tucket sounds.*<sup>13</sup>

*Lor.* Your husband is at hand ; I hear his trumpet.  
We are no tell-tales, Madam ; fear you not.

*Por.* This night, methinks, is but the daylight sick ;  
It looks a little paler : 'tis a day,  
Such as a day is when the Sun is hid.

*Enter BASSANIO, ANTONIO, GRATIANO, and their Followers.*

*Bass.* We should hold day with the Antipodes,  
If you would walk in absence of the Sun.

*Por.* Let me give light, but let me not be light ;<sup>14</sup>  
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,  
And never be Bassanio so for me :  
But God sort all ! You're welcome home, my lord.

*Bass.* I thank you, Madam. Give welcome to my friend :  
This is the man, this is Antonio,  
To whom I am so infinitely bound.

*Por.* You should in all sense be much bound to him,  
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

*Ant.* No more than I am well acquitted of.

*Por.* Sir, you are very welcome to our house :  
It must appear in other ways than words,  
Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy.<sup>15</sup>

*Gra.* [*To Ner.*] By yonder Moon I swear you do me  
wrong ;  
In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk.

*Por.* A quarrel, ho, already ! what's the matter ?

*Gra.* About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring  
That she did give to me ; whose posy was  
For all the world like cutler's poetry  
Upon a knife,<sup>16</sup> *Love me, and leave me not.*

*Ner.* What talk you of the posy or the value ?  
You swore to me, when I did give it you,  
That you would wear it till your hour of death ;  
And that it should lie with you in your grave :  
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,  
You should have been respective,<sup>17</sup> and have kept it.

<sup>13</sup> A *tucket* is a flourish of trumpets. The word is probably from the Italian *toccata*, which is said to mean a prelude to a sonata.

<sup>14</sup> Twice before, in these scenes, we have had similar playings upon *light* : here it is especially graceful and happy. See page 139, note 13.

<sup>15</sup> This complimentary form, made up only of *breath*.

<sup>16</sup> Knives were formerly inscribed, by means of *aqua fortis*, with short sentences in distich. The *posy* of a ring was the motto.

<sup>17</sup> *Respective* is *considerate* or *regardful* ; in the same sense as *respect* is explained, page 101, note 16. The word is repeatedly used thus by Shakespeare ; as in *Romeo and Juliet*, iii. 1 : " Away to Heaven *respective* lenity, and fire-ey'd fury be my conduct now ! "

Gave it a judge's clerk ! no, God's my judge !  
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on's face that had it.

*Gra.* He will, an if he live to be a man.

*Ner.* Ay, if a woman live to be a man.

*Gra.* Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,  
A kind of boy ; a little scrubbed boy,<sup>18</sup>  
No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk ;  
A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee :  
I could not for my heart deny it him.

*Por.* You were to blame — I must be plain with you —  
To part so slightly with your wife's first gift ;  
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger,  
And riveted with faith unto your flesh.  
I gave my love a ring, and made him swear  
Never to part with it ; and here he stands :  
I dare be sworn for him, he would not leave it,  
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth  
That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,  
You give your wife too unkind cause of grief :  
An 'twere to me, I should be mad at it.

*Bass.* [*Aside.*] Why, I were best to cut my left hand off,  
And swear I lost the ring defending it.

*Gra.* My Lord Bassanio gave his ring away  
Unto the judge that begg'd it, and indeed  
Deserv'd it too ; and then the boy, his clerk,  
That took some pains in writing, he begg'd mine :  
And neither man nor master would take aught  
But the two rings.

*Por.* What ring gave you, my lord ?  
Not that, I hope, which you receiv'd of me.

*Bass.* If I could add a lie unto a fault,  
I would deny it ; but you see my finger  
Hath not the ring upon it ; it is gone.

*Por.* Even so void is your false heart of truth.  
By Heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed  
Until I see the ring.

*Ner.* Nor I in yours,  
Till I again see mine.

*Bass.* Sweet Portia,  
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,  
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,  
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,  
And how unwillingly I left the ring,

<sup>18</sup> *Scrubbed* is here used in the sense of *stunted* ; as in Holland's *Pliny* :  
"Such will never prove fair trees, but *scrubs* only." And Mr. Verplanck ob-  
serves that the name *scrub oak* was from the first settlement of this country  
given to the dwarf or bush oak.

When nought would be accepted but the ring,  
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.

*Por.* If you had known the virtue of the ring,  
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,  
Or your own honour to contain the ring,<sup>19</sup>  
You would not then have parted with the ring.  
What man is there so much unreasonable,  
If you had pleas'd to have defended it  
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty  
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?  
Nerissa teaches me what to believe:  
I'll die for't, but some woman had the ring.

*Bass.* No, by mine honour, Madam, by my soul,  
No woman had it; but a Civil Doctor,<sup>20</sup>  
Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me,  
And begg'd the ring; the which I did deny him,  
And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away;  
Even he that had held up the very life  
Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady?  
I was enforc'd to send it after him:  
I was beset with shame and courtesy;<sup>21</sup>  
My honour would not let ingratitude  
So much besmear it. Pardon me, good lady;  
For, by these blessed candles of the night,  
Had you been there, I think you would have begg'd  
The ring of me to give the worthy Doctor.

*Por.* Let not that Doctor e'er come near my house.  
Since he hath got the jewel that I lov'd,  
And that which you did swear to keep for me,  
I will become as liberal as you:  
I'll not deny him any thing I have.

*Ant.* I am th' unhappy subject of these quarrels.

*Por.* Sir, grieve not you; you're welcome notwithstanding.

*Bass.* Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong;  
And in the hearing of these many friends  
I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,  
Wherein I see myself, —

*Por.* Mark you but that!  
In both my eyes he doubly sees himself;  
In each eye, one: — swear by your double self,  
And there's an oath of credit.

*Bass.*

Nay, but hear me:

<sup>19</sup> *Contain* was sometimes used in the sense of *retain*. So, in Bacon's *Essays*: "To *containe* anger from mischiefe, though it take hold of a man, there be two things."

<sup>20</sup> A *Civil Doctor* was a doctor of the Civil Law.

<sup>21</sup> Equivalent, perhaps, to *shame of my discourtesy*.

Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear  
I never more will break an oath with thee.

*Ant.* I once did lend my body for his wealth ;<sup>22</sup>  
Which, but for him that had your husband's ring,  
Had quite miscarried : I dare be bound again,  
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord  
Will never more break faith advisedly.

*Por.* Then you shall be his surety : Give him this ;  
And bid him keep it better than the other.

*Ant.* Here, Lord Bassanio ; swear to keep this ring.

*Bass.* By Heaven, it is the same I gave the Doctor !

*Por.* I had it of him ; pardon me, Bassanio.

*Ner.* And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano.

*Gra.* Why, this is like the mending of highways  
In Summer, when the ways are fair enough.

*Por.* You are all amaz'd :  
Here is a letter, read it at your leisure ;  
It comes from Padua, from Bellario :  
There you shall find that Portia was the Doctor ;  
Nerissa there her clerk. Lorenzo here  
Shall witness I set forth as soon as you,  
And even but now return'd ; I have not yet  
Enter'd my house. — Antonio, you are welcome ;  
And I have better news in store for you  
Than you expect : unseal this letter soon ;  
There you shall find three of your argosies  
Are richly come to harbour suddenly.  
You shall not know by what strange accident  
I chanced on this letter.

*Ant.* I am dumb.

*Bass.* Were you the Doctor, and I knew you not ?

*Ant.* Sweet lady, you have given me life and living ;  
For here I read for certain that my ships  
Are safely come to road.<sup>23</sup>

<sup>22</sup> That is, for his *good*. *Wealth* is only another form of *weal* : we say indifferently common-*weal* or common-*wealth* ; and the commonwealth is the good that men have in common.

<sup>23</sup> The Poet leaves us somewhat in the dark as to how the reports of shipwreck grew into being and gained belief. I have noted one seeming indication before, that the Jew exercised his cunning as well as malice in plotting and preparing them. See page 123, note 2. Shylock appears, at all events, to have known that such reports were coming, before they came. Yet I suppose the natural impression from the play is, that he lent the ducats and took the bond on a mere chance of coming at his wish. But he would hardly grasp so sharply at a bare possibility of revenge, without using means for turning into something more. This would mark him with much darker lines of guilt. Why then did not Shakespeare bring the matter forward more prominently ? Perhaps it was because the doing so would have made Shylock appear too steep a criminal for the degree of interest which his part was meant to carry in the play. In other words, the health of the drama as

*Por.* How now, Lorenzo!  
My clerk hath some good comforts too for you.

*Ner.* Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee.—  
There do I give to you and Jessica,  
From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,  
After his death, of all he dies possess'd of.

*Lor.* Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way  
Of starved people.

*Por.* It is almost morning,  
And yet I'm sure you are not satisfied  
Of these events at full. Let us go in;  
And charge us there upon inter'gatories,  
And we will answer all things faithfully.

*Gra.* Well, while I live, I'll fear no other thing  
So sore as keeping safe Nerissa's ring.

[*Exeunt.*

a work of *comic* art required his criminality in this point to be kept in the background. He comes very near overshadowing the other characters too much, as it is. And Shylock's character is *essentially tragic*: there is none of the proper timber of comedy in him.

## INTRODUCTION TO TWELFTH NIGHT.

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**T**HIS play was never printed, so far as is known, till in the folio of 1623. Fortunately, in this instance, the original printing was very good for that time : the errors have proved, for the most part, easy of correction ; so that the text offers little matter of difficulty or disagreement among editors. No contemporary notice of the play was discovered till the year 1828, when Mr Collier, delving among the old papers in the Museum, lighted upon a manuscript *Diary*, written by one John Manningham, a barrister at law, who was entered at the Middle Temple in 1597. It seems that the benchers and members of the several law-schools in London, which were then called "Inns of Court," were wont to have annual feasts, and to enrich their convivialities with a course of wit and poetry. So, under date of February 2d, 1602, Manningham notes : "At our feast we had a play called *Twelfth Night, or What You Will* ;" and he then goes on to state such particulars of the action as fully identify the play he saw with the one now in hand. Which ascertains that Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night* was performed before the members of the Middle Temple Inn on the old Church festival of the Purification, formerly called Candlemas ; an important link in the course of festivities that used to continue from Christmas to Shrovetide. The play was most likely fresh from the Poet's hand when the lawyers thus had the pleasure of it ; at least, the internal marks of allusion and style accord well with that supposal. In Act iii. scene 2, it is said of Malvolio, — "He does smile his face into more lines than are in the new map, with the augmentation of the Indies." This is justly explained as referring to a famous multilinear map of the world, which appeared in 1598 ; the first map of the world in which the *Eastern Islands* were included. Again, in Act iii. scene 1, we have, — "But, indeed, words are very rascals since bonds disgraced them ;" alluding, apparently, to an order issued by the Privy Council in June, 1600, laying very tight restrictions upon the stage, and providing very severe penalties for any breach thereof.

The story upon which the more serious parts of *Twelfth Night* were founded appears to have been a general favourite before and during Shakespeare's time. It is met with in various forms and under various names in the Italian, French, and English literature of that period. All those forms of the tale agree in having a brother and sister, the latter in male attire, and the two bearing so close a resemblance in person and dress as to be indistinguishable ; upon which circumstance some of the leading incidents are made to turn. But there is an Italian comedy, lately brought to light, entitled *Gl'Innannati*, which is said to have been first printed in 1537, and which differs from all other known forms of the tale in various particulars wherein *Twelfth Night* shows a close correspondence with it. In this play, a brother and sister, named Fabritio and Lelia, are separated at the sacking of Rome in 1527. Lelia is carried to Modena, where a gentleman resides named Flamineo, who was formerly a lover of hers. She disguises herself as a boy, and enters his service. Flamineo, having forgotten his Lelia, is making suit to Isabella, a lady of Modena. The disguised Lelia is employed by him in his love-suit to Isabella, who remains utterly deaf to his passion, but falls desperately in love with the messenger. After a while, the brother Fabritio arrives at Modena, and his close resemblance to Lelia in her male attire gives rise to some ludicrous mistakes. At one time a servant of Isabella meets him in the street, and takes him to her house, supposing

him to be the messenger; just as Sebastian is taken for Viola, and led to the house of Olivia. In due time the needful recognitions take place, whereupon Isabella easily transfers her affection to Fabritio, and Flamineo's heart no less easily ties up with the loving and faithful Lelia. In her disguise Lelia takes the name of Fabio; hence, most likely, the name of Fabian, who figures as one of Olivia's servants. The Italian play has also a character called Pasquella, to whom Maria corresponds; and another named *Malevolti*, of which *Malvolio* is a happy adaptation. All which fully establishes the connection between the Italian play and the English. As no translation of the former has been heard of, here again we have some reason for believing that the Poet could read Italian. As for the more comic portions of *Twelfth Night*,—those in which Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and the Clown figure so delectably,—we have no reason to suppose that any part of them was borrowed.

Hallam does not set nearly so high an estimate on *Twelfth Night* as it has long been my happiness, or my infirmity, to entertain. To me it is a mighty charming performance, insomuch that I sometimes have almost enough to do to hold fast my preference of *As You Like It*. If the characters are generally less interesting in themselves than we meet with in some of the Poet's comedies, the defect is pretty well made up by the felicitous grouping of them. Their very diversities of temper and purpose are made to act as so many mutual affinities; and this, too, in a manner so spontaneous, that we see not how they could possibly act otherwise. For broad comic effect, the cluster of which Sir Toby is the centre—all of them drawn in clear yet delicate colours—is inferior only to the unparalleled assemblage that makes rich the air of Eastcheap. Of Sir Toby himself, it is enough to say with our Mr Verplanck, that “he certainly comes out of the same associations where the Poet saw Falstaff hold his revels;” and that though “not Sir John, nor a fainter sketch of him, yet he has an odd sort of a family likeness to him.” Maria, the little structure packed so close with mental spicery, is a model of arch, roguish mischievousness, with wit to plan and art to execute whatever falls within the scope of such a character. And the array of comicalities, exhilarating as it is in itself, is rendered doubly so by the frequent changes and playings-in of poetry breathed from the sweetest spots of romance, and which “gives a very echo to the seat where love is thron'd.” For the other points, I must rest with quoting the remarks of Schlegel:

“*Twelfth Night* unites the entertainment of an intrigue, contrived with great ingenuity, to a rich fund of comic characters and situations, and the beauteous colours of an ethereal poetry. The love of the music-enraptured Duke for Olivia is an imagination; Viola appears at first to fall arbitrarily in love with the Duke, whom she serves as a page, although she afterwards touches the tenderest strings of feeling; the proud Olivia is captivated by the modest and insinuating messenger, in whom she is far from suspecting a disguised rival, and, at last, by a second deception, takes the brother for the sister. To these, which I might call ideal follies, a contrast is formed by the naked absurdities to which the entertaining tricks of the ludicrous persons of the piece give rise, under the pretext also of love;—the silly and profligate Knight's awkward courtship of Olivia, and her declaration of love to Viola; the imagination of the pedantic steward Malvolio, that his mistress is secretly in love with him, which carries him so far that he is at last shut up as a lunatic, and visited by the Clown in the dress of a priest. These scenes are admirably conceived, and as significant as they are laughable.”

# TWELFTH NIGHT; OR WHAT YOU WILL.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ORSINO, Duke of Illyria.	SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK.
SEBASTIAN, a young Gentleman, Brother to Viola.	MALVOLIO, Steward to Olivia.
ANTONIO, a Sea Captain, Friend to Sebastian.	FABIAN, } Servants to Olivia.
A Sea Captain, Friend to Viola.	FESTE, a Clown, }
VALENTINE, { Gentlemen attending on	OLIVIA, a Countess.
CURIO, } the Duke.	VIOLA, in love with the Duke.
SIR TOBY BELCH, Uncle of Olivia.	MARIA, Olivia's Woman.

Lords, a Priest, Sailors, Officers, Musicians, and other Attendants.

SCENE, a City in Illyria; and the Sea-coast near it.

## ACT I. SCENE I. *An Apartment in the DUKE'S Palace.*

*Enter the DUKE, CURIO, and Lords; Musicians attending.*

*Duke.* If music be the food of love,<sup>1</sup> play on;  
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,  
The appetite may sicken, and so die. —  
That strain again! it had a dying fall;<sup>2</sup>  
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,<sup>3</sup>  
That breathes upon a bank of violets,  
Stealing and giving odour! — Enough; no more:  
'Tis not so sweet now as it was before. —  
O, spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou!

<sup>1</sup> So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, ii. 5: "Music, moody food of us that trade in love."

<sup>2</sup> The sense of *dying*, as here used, is technically expressed by *diminuendo*.

<sup>3</sup> *South* is Pope's happy correction of *sound*, the original reading, which is retained by some recent editors. Both Knight and White argue plausibly for the latter word; still, I cannot quite see how *sound* should breathe upon a bed of flowers, "stealing and giving odour:" it seems too much like "smelling music," which were something too comic for such a strain as this. In Sidney's *Arcadia* we read: "Her breath is more sweet than a gentle *south-west* wind, which comes creeping over flowery beds and shadowed waters in the extreme heat of Summer;" which fully justifies *south* in the text, notwithstanding that the Poet elsewhere speaks of "the foggy south," "the spongy south," and "the dew-dropping south." In the same passage Sir Philip has "the flock of unspeakable virtues," which is so like "the flock of all affections" as to infer some acquaintance between the hero and the Poet.

That, notwithstanding thy capacity  
 Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,  
 Of what validity and pitch soe'er,<sup>4</sup>  
 But falls into abatement and low price,  
 Even in a minute ! so full of shapes is fancy,<sup>5</sup>  
 That it alone is high-fantastical.

*Cur.* Will you go hunt, my lord ?

*Duke.*

What, Curio ?

*Cur.* The hart.

*Duke.* Why, so I do, the noblest that I have.

O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,  
 Methought she purg'd the air of pestilence !  
 That instant was I turn'd into a hart ;  
 And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,  
 E'er since pursue me.<sup>6</sup> —

*Enter VALENTINE.*

How now ! what news from her ?

*Val.* So please my lord, I might not be admitted ;  
 But from her handmaid do return this answer :  
 The element itself, till seven years hence,<sup>7</sup>  
 Shall not behold her face at ample view ;  
 But, like a cloistress, she will veiled walk,  
 And water once a day her chamber round  
 With eye-offending brine : all this, to season  
 A brother's dead love,<sup>8</sup> which she would keep fresh  
 And lasting in her sad remembrance.

*Duke.* O, she that hath a heart of that fine frame  
 To pay this debt of love but to a brother,  
 How will she love, when the rich golden shaft  
 Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else  
 That live in her ! when liver, brain, and heart,  
 These sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and fill'd

<sup>4</sup> *Validity* is *worth, value*. So, in *All's Well that Ends Well*, Act v. scene 3: "Behold this ring, whose high respect and rich *validity* did lack a parallel."

<sup>5</sup> *Fancy* is continually used by old writers for *love*. There is a play on the word here. See page 81, note 6. Also page 138, note 8.

<sup>6</sup> Shakespeare seems to think men cautioned against too great familiarity with forbidden beauty by the fable of Acteon, who saw Diana naked, and was torn to pieces by his hounds ; as a man indulging his eyes or his imagination with a view of a woman he cannot gain, has his heart torn with incessant longing.

<sup>7</sup> The original has *heat* instead of *hence*. What *heat* should mean in such a place it is hard to say. The change was first made by Rowe, and is adopted by Dyce. *Element* here means the *sky*. So, in *2 Henry IV.*, iv. 3: "And I, in the clear sky of fame, o'ershine you as much as the full Moon doth the cinders of the *element*, which show like pins' heads to her ;" *cinders* meaning, of course, the *stars*.

<sup>8</sup> To *season* is to *preserve*. In *All's Well that Ends Well*, i. 1, tears are said to be "the best brine a maiden can *season* her praise in."

(Her sweet perfections) with one self king!<sup>9</sup> —  
 Away before me to sweet beds of flowers;  
 Love-thoughts lie rich when canopied with bowers. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The Sea-coast.*

*Enter VIOLA, Captain, and Sailors.*

*Vio.* What country, friends, is this?

*Cap.* This is Illyria, lady.

*Vio.* And what should I do in Illyria?

My brother he is in Elysium.

Perchance he is not drown'd: — What think you, sailors?

*Cap.* It is perchance that you yourself were sav'd.

*Vio.* O, my poor brother! and so perchance may he be.

*Cap.* True, Madam; and, to comfort you with chance,  
 Assure yourself, after our ship did split,  
 When you, and this poor number<sup>1</sup> sav'd with you,  
 Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,  
 Most provident in peril, bind himself  
 (Courage and hope both teaching him the practice)  
 To a strong mast that liv'd upon the sea;  
 Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,<sup>2</sup>  
 I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves  
 So long as I could see.

*Vio.* For saying so there's gold.

Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,

<sup>9</sup> This passage would run better for the sense, and equally well for the verse, if it were to read,

“when liver, brain, and heart,  
 These sovereign thrones, her sweet perfections,  
 Are all supplied and fill'd with one self king.”

Which may give the true meaning, if it be not the right order, of the text. The marks of parenthesis, though needful as the text stands, are not in the original. Liver, brain, and heart are admitted in poetry as the residence of passions, judgment, and sentiments. *Self king* apparently means the same as *self-same king*. Accordingly the second folio reads, “with one self-same king,” as if to complete the measure; but the endings *tion* and *sion* were often used as two syllables by the old poets.

<sup>1</sup> The original has *those* instead of *this*. The change is Capell's.

<sup>2</sup> Arion's feat is worthily celebrated in Wordsworth's great poem *On the Power of Sound*:

“Thy skill, Arion!  
 Could humanize the creatures of the sea,  
 Where men were monsters. A last grace he craves,  
 Leave for one chant; — the dulcet sound  
 Steals from the deck o'er willing waves,  
 And listening dolphins gather round.  
 Self-cast, as with a desperate course,  
 'Mid that strange audience, he bestrides  
 A proud one docile as a managed horse;  
 And singing, while the accordant hand  
 Sweeps his harp, the master rides.”

Whereto thy speech serves for authority,  
The like of him. Know'st thou this country?

*Cap.* Ay, Madam, well; for I was bred and born  
Not three hours' travel from this very place.

*Vio.* Who governs here?

*Cap.* A noble Duke, in nature as in name.<sup>3</sup>

*Vio.* What is his name?

*Cap.* Orsino.

*Vio.* Orsino! I have heard my father name him:  
He was a bachelor then.

*Cap.* And so is now, or was so very late:  
For but a month ago I went from hence,  
And then 'twas fresh in murmur, (as, you know,  
What great ones do the less will prattle of,)  
That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.

*Vio.* What's she?

*Cap.* A virtuous maid, the daughter of a Count  
That died some twelvemonth since; then leaving her  
In the protection of his son, her brother,  
Who shortly also died: for whose dear loss  
They say she hath abjur'd the company  
And sight of men.

*Vio.* O, that I serv'd that lady;  
And might not be deliver'd to the world,  
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,  
What my estate is!<sup>4</sup>

*Cap.* That were hard to compass;  
Because she will admit no kind of suit,  
No, not the Duke's.

*Vio.* There is a fair behaviour in thee, Captain;  
And though that Nature with a beauteous wall  
Doth oft close-in pollution, yet of thee  
I will believe thou hast a mind that suits  
With this thy fair and outward character.  
I pr'ythee, — and I'll pay thee bounteously, —  
Conceal me what I am; and be my aid  
For such disguise as haply shall become  
The form of my intent. I'll serve this Duke:  
Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>3</sup> A covert allusion, no doubt, to the great and well-known Italian family of *Orsini*, from whom the name *Orsino* is borrowed.

<sup>4</sup> Viola is herself a nobleman's daughter; and she here wishes that her birth and quality — her *estate* — may be kept secret from the world, till she has a ripe occasion for making known who she is. Certain later passages in the play seem to infer that she has already fallen in love with Duke Orsino from the descriptions she has had of him.

<sup>5</sup> This plan of Viola's was not pursued, as it would have been inconsistent with the plot of the play. She was presented as a *page*, not as an *eunuch*.

It may be worth thy pains ; for I can sing,  
And speak to him in many sorts of music,  
That will allow me very worth his service.<sup>6</sup>  
What else may hap, to time I will commit ;  
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

*Cap.* Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be ;<sup>7</sup>  
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see !

*Vio.* I thank thee : lead me on. [ *Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Room in OLIVIA'S House.*

*Enter Sir TOBY BELCH and MARIA.*

*Sir To.* What a plague means my niece, to take the death  
of her brother thus ? I am sure care's an enemy to life.

*Mar.* By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier  
o' nights : your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your  
ill hours.

*Sir To.* Why, let her except before excepted.<sup>1</sup>

*Mar.* Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest  
limits of order.

*Sir To.* Confine ! I'll confine myself no finer than I am.<sup>2</sup>  
These clothes are good enough to drink in, and so be these  
boots too ; an they be not, let them hang themselves in their  
own straps.

*Mar.* That quaffing and drinking will undo you : I heard  
my lady talk of it yesterday ; and of a foolish knight that you  
brought in one night here to be her wooer.

*Sir To.* Who ? Sir Andrew Aguecheek ?

*Mar.* Ay, he.

*Sir To.* He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.<sup>3</sup>

*Mar.* What's that to the purpose ?

*Sir To.* Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

*Mar.* Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats : he's  
a very fool and a prodigal.

*Sir To.* Fie, that you'll say so ! he plays o' the viol-de-gam-

<sup>6</sup> To *allow* is to *approve*. So used in the Bible ; as in *Romans* vii. 15 :  
" For that which I do I allow not."

<sup>7</sup> A seeming allusion to the Sultan's Court, as if *mutes* and *eunuchs* were  
understood to go together there. So, in *King Henry V.*, i. 2 : " Our grave,  
like *Turkish mute*, shall have a tongueless mouth."

<sup>1</sup> The Poet here shows his familiarity with the technical language of the  
Law ; Sir Toby being made to run a whimsical play upon the old legal  
phrase, " those things being excepted which were before excepted."

<sup>2</sup> Sir Toby purposely misunderstands *confine*, taking it in the sense of  
*refine*.

<sup>3</sup> The use of *tall* for *bold*, *valiant*, *stout*, was common in Shakespeare's  
time, and occurs several times in his works. Sir Toby is evidently bantering  
with the word, Sir Andrew being equally deficient in spirit and in stature.

boys,<sup>4</sup> and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of Nature.

*Mar.* He hath, indeed, all most natural:<sup>5</sup> for, besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and, but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

*Sir To.* By this hand, they are scoundrels and substractors<sup>6</sup> that say so of him. Who are they?

*Mar.* They that add, moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

*Sir To.* With drinking healths to my niece: I'll drink to her as long as there is a passage in my throat and drink in Illyria. He's a coward and a coistrel<sup>7</sup> that will not drink to my niece till his brains turn o' the toe like a parish-top.<sup>8</sup> What, wench! *Castiliano vulgo*;<sup>9</sup> for here comes Sir Andrew Agueface.

*Enter Sir ANDREW AGUECHEEK.*

*Sir And.* Sir Toby Belch,—how now, Sir Toby Belch!

*Sir To.* Sweet Sir Andrew!

*Sir And.* Bless you, fair shrew.

*Mar.* And you too, sir.

*Sir To.* Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.<sup>10</sup>

*Sir And.* What's that?

*Sir To.* My niece's chamber-maid.

*Sir And.* Good Mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

<sup>4</sup> *Viol-de-gamboys* is a Tobyism for *viol da gamba*, an instrument like the violoncello, and much used in the Poet's time; so called because it was held between the legs; *gamba* being Italian for *leg*.

<sup>5</sup> For this use of *natural*, see page 29, note 4. *Gust*, later in the speech, is "*taste* for quarrelling;" from the Italian *gusto*; not much used now, though we have its sense in *disgust*.

<sup>6</sup> Another Tobyism for *detractors*.

<sup>7</sup> Holinshed classes *coistrels* among the unwarlike followers of an army. It was thus used as a term of contempt.

<sup>8</sup> A large top was formerly kept in each village for the peasantry to amuse themselves with in frosty weather. "He sleeps like a town-top," is an old proverb.

<sup>9</sup> It is generally allowed that here is a mistake; though whether it be the printer's or Sir Toby's, is somewhat questionable. Warburton proposed *volto*, wherein he has generally been followed. The meaning in this case would be, "put on a Castilian face;" that is, grave looks. Mr. Verplanck aptly suggests that both *vulgo* and *volto* may be right; Sir Toby using the one and meaning the other, thus blundering, as he has done a little before in using *viol-de-gamboys* for *viol da gamba*. The Knight has already said that Sir Andrew "speaks three or four languages;" and it is not unlikely that he is here rivalling his learned friend, or perhaps ridiculing him.

<sup>10</sup> Sir Toby speaks more learnedly than intelligibly here, using *accost* in its original sense. The word is from the French *accoster*, to come *side by side*, or to *approach*. *Accost* is seldom used thus, which accounts for Sir Andrew's mistake.

*Mar.* My name is Mary, sir.

*Sir And.* Good Mistress Mary Accost, —

*Sir To.* You mistake, Knight; *accost* is front her, board her, woo her, assail her.

*Sir And.* By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of *accost*?

*Mar.* Fare you well, gentlemen.

*Sir To.* An thou let her part so, Sir Andrew, would thou might'st never draw sword again!

*Sir And.* An you part so, Mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

*Mar.* Sir, I have not you by the hand.

*Sir And.* Marry, but you shall have; and here's my hand.

*Mar.* Now, sir, thought is free: I pray you, bring your hand to th' buttery-bar, and let it drink.<sup>11</sup>

*Sir And.* Wherefore, sweetheart? what's your metaphor?

*Mar.* It's dry, sir.

*Sir And.* Why, I think so; I am not such an ass but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?

*Mar.* A dry jest, sir.

*Sir And.* Are you full of them?

*Mar.* Ay, sir; I have them at my fingers' ends: marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren. [*Exit MARIA.*]

*Sir To.* O Knight, thou lack'st a cup of canary: When did I see thee so put down?

*Sir And.* Never in your life, I think; unless you saw canary put me down. Methinks sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian or an ordinary man has: but I am a great eater of beef, and I believe that does harm to my wit.<sup>12</sup>

*Sir To.* No question.

*Sir And.* An I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby.

*Sir To.* *Pourquoi*, my dear Knight?

*Sir And.* What is *pourquoi*? do or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting: O, had I but followed the Arts!

*Sir To.* Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

*Sir And.* Why, would that have mended my hair?

*Sir To.* Past question; for thou seest it will not curl by nature.<sup>13</sup>

*Sir And.* But it becomes me well enough, does't not?

<sup>11</sup> The *buttery* was formerly a place for all sorts of gastric refreshments, and a dry hand was considered a symptom of debility.

<sup>12</sup> So, in *The Haven of Health*, 1584: "Galen affirmeth that biese maketh grosse blonde and engendreth melancholie, especially if it is much eaten, and if such as doe eat it be of a melancholy complexion."

<sup>13</sup> The original has *cool my nature*. The happy emendation is Theobald's.

*Sir To.* Excellent; it hangs like flax on a distaff; and I hope to see a housewife take thee and spin it off.

*Sir And.* 'Faith, I'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby: your niece will not be seen; or, if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me: the Count himself<sup>14</sup> here hard by woos her.

*Sir To.* She'll none o' the Count: she'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear't. Tut, there's life in't, man.<sup>15</sup>

*Sir And.* I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' the strangest mind i' the world: I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

*Sir To.* Art thou good at these kickshaws, Knight?

*Sir And.* As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters; and yet I will not compare with an old man.

*Sir To.* What is thy excellence in a galliard, Knight?

*Sir And.* 'Faith, I can cut a caper.

*Sir To.* And I can cut the mutton to't.<sup>16</sup>

*Sir And.* And I think I have the back-trick simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

*Sir To.* Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before 'em? are they like to take dust, like Mistress Mall's picture?<sup>17</sup> why dost thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto?<sup>18</sup> My very walk should be a jig. What dost thou mean? is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was form'd under the star of a galliard.

*Sir And.* Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a damask-colour'd stock.<sup>19</sup> Shall we set about some revels?

<sup>14</sup> The titles *Duke* and *Count* are used indifferently of Orsino. The reason of this, if there be any, is not apparent. The Poet of course understood the difference between a duke and a count, well enough. Mr. White suggests that in a revival of the play he may have concluded to change the title, and then, for some cause, left the change incomplete.

<sup>15</sup> Equivalent to, "there is *hope* in it." It was a phrase of the time.

<sup>16</sup> A double pun is probably intended here; the meaning being, if you can do the man's part in a galliard, I can do the woman's. *Mutton* was sometimes used as a slang term for a *woman*.

<sup>17</sup> *Mistress Mall* was a very celebrated character of the Poet's time, who played many parts (not on the stage) in male attire. Her real name was Mary Frith, though commonly known as Mall Cutpurse. In 1610 a book was entered at the Stationers, called *The Madde Prankes of Merry Mall of the Bankside, with her Walks in Man's Apparel, and to what purpose*, by John Day. Middleton and Dekker wrote a comedy entitled *The Roaring Girl*, of which she was the heroine. Portraits were commonly curtained to keep off the dust.

<sup>18</sup> *Galliard* and *coranto* are names of dances: the galliard, a lively, stirring dance, from a Spanish word signifying cheerful, gay; the coranto, a quick dance for two persons, described as "traversing and running, as our country dance, but having twice as much in a strain."

<sup>19</sup> *Stock* is here used for *stocking*. The original has *dam'd colour'd*, evidently a misprint, which Pope changed to *flame-colour'd*. Knight proposed

*Sir To.* What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus?

*Sir And.* Taurus! that's sides and heart.

*Sir To.* No, sir; it is legs and thighs.<sup>20</sup> Let me see thee caper. [*Sir AND. dances.*] Ha! higher: ha, ha! — excellent! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *A Room in the Duke's Palace.*

*Enter VALENTINE, and VIOLA in Man's Attire.*

*Val.* If the Duke continue these favours towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanc'd: he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

*Vio.* You either fear his humour or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love. Is he inconstant, sir, in his favours?

*Val.* No, believe me.

*Vio.* I thank you. Here comes the Count.

*Enter the DUKE, CURIO, and Attendants.*

*Duke.* Who saw Cesario, ho?

*Vio.* On your attendance, my lord; here.

*Duke.* Stand you awhile aloof. — Cesario, Thou know'st no less but all; I have unclasp'd To thee the book even of my secret soul: Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her;<sup>1</sup> Be not denied access; stand at her doors, And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow Till thou have audience.

*Vio.* Sure, my noble lord, If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

*Duke.* Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds, Rather than make unprofited return.

*Vio.* Say I do speak with her, my lord, what then?

*Duke.* O, then unfold the passion of my love; Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith! It shall become thee well to act my woes;

*damask-colour'd*, which, besides being quite as good in itself, comes nearer the original text. Drayton has "the damask-colour'd dove," and in this play we have "damask cheek."

<sup>20</sup> Alluding to the medical astrology of the almanacs. Both the knights are wrong; the zodiacal sign Taurus having reference to the neck and throat. The point seems to be that Sir Toby is poking fun at Sir Andrew's conceit of agility: "I can cut a caper."

<sup>1</sup> Direct your way to her. *Address* was often used in the sense of *prepare*.

She will attend it better in thy youth  
Than in a nuncio of more grave aspect.

*Vio.* I think not so, my lord.

*Duke.*

Dear lad, believe it ;

For they shall yet belie thy happy years,  
That say thou art a man : Diana's lip  
Is not more smooth and rubious ; thy small pipe  
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill in sound,  
And all is semblative a woman's part.  
I know thy constellation is right apt  
For this affair. — Some four or five attend him ;  
All, if you will ; for I myself am best  
When least in company. — Prosper well in this,  
And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,  
To call his fortunes thine.

*Vio.* I'll do my best  
To woo your lady : — [*Aside.*] yet, a barful strife !<sup>2</sup>  
Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *A Room in OLIVIA'S House.*

*Enter MARIA and the Clown.*

*Mar.* Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I will  
not open my lips so wide as<sup>1</sup> a bristle may enter in way of  
thy excuse : My lady will hang thee for thy absence.

*Clo.* Let her hang me : he that is well hang'd in this world  
needs to fear no colours.<sup>2</sup>

*Mar.* Make that good.

*Clo.* He shall see none to fear.

*Mar.* A good lenten answer.<sup>3</sup> I can tell thee where that  
saying was born, of, *I fear no colours.*

*Clo.* Where, good Mistress Mary ?

*Mar.* In the wars ; and that may you be bold to say in your  
foolery.

*Clo.* Well, God give them wisdom that have it ; and those  
that are fools, let them use their talents.

*Mar.* Yet you will be hang'd for being so long absent ; or  
to be turn'd away, — is not that as good as a hanging to you ?

<sup>2</sup> A strife full of *bars*, or impediments.

<sup>1</sup> *As* and *that* were used indifferently in the Poet's time ; the words not  
having become fully differentiated.

<sup>2</sup> Both the origin of this phrase and the meaning attached to it, notwith-  
standing Maria's explanation, are still obscure. *Colours* is still used for *flag* ;  
and probably it is here to be taken in a figurative sense for *enemy*.

<sup>3</sup> Probably a *short* or *spare* answer ; like the diet used in Lent. *Lenten*  
might be applied to any thing that marked the season of Lent. Thus Taylor,  
the water-poet, speaks of "a lenten top," which people amused themselves  
with during Lent ; and in *Hamlet* we have, "what lenten entertainment the  
players shall receive from you."

*Olo.* Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and, for turning away, let Summer bear it out.

*Mar.* You are resolute then?

*Olo.* Not so neither; but I am resolv'd on two points.

*Mar.* That if one break the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaskins fall.<sup>4</sup>

*Olo.* Apt, in good faith; very apt. Well, go thy way: if Sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.

*Mar.* Peace, you rogue! no more o' that. Here comes my lady: make your excuse wisely; you were best. [*Exit.*

*Olo.* Wit, an't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits that think they have thee do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man. For what says Quinapalus? *Better a witty fool, than a foolish wit.*—

*Enter OLIVIA, MALVOLIO, and Attendants.*

God bless thee, lady!

*Oli.* Take the Fool away.

*Olo.* Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.

*Oli.* Go to, you're a dry Fool; I'll no more of you: besides, you grow dishonest.

*Olo.* Two faults, Madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend: for give the dry Fool drink, then is the Fool not dry; bid the dishonest man mend himself,—if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him. Any thing that's mended is but patch'd: virtue that transgresses is but patch'd with sin; and sin that amends is but patch'd with virtue. If that this simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, what remedy? As there is no true [dishonour] but calamity, so beauty's a flower.—The lady bade take away the Fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.

*Oli.* Sir, I bade them take away you.

*Olo.* Misprision in the highest degree!—Lady, *Cucullus non facit monachum*;<sup>5</sup> that's as much as to say, I wear not motley in my brain. Good Madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

*Oli.* Can you do it?

*Olo.* Dexteriously, good Madonna.

*Oli.* Make your proof.

*Olo.* I must catechize you for it, Madonna. Good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

<sup>4</sup> Maria quibbles upon *points*. *Gaskins* was the name of a man's nether garment, large hose, or trousers; and the points were the tags or laces which being tied, held it up.

<sup>5</sup> A cowl does not make a monk.

*Oli.* Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll 'bide your proof.

*Clo.* Good Madonna, why mourn'st thou?

*Oli.* Good Fool, for my brother's death.

*Clo.* I think his soul is in Hell, Madonna.

*Oli.* I know his soul is in Heaven, Fool.

*Clo.* The more fool, Madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in Heaven. — Take away the fool, gentlemen.

*Oli.* What think you of this Fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend?

*Mal.* Yes; and shall do, till the pangs of death shake him. Infirmary, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

*Clo.* God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn that I am no fox; but he will not pass his word for two-pence that you are no fool.

*Oli.* How say you to that, Malvolio?

*Mal.* I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal: I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool, that has no more brain than a stone. Look you now, he's out of his guard already: unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagged. I protest I take those wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, to be no better than the fool's zanies.<sup>6</sup>

*Oli.* O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distemper'd appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts<sup>7</sup> that you deem cannon-bullets. There is no slander in an allow'd fool,<sup>8</sup> though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

*Clo.* Now, Mercury endue thee with leasing,<sup>9</sup> for thou speak'st well of fools!

<sup>6</sup> The *zany* in Shakespeare's day was the attenuated mime of the mimic. He was the servant or attendant of the professional clown, who accompanied him on the stage or in the ring, attempting to imitate his tricks, and adding to the general merriment by his ludicrous failures and comic imbecility. It is this characteristic, not merely of mimicry, but of weak and abortive mimicry, that gives its distinctive meaning to the word, and colours it with a special tinge of contempt. This feature of the early stage has descended to our own times, and may still be found in the performances of the circus. We have ourselves seen the clown and the zany in the ring together; the clown doing clever tricks, the zany provoking immense laughter by his ludicrous failures in attempting to imitate them. — *Edinburgh Review*, July, 1869.

<sup>7</sup> *Bird-bolts* were short thick arrows with obtuse ends, used for shooting young rooks and other birds. See page 92, note 11.

<sup>8</sup> An *allow'd fool* was the domestic fool or court fool, like Touchstone in *As You Like It*; that is, the jester by profession, who dressed in motley; with whom folly was an art; and whose functions are so admirably set forth by Jaques in the play just mentioned, Act ii. scene 7.

<sup>9</sup> The Clown means, that unless Olivia *lied* she could not "speak well of fools;" therefore he prays Mercury to endue her with *leasing*. *Leasing* was about the same as our *fibbing*.

*Re-enter MARIA.*

*Mar.* Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman much desires to speak with you.

*Oli.* From the Count Orsino, is it?

*Mar.* I know not, Madam; 'tis a fair young man, and well attended.

*Oli.* Who of my people hold him in delay?

*Mar.* Sir Toby, Madam, your kinsman.

*Oli.* Fetch him off, I pray you; he speaks nothing but madman: Fie on him! [*Exit MARIA.*]—Go you, Malvolio: if it be a suit from the Count, I am sick, or not at home; what you will, to dismiss it. [*Exit MAL.*]—Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

*Clo.* Thou hast spoke for us, Madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool; whose skull Jove cram with brains! for here comes one of thy kin has a most weak *pia mater*.<sup>10</sup>

*Enter Sir TOBY BELCH.*

*Oli.* By mine honour, half drunk.—What is he at the gate, cousin?

*Sir To.* A gentleman.

*Oli.* A gentleman! what gentleman?

*Sir To.* 'Tis a gentleman here—A plague o' these pickle-herrings!<sup>11</sup>—How now, sot!<sup>12</sup>

*Clo.* Good Sir Toby!—

*Oli.* Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy?

*Sir To.* Lechery! I defy lechery. There's one at the gate.

*Oli.* Ay, marry, what is he?

*Sir To.* Let him be the Devil, an he will, I care not: give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one. [*Exit.*]

*Oli.* What's a drunken man like, Fool?

*Clo.* Like a drown'd man, a fool, and a madman: one draught above heat makes him a fool, the second mads him, and a third drowns him.

*Oli.* Go thou and seek the crowner, and let him sit o' my coz; for he's in the third degree of drink; he's drown'd: go, look after him.

*Clo.* He is but mad yet, Madonna; and the fool shall look to the madman. [*Exeunt Clown and Attendants.*]

<sup>10</sup> The membrane that covers the brain.

<sup>11</sup> Pickled herrings seem to have been a common relish in drunken sprees. Gabriel Harvey says of Robert Greene, the profligate dramatist, that he died "of a surfett of pickle herringe and Rennishe wine."

<sup>12</sup> *Sot* is used by the Poet for *fool*; as in *The Merry Wives* Dr. Caius says, "Have you make-a de sot of us?"

*Re-enter MALVOLIO.*

*Mal.* Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick: he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you. I told him you were asleep: he seems to have a foreknowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he's fortified against any denial.

*Oli.* Tell him he shall not speak with me.

*Mal.* H' 'as been told so; and he says he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post,<sup>13</sup> and be the supporter to a bench, but he'll speak with you.

*Oli.* What kind of man is he?

*Mal.* Why, of man kind.

*Oli.* What manner of man?

*Mal.* Of very ill manner; he'll speak with you, will you or no.

*Oli.* Of what personage and years is he?

*Mal.* Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a codling when 'tis almost an apple:<sup>14</sup> 'tis with him e'en standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favour'd, and he speaks very shrewishly:<sup>15</sup> one would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

*Oli.* Let him approach; call in my gentlewoman.

*Mal.* Gentlewoman, my lady calls. *[Exit.*

*Re-enter MARIA.*

*Oli.* Give me my veil; come, throw it o'er my face:  
We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

*Enter VIOLA.*

*Vio.* The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

*Oli.* Speak to me; I shall answer for her. Your will?

*Vio.* Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty,—  
I pray you, tell me if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her: I would be loth to cast away my speech; for, besides that it is excellently well penn'd, I have taken great pains to

<sup>13</sup> The sheriffs formerly had painted posts set up at their doors on which proclamations and placards were affixed.

<sup>14</sup> A *codling*, according to Mr. Gifford, means an *involucrum* or *kell*, and was used by our old writers for that early stage of vegetation, when the fruit, after shaking off the blossom, began to assume a globular and determinate shape. The original of *squash* was used of such young vegetables as were eaten in that state.

<sup>15</sup> *Shrewishly* is *sharply, tartly*; like a *shrew*. So, of old, *shrewd* meant *keen* or *biting*. See page 95, note 21.

con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn; I am very comptible even to the least sinister usage.<sup>16</sup>

*Oli.* Whence came you, sir?

*Vio.* I can say little more than I have studied, and that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

*Oli.* Are you a comedian?

*Vio.* No, my profound heart! and yet, by the very fangs of malice I swear I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house?

*Oli.* If I do not usurp myself, I am.

*Vio.* Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself; for what is yours to bestow is not yours to reserve. But this is from my commission: I will on with my speech in your praise, and then show you the heart of my message.

*Oli.* Come to what is important in't: I forgive you the praise.

*Vio.* Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.

*Oli.* It is the more like to be feigned: I pray you, keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates; and allow'd your approach, rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be mad, be gone; if you have reason, be brief: 'tis not that time of Moon with me to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

*Mar.* Will you hoist sail, sir? here lies your way.

*Vio.* No, good swabber; I am to hull here a little longer.<sup>17</sup> — Some mollification for your giant,<sup>18</sup> sweet lady.

*Oli.* Tell me your mind.

*Vio.* I am a messenger.<sup>19</sup>

*Oli.* Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

*Vio.* It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage: I hold the olive in my hand; my words are as full of peace as matter.

*Oli.* Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

*Vio.* The rudeness that hath appear'd in me have I learn'd

<sup>16</sup> *Comptible* is *susceptible*, or *sensitive*. The proper meaning of the word is *accountable*.

<sup>17</sup> To *hull* is a nautical term, probably meaning to haul in sails and lay-to, without coming to anchor. *Swabber* is also a nautical term, used of one who attends to the swabbing or cleaning of the deck.

<sup>18</sup> Ladies in romance are guarded by giants. Viola, seeing the waiting-maid so eager to oppose her message, entreats Olivia to pacify her giant, alluding, ironically, to the small stature of Maria.

<sup>19</sup> Viola's being a messenger implies that it is not her own mind, but that of the sender, that she is to tell. The original runs these two little speeches in with the preceding speech of Viola.

from my entertainment. What I am and what I would are as secret as maidenhood: to your ears, divinity; to any other's, profanation.

*Oli.* Give us the place alone: we will hear this divinity. —  
[*Exit MARIA.*] Now, sir, what is your text?

*Vio.* Most sweet lady, —

*Oli.* A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?

*Vio.* In Orsino's bosom.

*Oli.* In his bosom! In what chapter of his bosom?

*Vio.* To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

*Oli.* O, I have read it; it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

*Vio.* Good Madam, let me see your face.

*Oli.* Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? you are now out of your text: but we will draw the curtain, and show you the picture. Look you, sir; such a one I was this present.<sup>20</sup> Is't not well done?

[*Unveiling.*

*Vio.* Excellently done, if God did all.

*Oli.* 'Tis in-grain, sir; 'twill endure wind and weather.

*Vio.* 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white  
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:  
Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive,  
If you will lead these graces to the grave;  
And leave the world no copy.

*Oli.* O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give out divers schedules of my beauty. It shall be inventoried, and every particle and utensil labell'd to my will: as, item, two lips indifferent red; item, two gray eyes, with lids to them;<sup>21</sup> item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to 'praise me?<sup>22</sup>

*Vio.* I see you what you are; you are too proud;  
But, if you were the Devil, you are fair.  
My lord and master loves you: O, such love  
Could be but recompens'd, though you were crown'd  
The nonpareil of beauty!

*Oli.* How does he love me?

*Vio.* With adorations, with fertile tears,  
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

*Oli.* Your lord does know my mind; I cannot love him:

<sup>20</sup> It is to be borne in mind that the idea of a picture is continued; the meaning being, "behold the picture of me, such as I am at the present moment."

<sup>21</sup> *Blue* eyes were called *gray* in the Poet's time.

<sup>22</sup> To *appraise* me; referring to the *inventory* she has just given of her beauty.

Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,  
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;  
In voices well divulg'd,<sup>23</sup> free, learn'd, and valiant;  
And, in dimension and the shape of nature,  
A gracious person; but yet I cannot love him:  
He might have took his answer long ago.

*Vio.* If I did love you in my master's flame,  
With such a suffering, such a deadly love,<sup>24</sup>  
In your denial I would find no sense;  
I would not understand it.

*Oli.* Why, what would you?

*Vio.* Make me a willow cabin at your gate,  
And call upon my soul within the house;  
Write loyal cantons of contemned love,<sup>25</sup>  
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;  
Holla your name to the reverberate hills,  
And make the babbling gossip of the air<sup>26</sup>  
Cry out, *Olivia!* O, you should not rest  
Between the elements of air and earth,  
But you should pity me!

*Oli.* You might do much. What is your parentage?

*Vio.* Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:  
I am a gentleman.

*Oli.* Get you to your lord;  
I cannot love him: let him send no more;  
Unless, perchance, you come to me again  
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well:  
I thank you for your pains: spend this for me.

*Vio.* I am no fee'd post, lady; keep your purse:  
My master, not myself, lacks recompense.  
Love make his heart of flint that you shall love;  
And let your fervour, like my master's, be  
Plac'd in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty.

[*Exit.*

*Oli.* What is your parentage?

*Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:*

*I am a gentleman.* — I'll be sworn thou art:

Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,  
Do give thee five-fold blazon. — Not too fast; —  
Soft, soft! —

Unless the master were the man. — How now!

<sup>23</sup> Meaning, perhaps, well spoken of, well voiced in the public mouth; or it may mean well reputed for knowledge in the languages, which was esteemed a great accomplishment in the Poet's time.

<sup>24</sup> The original has *life* instead of *love*. I cannot easily make any sense out of *life* here, and have no doubt that *love* was the Poet's word.

<sup>25</sup> *Cantons* is the old English word for *cantos*.

<sup>26</sup> A Shakespearian expression for *echo*.

Even so quickly may one catch the plague?  
 Methinks I feel this youth's perfections  
 With an invisible and subtle stealth  
 To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be. —  
 What, ho! Malvolio!

*Re-enter MALVOLIO.*

*Mal.* Here, Madam, at your service.

*Oli.* Run after that same peevish messenger,<sup>27</sup>  
 The County's man: he left this ring behind him,  
 Would I or not: tell him I'll none of it.  
 Desire him not to flatter with his lord,  
 Nor hold him up with hopes; I am not for him:  
 If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,  
 I'll give him reasons for't. Hie thee, Malvolio.

*Mal.* Madam, I will.

[*Exit.*

*Oli.* I do I know not what; and fear to find  
 Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.<sup>28</sup>  
 Fate, show thy force: ourselves we do not owe;<sup>29</sup>  
 What is decreed, must be; and be this so!

[*Exit.*

## ACT II. SCENE I. *The Sea-coast.*

*Enter ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN.*

*Ant.* Will you stay no longer? nor will you not that I go with you?

*Seb.* By your patience, no. My stars shine darkly over me: the malignancy of my fate might perhaps distemper yours; therefore I shall crave of you your leave that I may bear my evils alone: It were a bad recompense for your love, to lay any of them on you.

*Ant.* Let me yet know of you whither you are bound.

*Seb.* No, sooth, sir; my determinate voyage is mere extravagancy.<sup>1</sup> But I perceive in you so excellent a touch of

<sup>27</sup> *Peevish* was commonly used for *foolish* or *childish*; hence, perhaps, the meaning it now bears of *fretful*. It may have either meaning here, or both.

<sup>28</sup> She fears that her eyes had formed so flattering an idea of the supposed youth Cesario, that she should not have strength of mind sufficient to resist the impression.

<sup>29</sup> We are not our own masters; we cannot govern ourselves. *Owe* for *own*, *possess*.

<sup>1</sup> The purpose of my voyage ends with the voyage itself, or I am travelling merely for the sake of travel. *Extravagancy* is used in the Latin sense of going at large; as, in *Hamlet*, i. 1: "Th' *extravagant* and erring spirit hies to his confine."

modesty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in; therefore it charges me in manners the rather to express myself.<sup>2</sup> You must know of me, then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I call'd Roderigo: my father was that Sebastian of Messaline,<sup>3</sup> whom I know you have heard of. He left behind him myself and a sister, both born in an hour: If the Heavens had been pleas'd, would we had so ended! but you, sir, alter'd that; for some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea was my sister drown'd.

*Ant.* Alas the day!

*Seb.* A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful: but, though I could not, with such an estimable wonder,<sup>4</sup> overfar believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her, — she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair. She is drown'd already, sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

*Ant.* Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

*Seb.* O, good Antonio, forgive me your trouble!

*Ant.* If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant.<sup>5</sup>

*Seb.* If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recover'd, desire it not. Fare ye well at once: my bosom is full of kindness; and I am yet so near the manners of my mother, that, upon the least occasion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the Count Orsino's Court: farewell. [*Exit.*

*Ant.* The gentleness of all the gods go with thee!  
I have many enemies in Orsino's Court,  
Else would I very shortly see thee there:

<sup>2</sup> To declare or unfold myself. Sebastian holds himself the more bound to give the information, inasmuch as Antonio's delicacy keeps him from asking.

<sup>3</sup> Some editors think this should be *Mytilene*, an island in the Archipelago, no such place as *Messaline* being known.

<sup>4</sup> The original omits the article *an* here, and thus leaves the passage unintelligible. With the article, the meaning is, "Though I could not, when compared with a person of such admirable beauty, over-far believe that I resembled her." Both the insertion of *an* and the explanation are from Mr. W. Williams.

<sup>5</sup> This may refer to what is thus delivered by Sir Walter Scott in *The Pirate*: When Mordaunt has rescued Cleveland from the sea, and is trying to revive him, Bryce the pedler says to him, — "Are you mad? you, that have so long lived in Zetland, to risk the saving of a drowning man? Wot ye not, if you bring him to life again, he will be sure to do you some capital injury?" Sir Walter suggests in a note that this inhuman maxim was probably held by the islanders of the Orkneys, as an excuse for leaving all to perish alone who were shipwrecked upon their coasts, to the end that there might be nothing to hinder the plundering of their goods; which of course could not well be, if any of the owners survived.

But, come what may, I do adore thee so,  
That danger shall seem sport, and I will go.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *A Street.*

*Enter VIOLA ; MALVOLIO following.*

*Mal.* Were not you even now with the Countess Olivia ?

*Vio.* Even now, sir ; on a moderate pace I have since arriv'd but hither.

*Mal.* She returns this ring to you, sir : you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him : and one thing more ; that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so.<sup>1</sup>

*Vio.* She took the ring of me :<sup>2</sup> I'll none of it.

*Mal.* Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her ; and her will is, it should be so return'd : if it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye ; if not, be it his that finds it. [*Exit.*]

*Vio.* I left no ring with her : What means this lady ?  
Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd her !  
She made good view of me ; indeed, so much,  
That, as methought, her eyes had lost her tongue,  
For she did speak in starts distractedly.<sup>3</sup>  
She loves me, sure ; the cunning of her passion  
Invites me in this churlish messenger.  
None of my lord's ring ! why, he sent her none. —  
I am the man : — If it be so, — as 'tis, —  
Poor lady, she were better love a dream. —  
Disguise, I see thou art a wickedness,  
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.<sup>4</sup>  
How easy is it for the proper-false  
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms !<sup>5</sup>  
Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we ;  
For, such as we are made of, such we be.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "Receive it so" is "understand it so." *Take* is still used thus.

<sup>2</sup> The editors generally have not understood this, and so have tried to mend it. Viola, with instantaneous tact, divines the meaning of the ring, and takes care not to expose Olivia's tender weakness. Dyce prints, "She took no ring of me."

<sup>3</sup> Her eyes were so charmed that she lost the right use of her tongue, and let it run as if it were divided from her judgment.

<sup>4</sup> *Pregnant* is *quick-witted, cunning*.

<sup>5</sup> *Proper* is here used in the sense of *handsome* ; the meaning of the passage being, "How easy it is for handsome deceivers to print their forms in the waxen hearts of women." Such compounds as *proper-false* are not unusual in *Shakespeare*. *Beauteous-evil* occurs in this play.

<sup>6</sup> *Such* evidently refers to *frailty* in the preceding line ; the sense being, "Since we are made of frailty, we must needs be frail."

How will this fadge?<sup>7</sup> My master loves her dearly;  
 And I, poor monster, fond as much on him,  
 As she, mistaken, seems to dote on me.  
 What will become of this? As I am man,  
 My state is desperate for my master's love;  
 As I am woman, — now alas the day! —  
 What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe!  
 O Time, thou must untangle this, not I;  
 It is too hard a knot for me t' untie!

[*Exit.*

SCENE III. *A Room in OLIVIA'S House.*

*Enter Sir TOBY BELCH and Sir ANDREW AGUECHEEK.*

*Sir To.* Approach, Sir Andrew: not to be a-bed after midnight is to be up betimes; and *diluculo surgere*,<sup>1</sup> thou know'st, —

*Sir And.* Nay, by my troth, I know not; but I know to be up late is to be up late.

*Sir To.* A false conclusion; I hate it as an unfill'd can. To be up after midnight, and to go to bed then, is early: so that to go to bed after midnight is to go to bed betimes. Does not our life consist of the four elements?<sup>2</sup>

*Sir And.* 'Faith, so they say; but I think it rather consists of eating and drinking.

*Sir To.* Thou'rt a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink. — Maria, I say! a stoup of wine!<sup>3</sup>

*Sir And.* Here comes the Fool, i' faith.

*Enter the Clown.*

*Clo.* How now, my hearts! Did you never see the picture of *We Three*?<sup>4</sup>

*Sir To.* Welcome, ass: Now let's have a catch.

*Sir And.* By my troth, the Fool has an excellent breast.<sup>5</sup> I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the Fool has. — In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spok'st of Pigno-

<sup>7</sup> *Fadge*, in the sense of *fit* or *suit*, was a polite, handsome word in the Poet's time, and moved in the best circles.

<sup>1</sup> *Diluculo surgere, saluberrimum est.* This adage is in Lily's Grammar. It means, "To rise betimes is very wholesome."

<sup>2</sup> The four elements referred to are earth, water, air, and fire; the right mixing of which was supposed to be the condition of health in body and mind.

<sup>3</sup> *Stoup* is an old word for *cup*; often used by the Poet.

<sup>4</sup> Alluding to an old common sign representing *two* fools or loggerheads, under which was inscribed, "We three loggerheads be."

<sup>5</sup> *Breast* was often used for *voice* in the Poet's time. Thus we have the phrase, "singing men *well-breasted*." This use of the word grew from the form of the breast having much to do with the quality of the voice.

gromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus; 'twas very good, i' faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman.<sup>6</sup> Hadst it?

*Clo.* I did impetecos thy gratillity;<sup>7</sup> for Malvolio's nose is no whipstock, my lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

*Sir And.* Excellent! Why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song.

*Sir To.* Come on; there is sixpence for you: let's have a song.

*Sir And.* There's a testril of me too:<sup>8</sup> if one knight give a —

*Clo.* Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?<sup>9</sup>

*Sir To.* A love-song, a love-song.

*Sir And.* Ay, ay; I care not for good life.

*Song.*

*Clo.* *O, mistress mine, where are you roaming?  
O, stay and hear; your true love's coming,  
That can sing both high and low:  
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;  
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,  
Every wise man's son doth know.*

*Sir And.* Excellent good, i' faith.

*Sir To.* Good, good.

*Clo.* *What is love? 'tis not hereafter;  
Present mirth hath present laughter;  
What's to come is still unsure:  
In delay there lies no plenty;  
Then come kiss me, sweet-and-twenty,<sup>10</sup>  
Youth's a stuff will not endure.*

*Sir And.* A mellifluous voice, as I am a true knight.

*Sir To.* A contagious breath.

*Sir And.* Very sweet and contagious, i' faith.

*Sir To.* To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance indeed?<sup>11</sup> Shall we rouse

<sup>6</sup> *Leman* is mistress or sweetheart.

<sup>7</sup> *Impetticoat*, or *impocket*, thy gratuity. Some have complained seriously that they could not understand the Clown in this scene; which is shrewd proof they did not understand the *Poet*!

<sup>8</sup> The *testril* or *testern* was originally a French coin, of sixpence value, or thereabouts; so called from having a *teste* or head stamped upon it. This speech is left incomplete in the original. Some have undertaken to complete it; but I suspect it is right as it is.

<sup>9</sup> A civil and virtuous song, as it is called in *The Mad Pranks of Robin Goodfellow*.

<sup>10</sup> *Sweet-and-twenty* appears to have been an ancient term of endearment.

<sup>11</sup> Drink till the sky seems to turn round.

the night-owl in a catch, that will draw three souls out of one weaver?<sup>12</sup> shall we do that?

*Sir And.* An you love me, let's do't: I am dog at a catch.

*Clo.* By'r Lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

*Sir And.* Most certain. Let our catch be, *Thou Knave*.

*Clo.* *Hold thy peace, thou knave*, Knight? I shall be constrain'd in't to call thee knave, Knight.

*Sir And.* 'Tis not the first time I have constrained one to call me knave. Begin, Fool: it begins, *Hold thy peace*.

*Clo.* I shall never begin, if I hold my peace.

*Sir And.* Good, i' faith! Come, begin. [*They sing a Catch.*

*Enter MARIA.*

*Mar.* What a caterwauling do you keep here! If my lady have not call'd up her steward, Malvolio, and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

*Sir To.* My lady's a Cataian,<sup>13</sup> we are politicians; Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey, and *Three merry men be we!* Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tilly-vally,<sup>14</sup> lady! [*Sings.*] *There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!*<sup>15</sup>

*Clo.* Beshrew me, the Knight's in admirable fooling.

*Sir And.* Ay, he does well enough, if he be dispos'd, and so do I too: he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

*Sir To.* [*Sings.*] *O, the twelfth day of December,—*

*Mar.* For the love o' God, peace!

*Enter MALVOLIO.*

*Mal.* My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do you make an alehouse of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers'<sup>16</sup> catches without any

<sup>12</sup> Shakespeare represents weavers as much given to harmony in his time. Sir Toby meant that the catch should be so harmonious that it would hale the soul out of a weaver *thrice over*.

<sup>13</sup> This word generally signified a sharper. Sir Toby is too drunk for precision, and uses it merely as a term of reproach.

<sup>14</sup> An interjection of contempt equivalent to *fiddle-faddle*.

<sup>15</sup> With Sir Toby as wine goes in music comes out, and fresh songs keep bubbling up in his memory as he waxes mellow. A similar thing occurs in 2 *Henry IV.*, where Master Silence grows merry and musical amidst his cups in "the sweet of the night." Of the ballads referred to by Sir Toby, *O, the twelfth day of December* is entirely lost. Percy has one stanza of *There dwelt a man in Babylon*, which he describes as "a poor dull performance, and very long." *Three merry men be we* seems to have been the burden of several old songs, one of which was called *Robin Hood and the Tanner*. *Peg-a-Ramsey*, or *Peggy Ramsey*, was an old popular tune which had several ballads fitted to it. *Thou knave* was a catch which, says Sir John Hawkins, "appears to be so contrived that each of the singers calls the other knave in turn."

<sup>16</sup> *Coziers* means *botchers*, whether botching with needles or with awls.

mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time, in you?

*Sir To.* We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Snick-up!<sup>17</sup>

*Mal.* Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you that, though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanours, you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

*Sir To.* [Sings.] *Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.*<sup>18</sup>

*Mar.* Nay, good Sir Toby, —

*Clo.* [Sings.] *His eyes do show his days are almost done.*

*Mal.* Is't even so?

*Sir To.* [Sings.] *But I will never die.*

*Clo.* Sir Toby, there you lie.

*Mal.* This is much credit to you.

*Sir To.* [Sings.] *Shall I bid him go?*

*Clo.* [Sings.] *What an if you do?*

*Sir To.* [Sings.] *Shall I bid him go, and spare not?*

*Clo.* [Sings.] *O, no, no, no, no, you dare not.*

*Sir To.* Out o' time, sir? ye lie. Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

*Clo.* Yes, by Saint Anne; and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too.

*Sir To.* Thou'rt i' the right. — Go, sir, rub your chain with crumbs.<sup>19</sup> — A stoup of wine, Maria!

*Mal.* Mistress Mary, if you priz'd my lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule: she shall know of it, by this hand. [*Exit.*]

*Mar.* Go shake your ears.

*Sir And.* 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man's a-hungry, to challenge him to the field; and then to break promise with him, and make a fool of him.

<sup>17</sup> A word of contempt the original meaning of which is lost, but which came to signify, Go hang yourself, or Go and be hanged.

<sup>18</sup> This is the first line of an old ballad, entitled *Corydon's Farewell to Phillis*. It was inserted in Percy's *Reliques* from an ancient miscellany, called *The Golden Garland of Princely Delights*. The musical dialogue that follows between Sir Toby and the Clown is adapted to their purpose from the first two stanzas of the ballad.

<sup>19</sup> Stewards anciently wore a chain of silver or gold, as a mark of superiority, as did other principal servants. Wolsey's chief cook is described by Cavendish as wearing "velvet or satin with a chain of gold." One of the methods used to clean gilt plate was *rubbing it with crumbs*. Thus in Webster's *Duchess of Malfi*: "Yea and the chippings of the buttery fly after him, to scour his gold chain"

*Sir To.* Do't, Knight: I'll write thee a challenge; or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

*Mar.* Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for to-night: since the youth of the Count's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nayword,<sup>20</sup> and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed: I know I can do it.

*Sir And.* Possess us, possess us;<sup>21</sup> tell us something of him.

*Mar.* Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of Puritan.

*Sir And.* O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.

*Sir To.* What, for being a Puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear Knight.

*Sir And.* I have no exquisite reason for't; but I have reason good enough.

*Mar.* The Devil a Puritan that he is, or any thing constantly, but a time-pleaser; an affection'd ass,<sup>22</sup> that cons state without book, and utters it by great swaths:<sup>23</sup> the best persuaded of himself, so crammed, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his ground of faith, that all that look on him love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

*Sir To.* What wilt thou do?

*Mar.* I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated: I can write very like my lady, your niece; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

*Sir To.* Excellent! I smell a device.

*Sir And.* I have't in my nose too.

*Sir To.* He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she is in love with him.

*Mar.* My purpose is indeed a horse of that colour.

*Sir To.* And your horse now would make him an ass.

*Mar.* Ass, I doubt not.

*Sir And.* O, 'twill be admirable!

*Mar.* Sport royal, I warrant you: I know my physic will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the Fool make

<sup>20</sup> *Nayword* was sometimes used in the sense *byword*, and is so defined in an old dictionary; a *laughing-stock*.

<sup>21</sup> *Inform us.* See page 110, note 7.

<sup>22</sup> An *affected ass*. *Affection* was often used for *affectation*.

<sup>23</sup> By great parcels or heaps. *Swaths* are the rows of grass left by the scythe of the mower. *Maria* means that he is full of political strut, and spouts arguments of state by rote.

a third, where he shall find the letter: observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell. [*Exit.*

*Sir To.* Good night, Penthesilea.<sup>24</sup>

*Sir And.* Before me, she's a good wench.

*Sir To.* She's a beagle,<sup>25</sup> true-bred, and one that adores me: What o' that?

*Sir And.* I was ador'd once too.

*Sir To.* Let's to bed, Knight. Thou hadst need send for more money.

*Sir And.* If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.

*Sir To.* Send for money, Knight: if thou hast her not i' the end, call me Cut.<sup>26</sup>

*Sir And.* If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

*Sir To.* Come, come; I'll go burn some sack; 'tis too late to go to bed now: Come, Knight; come, Knight. [*Exeunt.*

#### SCENE IV. *A Room in the DUKE'S Palace.*

*Enter the DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO, and others.*

*Duke.* Give me some music:—now, good morrow, friends.—Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song, That old and antique song we heard last night: Methought it did relieve my passion much, More than light airs and recollected terms<sup>1</sup> Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times. Come, but one verse.

*Cur.* He is not here, so please your lordship, that should sing it.

*Duke.* Who was it?

*Cur.* Feste, the jester, my lord; a Fool that the Lady Olivia's father took much delight in: he is about the house.

*Duke.* Seek him out;—and play the tune the while.—

[*Exit CURIO.—Music.*

<sup>24</sup> Penthesilea was queen of the Amazons, and killed by Achilles in the Trojan War; *politely*.

<sup>25</sup> A *beagle* was a small hound, and a keen hunter; applied to Maria from her brevity of person, and sharpness of wit.

<sup>26</sup> *Cut* was a common contraction of *curtail*. One of the carriers' horses in *Henry IV.* is called *Cut*.

<sup>1</sup> This is commonly explained as meaning *repeated* terms, or the repetition of poetical and musical phrases. Some think *terms* a misprint for *tunes*, and that it refers to a sort of lyrical embroidery made by running culled expressions together, and so lacking the plainness and simplicity that goes to the heart. *Old and antique*, two lines before, is not a pleonasm, *antique* carrying a sense of quaintness as well as of age.

Come hither, boy : if ever thou shalt love,  
 In the sweet pangs of it remember me ;  
 For such as I am all true lovers are ;  
 Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,  
 Save in the constant image of the creature  
 That is belov'd. How dost thou like this tune?

*Vio.* It gives a very echo to the seat  
 Where Love is thron'd.

*Duke.* Thou dost speak masterly :  
 My life upon't, young though thou art, thine eye  
 Hath stay'd upon some favour that it loves ;<sup>2</sup>  
 Hath it not, boy ?

*Vio.* A little, by your favour.

*Duke.* What kind of woman is't ?

*Vio.* Of your complexion.

*Duke.* She is not worth thee then. What years, i' faith ?

*Vio.* About your years, my lord.

*Duke.* Too old, by Heaven ! Let still the woman take  
 An elder than herself : so wears she to him,  
 So sways she level in her husband's heart :  
 For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,  
 Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,  
 More longing, wavering, sooner lost and won,  
 Than women's are.

*Vio.* I think it well, my lord.

*Duke.* Then let thy love be younger than thyself,  
 Or thy affection cannot hold the bent ;  
 For women are as roses, whose fair flower,  
 Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

*Vio.* And so they are : alas, that they are so ;  
 To die, even when they to perfection grow !

*Re-enter CURIO and the Clown.*

*Duke.* O fellow, come, the song we had last night. —  
 Mark it, Cesario ; it is old and plain :  
 The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,  
 And the free maids<sup>3</sup> that weave their thread with bones,  
 Do use to chaunt it : it is silly sooth,<sup>4</sup>  
 And dallies with the innocence of love,  
 Like the old age.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>2</sup> *Favour* is often used for *feature*. Viola in her reply plays upon the word.

<sup>3</sup> *Free* appears to have been often used in the sense of *pure* or *chaste*. Thus, in *The Winter's Tale*, ii. 3, Hermione is described as "a gracious, innocent soul, more *free* than he is jealous." It may, however, mean *frank*, *unsuspecting* ; the proper style of a plain and guileless heart.

<sup>4</sup> *Silly sooth* is *simple truth*.

<sup>5</sup> *The old age* is the *ages past*, times of simplicity.

*Clo.* Are you ready, sir?

*Duke.* Ay; pr'ythee, sing.

[*Music.*

*Song.*

*Clo.* Come away, come away, death,  
And in sad cypress let me be laid;<sup>6</sup>  
Fly away, fly away, breath;  
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.  
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,  
O, prepare it!  
My part of death, no one so true  
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,  
On my black coffin let there be strown;  
Not a friend, not a friend greet  
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:  
A thousand thousand sighs to save,  
Lay me, O, where  
Sad true-love never find my grave,  
To weep there!

*Duke.* There's for thy pains.

*Clo.* No pains, sir; I take pleasure in singing, sir.

*Duke.* I'll pay thy pleasure then.

*Clo.* Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid, one time or another.

*Duke.* Give me now leave to leave thee.<sup>7</sup>

*Clo.* Now, the melancholy god protect thee! and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffeta, for thy mind is a very opal!<sup>8</sup>—I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be every thing, and their intent everywhere; for that's it that always makes a good voyage of nothing.—Farewell.

[*Exit Clown.*

*Duke.* Let all the rest give place.—

[*Exeunt CURIO and Attendants.*

Once more, Cesario,

Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty:  
Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,  
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands:  
The parts that Fortune hath bestow'd upon her,  
Tell her, I hold as giddily as Fortune;

<sup>6</sup> Cypress wood was considered the fittest for coffins.

<sup>7</sup> This, probably, is but the Duke's polite way of requesting the Clown to leave. Some editors would change it to, "I give thee now leave to leave me."

<sup>8</sup> The opal is a gem which varies its hues, as it is viewed in different lights. The "melancholy god" is Saturn; hence the word *saturnine*, which means *gloomy*.

But 'tis that miracle and queen of gems,  
That Nature pranks her in, attracts my soul.

*Vio.* But, if she cannot love you, sir?

*Duke.* I cannot be so answer'd.

*Vio.*

Sooth, but you must.

Say that some lady — as perhaps there is —  
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart  
As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her;  
You tell her so: Must she not then be answer'd?

*Duke.* There is no woman's sides  
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion  
As love doth give my heart; no woman's heart  
So big to hold so much; they lack retention.  
Alas, their love may be call'd appetite, —  
No motion of the liver,<sup>9</sup> but the palate, —  
That suffers surfeit, cloyment, and revolt;  
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,  
And can digest as much. Make no compare  
Between that love a woman can bear me  
And that I owe Olivia.

*Vio.*

Ay, but I know, —

*Duke.* What dost thou know?

*Vio.* Too well what love women to men may owe:  
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.  
My father had a daughter lov'd a man,  
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,  
I should your lordship.

*Duke.*

And what's her history?

*Vio.* A blank, my lord. She never told her love,  
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,  
Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in thought;<sup>10</sup>  
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,  
She sat, like Patience on a monument,  
Smiling at grief.<sup>11</sup> Was not this love indeed?  
We men may say more, swear more; but indeed  
Our shows are more than will; for still we prove  
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

*Duke.* But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

*Vio.* I'm all the daughters of my father's house,

<sup>9</sup> The *liver* was thought to be the special seat of love and courage. See page 177, note 9. Also, page 66, note 45.

<sup>10</sup> The meaning is, "she wasted away through grief." So in Hamlet's soliloquy: "The native hue of resolution is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;" that is, the pale complexion of grief. And in *Julius Cæsar*, ii., 1: "If he love Cæsar, all that he can do is to himself; take thought and die for Cæsar:" where *take thought and die* means "grieve himself to death." So, again, in *St. Matthew* vi. 25: "Take no thought for your life," &c.

<sup>11</sup> She sat smiling at grief, as the image of Patience sits on a monument.

And all the brothers too; — and yet I know not. —  
Sir, shall I to this lady?

*Duke.* Ay, that's the theme.  
To her in haste; give her this jewel; say  
My love can give no place, bide no denay.<sup>12</sup> [Exeunt.

SCENE V. OLIVIA'S Garden.

*Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, Sir ANDREW AGUECHEEK, and FABIAN.*

*Sir To.* Come thy ways, Signior Fabian.

*Fab.* Nay, I'll come: if I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be boil'd to death with melancholy.

*Sir To.* Would'st thou not be glad to have the niggardly, rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?<sup>1</sup>

*Fab.* I would exult, man: you know he brought me out o' favour with my lady about a bear-baiting here.

*Sir To.* To anger him, we'll have the bear again; and we will fool him black and blue: — Shall we not, Sir Andrew?

*Sir And.* An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

*Sir To.* Here comes the little villain. —

*Enter MARIA.*

How now, my metal of India!<sup>2</sup>

*Mar.* Get ye all three into the box-tree: Malvolio's coming down this walk: he has been yonder i' the sun practising behaviour to his own shadow this half hour. Observe him, for the love of mockery; for I know this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting! — [The Men hide themselves.] Lie thou there [Throws down a Letter]; for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling. *Exit.*

*Enter MALVOLIO.*

*Mal.* 'Tis but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me she did affect me; and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect than any one else that follows her. What should I think on't?

<sup>12</sup> *Denay* is an old form of *denial*; used here for the rhyme.

<sup>1</sup> Of *sheep-biter* no satisfactory explanation is yet forthcoming. Possibly it means *sheep-stealer*, but more likely one who takes pleasure in biting unoffending persons, as mean dogs sometimes do in killing innocent sheep. "A cant term for a thief," says Dyce.

<sup>2</sup> The first folio reads, "*mettle* of India," which was altered in the second to *nettle*. *Metal of India* plainly means, my precious girl, my heart of gold.

*Sir To.* Here's an overweening rogue!

*Fab.* O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him: how he jets<sup>3</sup> under his advanc'd plumes!

*Sir And.* 'Slight,<sup>4</sup> I could so beat the rogue!

*Sir To.* Peace! I say.

*Mal.* To be Count Malvolio;—

*Sir To.* Ah, rogue!

*Sir And.* Pistol him, pistol him.

*Sir To.* Peace, peace!

*Mal.* There is example for't: the Lady of the Strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.<sup>5</sup>

*Sir And.* Fie on him, Jezebel!

*Fab.* O, peace! now he's deeply in: look, how imagination blows him.<sup>6</sup>

*Mal.* Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state,—

*Sir To.* O, for a stone-bow,<sup>7</sup> to hit him in the eye!

*Mal.* — calling my officers about me, in my branch'd velvet gown; having come from a day-bed, where I have left Olivia sleeping;—

*Sir To.* Fire and brimstone!

*Fab.* O, peace, peace!

*Mal.* — and then to have the humour of state; and after a demure travel of regard,—telling them I know my place, as I would they should do theirs,—to ask for my kinsman Toby.—

*Sir To.* Bolts and shackles!

*Fab.* O, peace, peace, peace! now, now.

*Mal.* — Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him: I frown the while; and perchance wind up my watch, or play with my — some rich jewel. Toby approaches; curtsies<sup>8</sup> there to me:—

*Sir To.* Shall this fellow live?

*Fab.* Though our silence be drawn from us by th' ears, yet peace!<sup>9</sup>

<sup>3</sup> To *jet* is to *strut* with pride. So, in *Cymbeline*, iii. 3: "The gates of monarchs are arch'd so high, that giants may *jet* through, and keep their impious turbans on, without good morrow to the Sun."

<sup>4</sup> 'Slight! is a disguised oath, for *God's light*!

<sup>5</sup> Mr. R. P. Knight conjectured that *Strachy* was a corruption of the Italian *Stratico*, a word derived from the low Latin *Strategus*, or *Straticus*, and often used for the governor of a city or province. Other explanations have been offered; but this is the most likely of them all.

<sup>6</sup> Puffs him up. So in Bacon's *Advancement of Learning*: "Knowledge *bloweth* up, but charity buildeth up."

<sup>7</sup> A bow for hurling stones.

<sup>8</sup> This word was used to express acts of civility and reverence, by either men or women.

<sup>9</sup> Instead of *by th' ears*, the original has *with cars*, which has not been even plausibly explained. Mr. White changes *cars* to *cords*; but his ex-

*Mal.* — I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control,<sup>10</sup> —

*Sir To.* And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips then?

*Mal.* — saying, *Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece, give me this prerogative of speech*; —

*Sir To.* What, what?

*Mal.* — *you must amend your drunkenness.*

*Sir To.* Out, scab!

*Fab.* Nay, patience! or we break the sinews of our plot.

*Mal.* — *Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight*; —

*Sir And.* That's me, I warrant you.

*Mal.* — *one Sir Andrew.*

*Sir And.* I knew 'twas I; for many do call me fool.

*Mal.* [*Taking up the Letter.*] What employment have we here?

*Fab.* Now is the woodcock near the gin.<sup>11</sup>

*Sir To.* O, peace! and the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him!

*Mal.* By my life, this is my lady's hand! these be her very C's, her U's, and her T's; and thus makes she her great P's. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

*Sir And.* Her C's, her U's, and her T's: Why that?

*Mal.* [*Reads.*] *To the unknown belov'd, this, and my good wishes*: her very phrases! — By your leave, wax. — Soft! — and the impressure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal: 'tis my lady. To whom should this be?

*Fab.* This wins him, liver and all.

*Mal.* [*Reads.*] *Jove knows I love; but who?*

*Lips do not move; no man must know.*

*No man must know.* — What follows? the numbers alter'd!<sup>12</sup> — *No man must know.* — If this should be thee, Malvolio!

*Sir To.* Marry, hang thee, brock!<sup>13</sup>

planation is rather far-fetched and forced. The sense required is that of something to make them shriek or cry out with pain. *By th' ears* was first given by Hanmer, and is adopted by Collier and Dyce; the latter telling us that *by th'* was sometimes written *bith*, which might easily be mistaken for *with*. Another high authority, Walker, proposes "with racks."

<sup>10</sup> "An austere regard of control" probably means such a look of sternness and authority as would awe down or repress any approaches of familiarity.

<sup>11</sup> The woodcock was thought to be the stupidest of birds; and *gin* was but another word for *trap* or *snare*. In the next speech the meaning is, apparently, May the spirit of humours suggest to him or induce him to read the letter aloud.

<sup>12</sup> Referring, no doubt, to the *different versification* of what follows. The use of *numbers* for *verse* is quite common; as in Milton's "harmonious numbers," Pope's "I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came," and Wordsworth's "numerous verse."

<sup>13</sup> *Brock* is *badger*, a term of contempt.

*Mal.* [Reads.] *I may command, where I adore ;  
But silence, like a Lucrece' knife,  
With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore :  
M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.*

*Fab.* A fustian riddle !

*Sir To.* Excellent wench, say I.

*Mal.* *M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.* — Nay, but first, — let me see, — let me see, — let me see.

*Fab.* What dish o' poison has she dress'd him !

*Sir To.* And with what wing the staniel checks at it !<sup>14</sup>

*Mal.* *I may command where I adore.* Why, she may command me : I serve her ; she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity.<sup>15</sup> There is no obstruction in this. — And the end, — what should that alphabetical position portend ? if I could make that resemble something in me, — Softly ! — *M, O, A, I.* —

*Sir To.* O, ay, make up that : — He is now at a cold scent.

*Fab.* Sowter will cry upon't,<sup>16</sup> for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.

*Mal.* *M*, — Malvolio ; — *M*, — why, that begins my name.

*Fab.* Did not I say he would work it out ? the cur is excellent at faults.

*Mal.* *M* ; — But then there is no consonancy in the sequel ; that suffers under probation :<sup>17</sup> *A* should follow, but *O* does.

*Fab.* And *O* ! shall end, I hope.

*Sir To.* Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry, *O* !

*Mal.* And then *I* comes behind.

*Fab.* Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels than fortunes before you.

*Mal.* *M, O, A, I* : — This simulation is not as the former ; — and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft ! here follows prose.

[Reads.] *If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee ; but be not afraid of greatness : Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. Thy fates open their hands ; let thy blood and spirit embrace them. And, to inure thyself to what thou art*

<sup>14</sup> The *staniel* is a species of hawk, which inhabits old buildings and rocks. To *check*, says Latham in his book of *Falconry*, is, "when crows, rooks, pies, or other birds coming in view of the hawk, she forsaketh her natural flight to fly at them."

<sup>15</sup> To any one in his senses, or whose capacity is not out of form.

<sup>16</sup> *Sowter* is here used as the name of a hound. *Sowterly* is often employed as a term of abuse : a *sowter* was a cobbler or botcher.

<sup>17</sup> Fails on being tried, or put to the proof.

*like to be, cast thy humble slough, and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity: she thus advises thee that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wish'd to see thee ever cross-garter'd: <sup>18</sup> I say, remember. Go to; thou art made, if thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch Fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee,*  
*The Fortunate Unhappy.*

Daylight and champain discovers not more; <sup>19</sup> this is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-devise, <sup>20</sup> the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late; she did praise my leg being cross-garter'd; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and, with a kind of injunction, drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars, I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-garter'd, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove and my stars be praised!—Here is yet a postscript.

[Reads.] *Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertain'st my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well: therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I pr'ythee.*

Jove, I thank thee.—I will smile; I will do every thing that thou wilt have me. [Exit.]

*Fab.* I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy. <sup>21</sup>

*Sir To.* I could marry this wench for this device,—

*Sir And.* So could I too.

*Sir To.*—and ask no other dowry with her but such another jest.

*Sir And.* Nor I neither.

*Fab.* Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

<sup>18</sup> A fashion once prevailed for some time of wearing the garters *crossed* on the leg. Rich and expensive garters worn below the knee were then in use. Olivia's detestation of these fashions probably arose from thinking them coxcombical.

<sup>19</sup> *Champaign* is open, level country, affording a free prospect.

<sup>20</sup> Punctiliously exact or precise in all the becomings of my rank.

<sup>21</sup> *Sophy* was the Persian title of majesty. At the time this play was written, Sir Robert Shirley had lately returned as ambassador from the Sophy, somewhat as we have seen in the case of Mr. Burlingame. Sir Robert boasted of the great rewards he had received, and cut a big dash in London.

*Re-enter MARIA.*

*Sir To.* Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?

*Sir And.* Or o' mine either?

*Sir To.* Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip,<sup>22</sup> and become thy bond-slave?

*Sir And.* I' faith, or I either?

*Sir To.* Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that when the image of it leaves him he must run mad.

*Mar.* Nay, but say true; does it work upon him?

*Sir To.* Like aqua-vitæ with a midwife.

*Mar.* If you will, then, see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady: he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhors; and cross-garter'd, a fashion she detests: and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt. If you will see it, follow me.

*Sir To.* To the gates of Tartar,<sup>23</sup> thou most excellent devil of wit!

*Sir And.* I'll make one too.

[*Exeunt.*]

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ACT III. SCENE I. OLIVIA'S Garden.

*Enter VIOLA, and the Clown with a Tabor.*

*Vio.* Save thee, friend, and thy music! Dost thou live by thy tabor?<sup>1</sup>

*Clo.* No, sir; I live by the church.

*Vio.* Art thou a Churchman?<sup>2</sup>

*Clo.* No such matter, sir: I do live by the church; for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

*Vio.* So thou may'st say, the King lives by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him; or the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.

<sup>22</sup> *Tray-trip* was probably a game of dice; though some hold it to have been the game of draughts. Thus, in an old satire called *Machiavel's Dog*: "But, leaving cards, let's go to *dice* awhile; to passage, *treitrippe*, hazard, or mum-chance."—*Play my freedom* means play for my freedom; that is, stake it.

<sup>23</sup> *Tartar* is the old Tartarus or Hades. Note the sympathy of *Tartar* and *devil*.

<sup>1</sup> Tarleton, in a print before his *Jests*, 1611, is represented with a *Tabor*. But the instrument is found in the hands of Fools, long before the time of Shakspeare.

<sup>2</sup> A *Churchman* meant a clergyman.

*Clo.* You have said, sir.<sup>3</sup> — To see this age! — A sentence is but a cheveril glove to a good wit:<sup>4</sup> how quickly the wrong side may be turn'd outward!

*Vio.* Nay, that's certain; they that dally nicely with words may quickly make them wanton.

*Clo.* I would, therefore, my sister had had no name, sir.

*Vio.* Why, man?

*Clo.* Why, sir, her name's a word; and to dally with that word might make my sister wanton: But indeed words are very rascals, since bonds disgrac'd them.<sup>5</sup>

*Vio.* Thy reason, man?

*Clo.* Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loth to prove reason with them.

*Vio.* I warrant thou art a merry fellow, and car'st for nothing.

*Clo.* Not so, sir; I do care for something; but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you: if that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.

*Vio.* Art not thou the Lady Olivia's Fool?

*Clo.* No, indeed, sir; the Lady Olivia has no folly: she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married; and fools are as like husbands as pilchards are to herrings;<sup>6</sup> the husband's the bigger: I am indeed, not her Fool, but her corrupter of words.

*Vio.* I saw thee late at the Count Orsino's.

*Clo.* Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb; like the Sun, it shines everywhere. I would be sorry, sir, but the Fool should be as oft with your master as with my mistress: I think I saw your wisdom there.

*Vio.* Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold; there's expenses for thee.

<sup>3</sup> This form of assent or affirmation, now obsolete, occurs in the Bible; as in our Lord's answer to Pilate, *St. Mark* xv. 2: "Thou sayest it."

<sup>4</sup> A *cheveril* glove is a *kid* glove. The term was used much as *India rubber* is now. So in one of Ray's proverbs: "He hath a conscience like a *cheveril's* skin." The Poet has elsewhere shown that he rightly appreciated the legerdmain of words in puns and quibbles, which was common in his time. See page 149, note 3, and page 150, notes.

<sup>5</sup> This probably alludes to an order of the Privy Council, in June, 1600, laying very severe restrictions on the Poet's art. The order, besides that it allowed only two houses to be used for stage-plays in the city and suburbs, interdicted those two from playing at all during Lent, or in any time of great sickness, and also limited them to twice a week at all other times. If rigidly enforced, it would have amounted almost to a total suppression of play-houses. As the penalty was imprisonment, it might well be said that words were disgraced by bonds. The order, however, was not strictly enforced; probably was not meant to be; but was issued partly to appease the clamour of the Puritans.

<sup>6</sup> Pilchards are said to differ from herrings only in that they can be fried in their own fat, whereas herrings have not fat enough for that purpose.

*Clo.* Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard!

*Vio.* By my troth, I'll tell thee, I am almost sick for one; though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

*Clo.* Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?<sup>7</sup>

*Vio.* I understand you, sir; 'tis well begg'd.

*Clo.* The matter, I hope, is not great, sir. My lady is within, sir. I will construe to them whence you come; who you are, and what you would, are out of my welkin: I might say, element; but the word is over-worn.<sup>8</sup> [*Exit.*]

*Vio.* This fellow's wise enough to play the Fool;  
And to do that well craves a kind of wit:  
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,  
The quality of persons, and the time;  
Not, like the haggard,<sup>9</sup> check at every feather  
That comes before his eye.<sup>10</sup> This is a practice  
As full of labour as a wise man's art:  
For folly, that he wisely shows, is fit;  
But wise men's folly, shown, quite taints their wit.<sup>11</sup>

*Enter Sir TOBY BELCH and Sir ANDREW AGUECHEEK.*

*Sir To.* Save you, gentleman!

*Vio.* And you, sir.

*Sir And.* *Dieu vous garde, Monsieur.*

*Vio.* *Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.*

*Sir And.* I hope, sir, you are; and I am yours.

*Sir To.* Will you encounter the house? my niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

*Vio.* I am bound to your niece, sir; I mean, she is the list of my voyage.<sup>12</sup>

*Sir To.* Taste your legs, sir;<sup>13</sup> put them to motion.

<sup>7</sup> That is, two pieces of money, instead of the one Viola had given him.

<sup>8</sup> *Element* was constantly in the mouths of those who affected fine talking in the poet's time. The intellectual exquisites thus run it into cant. Perhaps the word was as much overworked as *idea* and *intuition* are in our time.

<sup>9</sup> The original has, "*And, like the haggard,*" which contradicts the right sense. The change was suggested by Johnson, and is adopted by Dyce.

<sup>10</sup> A *haggard* is a wild or untrained *hawk*, which flies, *checks*, at all birds, or birds of *every feather*, indiscriminately. "*The staniel checks at it,*" occurs in the last scene of the preceding Act. See page 207, note 14.

<sup>11</sup> To *taint*, as here used, is to *impeach*, *attaint*, or bring into an *attainder*. *Wit*, also, was used in the sense of *wisdom*, being in fact from the same original. The old copy has *falne* instead of *shown*; but *shows*, in the preceding line, points out the right reading.

<sup>12</sup> *List* was often used for *limit* or *boundary*; as, in the well-known language of the tilting-ground, for *barrier*.

<sup>13</sup> *Taste* was sometimes used in the sense of *try*. Thus, in Chapman's *Odyssey*: "He now began to *taste* the bow."

*Vio.* My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.

*Sir To.* I mean, to go, sir, to enter.

*Vio.* I will answer you with gait and entrance. But we are prevented.<sup>14</sup>—

*Enter OLIVIA and MARIA.*

Most excellent accomplish'd lady, the heavens rain odours on you!

*Sir And. [Aside.]* That youth's a rare courtier: *Rain odours*: well.

*Vio.* My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.<sup>15</sup>

*Sir And. [Aside.]* *Odours, pregnant, and vouchsafed*:— I'll get 'em all three ready.

*Oli.* Let the garden-door be shut, and leave me to my hearing. [*Exeunt Sir To., Sir AND., and MAR.*]— Give me you hand, sir.

*Vio.* My duty, Madam, and most humble service.

*Oli.* What is your name?

*Vio.* Cesario is your servant's name, fair Princess.

*Oli.* My servant, sir? 'Twas never merry world Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment: You're servant to the Count Orsino, youth.

*Vio.* And he is yours, and his must needs be yours: Your servant's servant is your servant, Madam.

*Oli.* For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts, Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me!

*Vio.* Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts On his behalf:—

*Oli.* O, by your leave, I pray you: I bade you never speak again of him; But, would you undertake another suit, I'd rather hear you to solicit that, Than music from the spheres.

*Vio.* Dear lady, —

*Oli.* Give me leave, I beseech you: I did send, After the last enchantment you did here, A ring in chase of you; so did I abuse Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you. Under your hard construction must I sit, To force that on you, in a shameful cunning, Which you knew none of yours. What might you think?

<sup>14</sup> *Anticipated* in the classical sense of *forestalled*. Often used thus in the English Bible. See page 101, note 14.

<sup>15</sup> *Pregnant* is *apprehensive, quick, or intelligent*.

Have you not set mine honour at the stake,  
 And baited it with all th' unmuzzled thoughts<sup>16</sup>  
 That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiving<sup>17</sup>  
 Enough is shown; a cyprus,<sup>18</sup> not a bosom,  
 Hides my heart. So, let me hear you speak.

*Vio.* I pity you.

*Oli.* That's a degree to love.

*Vio.* No, not a grise;<sup>19</sup> for 'tis a vulgar proof,  
 That very oft we pity enemies.

*Oli.* Why, then methinks 'tis time to smile again:  
 O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!  
 If one should be a prey, how much the better  
 To fall before the lion than the wolf! [Clock strikes.  
 The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.  
 Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you:  
 And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,  
 Your wife is like to reap a proper man.  
 There lies your way, due west.

*Vio.* Then westward-ho!<sup>20</sup>  
 Grace and good disposition 'tend your ladyship!  
 You'll nothing, Madam, to my lord by me?

*Oli.* Stay:

I pr'ythee, tell me what thou think'st of me.

*Vio.* That you do think you are not what you are.

*Oli.* If I think so, I think the same of you.

*Vio.* Then think you right: I am not what I am.

*Oli.* I would you were as I would have you be!

*Vio.* Would it be better, Madam, than I am,  
 I wish it might; for now I am your fool.

*Oli.* [Aside.] O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful  
 In the contempt and anger of his lip!  
 A murderous guilt shows not itself more soon  
 Than love that would seem hid: love's night is noon. —  
 Cesario, by the roses of the Spring,  
 By maidhood, honour, truth, and every thing,  
 I love thee so, that, maugre<sup>21</sup> all thy pride,  
 Nor wit nor reason can my passion hide.  
 Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,<sup>22</sup>

<sup>16</sup> The figure is of a bear or other animal tied to a stake, to be baited or worried by dogs, with free or unmuzzled mouths.

<sup>17</sup> One so quick to understand or apprehend.

<sup>18</sup> Cyprus was the name of a light transparent fabric, like lawn.

<sup>19</sup> Grise is an old word for step, and so means the same as Olivia's degree, which is used in the Latin sense.

<sup>20</sup> An exclamation used by watermen on the Thames. Westward ho, Northward ho, and Eastward ho, are also used as titles of plays.

<sup>21</sup> Maugre is in spite of, from the French malgré.

<sup>22</sup> The meaning appears to be, Do not make this offer of my love your

For, that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause ;  
 But, rather, reason thus with reason fetter, —  
 Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.

*Vio.* By innocence I swear, and by my youth,  
 I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,  
 And that no woman has ; nor never none  
 Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.  
 And so adieu, good Madam : never more  
 Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

*Oli.* Yet come again ; for thou perhaps-may'st move  
 That heart, which now abhors, to like his love. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A Room in OLIVIA'S House.*

*Enter Sir TOBY, Sir ANDREW, and FABIAN.*

*Sir And.* No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.

*Sir To.* Thy reason, dear venom ; give thy reason.

*Fab.* You must needs yield your reason, Sir Andrew.

*Sir And.* Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to the  
 Count's serving-man than ever she bestow'd upon me ; I  
 saw't i' the orchard.

*Sir To.* Did she see thee the while, old boy ? tell me that.

*Sir And.* As plain as I see you now.

*Fab.* This was a great argument of love in her toward  
 you.

*Sir And.* 'Slight !<sup>1</sup> will you make an ass o' me ?

*Fab.* I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of judgment and reason.

*Sir To.* And they have been grand-jury-men since before  
 Noah was a sailor.

*Fab.* She did show favour to the youth in your sight, only  
 to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour, to put fire  
 in your heart and brimstone in your liver. You should then  
 have accosted her ; and with some excellent jests, fire-new  
 from the mint, you should have bang'd the youth into dumb-  
 ness. This was look'd for at your hand, and this was balk'd :  
 the double gilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and  
 you are now sail'd into the north of my lady's opinion ;  
 where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard,  
 unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt either of  
 valour or policy.

*Sir And.* An't be any way, it must be with valour, for policy  
 I hate : I had as lief be a Brownist as a politician.<sup>2</sup>

reason for refusing my suit. Olivia naturally thinks that her great superiority of rank may excuse her in thus asking before she is asked.

<sup>1</sup> A disguised or softened oath ; the original form being *God's light !*

<sup>2</sup> The Brownists were one of the Puritan sects that arose during the

*Sir To.* Why, then build me<sup>3</sup> thy fortunes upon the basis of valour. Challenge me the Count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places: my niece shall take note of it; and assure thyself, there is no love-broker<sup>4</sup> in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman than report of valour.

*Fab.* There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.

*Sir And.* Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

*Sir To.* Go, write it in a martial hand: be curst and brief;<sup>5</sup> it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent and full of invention: taunt him with the license of ink: if thou *thou'st* him some thrice,<sup>6</sup> it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware<sup>7</sup> in England, set 'em down: go, about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink; though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter. About it.

*Sir And.* Where shall I find you?

*Sir To.* We'll call thee at thy *cubiculo*:<sup>8</sup> Go.

[*Exit Sir ANDREW.*]

*Fab.* This is a dear manikin to you, Sir Toby.<sup>9</sup>

reign of Elizabeth; so called from Robert Brown, their founder. Like others of their kind, their leading purpose was to prevent the abuse of certain things, such as laws, by uprooting the use of them. Malvolio appears to have been intended partly as a satire on the Puritans in general; they being especially strenuous at the time this play was written to have restrictions set upon playing. But there had been a deep-seated grudge between the Puritans and the Dramatists ever since Nash put out the eyes of Martin Marprelate with salt.

<sup>3</sup> In colloquial language, *me* was often thus used redundantly, though with a slight dash of humour. So, in Falstaff's discourse on the virtues of sack, 2 *Henry IV.*, iv. 3: "It ascends *me* into the brain; dries *me* there all the foolish and dull and crudy vapours which environ it."

<sup>4</sup> A *love-broker* is one who mediates or *breaks the ice* between two bashful lovers. Pandarus sustains that office in *Troilus and Cressida*; hence our word *pandar*.

<sup>5</sup> *Curst* is *cross*, *snappish*.

<sup>6</sup> This has been generally thought an allusion to Coke's abusive *thouing* of Sir Walter Raleigh at his trial; but the play was acted a year and a half before that trial took place. And indeed it had been no insult to *thou* Sir Walter, unless there were some pre-existing custom or sentiment to make it so. What that custom was, may be seen by the following passage from a book published in 1661, by George Fox the Quaker: "For this *thou* and *thee* was a sore cut to proud flesh, and them that sought self-honour; who, though they would say it to God and Christ, would not endure to have it said to themselves. So that we were often beaten and abused, and sometimes in danger of our lives, for using those words to some proud men, who would say, — *What, you ill-bred clown, do you thou me!*"

<sup>7</sup> This curious piece of furniture was a few years since still in being at one of the inns in that town. It was reported to be twelve feet square, and capable of holding twenty-four persons.

<sup>8</sup> *Cubiculo*, from the Latin *cubiculum*, is a *sleeping-room*.

<sup>9</sup> *Manikin* is an old diminutive of *man*; as *ladykin* or *lakin* also is of *lady*.

*Sir To.* I have been dear to him, lad; some two thousand strong, or so.<sup>10</sup>

*Fab.* We shall have a rare letter from him: but you'll not deliver't?

*Sir To.* Never trust me then; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think oxen and wain-ropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were open'd, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea,<sup>11</sup> I'll eat the rest of th' anatomy.

*Fab.* And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

*Sir To.* Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes.<sup>12</sup>

*Enter MARIA.*

*Mar.* If you desire the spleen,<sup>13</sup> and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me. Yond gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegado; for there is no Christian, that means to be saved by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness.<sup>14</sup> He's in yellow stockings.

*Sir To.* And cross-garter'd?

*Mar.* Most villanously; like a pedant that keeps a school i' the Church. I have dogg'd him, like his murderer. He does obey every point of the letter that I dropp'd to betray him: he does smile his face into more lines than are in the new map, with the augmentation of the Indies:<sup>15</sup> you have not seen such a thing as 'tis; I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know my lady will strike him: if she do, he'll smile, and take't for a great favour.

*Sir To.* Come, bring us, bring us where he is. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>10</sup> Meaning that he has fooled or dandled so much money out of him.

<sup>11</sup> A red liver, or a liver full of blood, was the common badge of courage, as a white or bloodless liver was of cowardice.

<sup>12</sup> Alluding to the small stature of Maria. Sir Toby elsewhere calls her "the little villain," and Viola ironically speaks of her as "giant." The expression seems to have been proverbial; the *wren* generally laying nine or ten eggs, and the last hatched being the smallest of the brood. The original has "wren of mine."

<sup>13</sup> The spleen was held to be the special seat of unbenevolent risibility, and so the cause of teasing or pestering mirth; *splenetic* laughter. Here it seems to mean a fit or turn of excessive merriment dashed with something of a spiteful humour.

<sup>14</sup> A rather curious commentary on the old notion of "Salvation by orthodoxy," or "belief in believing." The meaning is, that even one who makes a merit of being easy of belief, as thinking to be saved thereby, could not believe a thing so *grossly incredible* as this. The Poet has *impossible* again in the sense of *incredible*, in *Much Ado about Nothing*, ii. 1: "Huddling jest upon jest, with such *impossible* conveyance, upon me, that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me."

<sup>15</sup> Alluding to a Map engraved for the English translation of *Linschoten's Voyage*, published in 1598. This map is multilinear in the extreme, and is the first in which the *Eastern Islands* are included.

SCENE III. *A Street.**Enter ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN.*

*Seb.* I would not, by my will, have troubled you;  
But, since you make your pleasure of your pains,  
I will no further chide you.

*Ant.* I could not stay behind you: my desire,  
More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth;  
And not all love to see you, (though so much  
As might have drawn me to a longer voyage,)  
But jealousy what might befall your travel,  
Being skilless in these parts; which to a stranger,  
Unguided and unfriended, often prove  
Rough and unhospitable: My willing love,  
The rather by these arguments of fear,  
Set forth in your pursuit.

*Seb.* My kind Antonio,  
I can no other answer make but thanks,  
And thanks, still thanks; and very oft good turns  
Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay:  
But, were my worth,<sup>1</sup> as is my conscience, firm,  
You should find better dealing. What's to do?  
Shall we go see the relics of this town?

*Ant.* To-morrow, sir; best first go see your lodging

*Seb.* I am not weary, and 'tis long to night:  
I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes  
With the memorials and the things of fame  
That do renown this city.

*Ant.* Would you'd pardon me;  
I do not without danger walk these streets:  
Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst the County's galleys  
I did some service; of such note indeed,  
That, were I ta'en here, it would scarce be answer'd.<sup>2</sup>

*Seb.* Belike you slew great number of his people.

*Ant.* Th' offence is not of such a bloody nature;  
Albeit the quality of the time and quarrel  
Might well have given us bloody argument.  
It might have since been answer'd in repaying  
What we took from them; which, for traffic's sake,  
Most of our city did: only myself stood out;  
For which, if I be lapsed in this place,  
I shall pay dear.

<sup>1</sup> *Worth* here means *wealth* or *fortune*.

<sup>2</sup> *Would* in the sense of *could*. The Poet has many such instances of the auxiliaries *could*, *would*, *should*, &c., being used interchangeably. The usage indeed was common in his time. See page 33, note 18.

*Seb.* Do not then walk too open.

*Ant.* It doth not fit me. Hold, sir; here's my purse:  
In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,<sup>3</sup>  
Is best to lodge: I will bespeak our diet,  
Whiles you beguile the time and feed your knowledge  
With viewing of the town: there shall you have me.

*Seb.* Why I your purse?

*Ant.* Haply your eye shall light upon some toy  
You have desire to purchase; and your store,  
I think, is not for idle markets, sir.

*Seb.* I'll be your purse-bearer, and leave you for  
An hour.

*Ant.* To th' Elephant.

*Seb.* I do remember. [Exeunt.]

#### SCENE IV. OLIVIA'S Garden.

*Enter OLIVIA and MARIA.*

*Oli.* I have sent after him: he says he'll come.  
How shall I feast him? what bestow of him?  
For youth is bought more oft than begg'd or borrow'd.  
I speak too loud. —

Where is Malvolio? he is sad and civil,<sup>1</sup>  
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes: —  
Where is Malvolio?

*Mar.* He's coming, Madam; but in very strange manner.  
He is, sure, possess'd, Madam.

*Oli.* Why, what's the matter? does he rave?

*Mar.* No, Madam, he does nothing but smile: your ladyship  
were best to have some guard about you, if he come; for, sure,  
the man is tainted in's wits.

*Oli.* Go call him hither. [Exit MAR.] — I'm as mad as he,  
If sad and merry madness equal be. —

*Re-enter MARIA, with MALVOLIO.*

How now, Malvolio!

*Mal.* Sweet lady, ho, ho.

[Smiles fantastically.]

*Oli.* Smil'st thou?

I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

*Mal.* Sad, lady! I could be sad. This does make some ob-  
struction in the blood, this cross-gartering: but what of that?

<sup>3</sup> An inn so named; probably from its having the figure of an elephant for its sign; like the *boar's head* of Falstaff's famous tavern in Eastcheap.

<sup>1</sup> That is, *serious* and *grave*, or *solemn*. Thus, in *Romeo and Juliet*:  
"Come, *civil* night, thou sober-suited matron all in black."

if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is, *Please-one, and please all.*

*Oli.* Why, how dost thou, man? what is the matter with thee?

*Mal.* Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs. It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed: I think we do know the sweet Roman hand.

*Oli.* Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

*Mal.* To bed! ay, sweetheart; and I'll come to thee.

*Oli.* God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so, and kiss thy hand so oft?

*Mar.* How do you, Malvolio?

*Mal.* At your request! Yes; nightingales answer daws.

*Mar.* Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

*Mal.* *Be not afraid of greatness:—'Twas well writ.*

*Oli.* What mean'st thou by that, Malvolio?

*Mal.* *Some are born great,—*

*Oli.* Ha!

*Mal.* *—some achieve greatness,—*

*Oli.* What say'st thou?

*Mal.* *—and some have greatness thrust upon them.—*

*Oli.* Heaven restore thee!

*Mal.* *—Remember, who commended thy yellow stockings,—*

*Oli.* My yellow stockings?

*Mal.* *—and wish'd to see thee cross-garter'd.—*

*Oli.* Cross-garter'd?

*Mal.* *—Go to; thou art made, if thou desirest to be so;—*

*Oli.* Am I made?

*Mal.* *—if not, let me see thee a servant still.*

*Oli.* Why, this is very midsummer madness.<sup>3</sup>

*Enter Servant.*

*Ser.* Madam, the young gentleman of the Count Orsino's is return'd: I could hardly entreat him back: he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

*Oli.* I'll come to him. [*Exit Servant.*]—Good Maria, let this fellow be look'd to. Where's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him: I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry.

[*Exeunt OLIVIA and MARIA.*

*Mal.* O, ho! do you come near me now? no worse man than Sir Toby to look to me? This concurs directly with the

<sup>3</sup> "'Tis midsummer moon with you," was a proverbial phrase, signifying you are mad. It was an ancient opinion that hot weather affected the brain.

letter: she sends him on purpose that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. *Cast thy humble slough*, says she; *be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity*: and, consequently, sets down the manner how; as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have lim'd her;<sup>4</sup> but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful! And, when she went away now, *Let this fellow be look'd to*: Fellow! not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow.<sup>5</sup> Why, every thing adheres together, that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous<sup>6</sup> or unsafe circumstance, — What can be said? Nothing that can be can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

*Re-enter MARIA, with Sir TOBY BELCH and FABIAN.*

*Sir To.* Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils of Hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possess'd him, yet I'll speak to him.

*Fab.* Here he is, here he is. — How is't with you, sir? how is't with you, man?

*Mal.* Go off; I discard you: let me enjoy my private; go off.

*Mar.* Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you? — Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

*Mal.* Ah, ha! does she so?

*Sir To.* Go to, go to; peace, peace! we must deal gently with him; let me alone. — How do you, Malvolio? how is't with you? What, man! defy the Devil: consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

*Mal.* Do you know what you say?

*Mar.* La you, an you speak ill of the Devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God he be not bewitch'd! My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

*Mal.* How now, Mistress!

*Mar.* O lord!

<sup>4</sup> Caught her, as a bird is caught with lime. Bird-lime was a sticky substance spread upon twigs, so that birds lighting upon them were held fast by the feet.

<sup>5</sup> Malvolio takes pleasure in understanding *fellow* in the sense of *companion*.

<sup>6</sup> *Incredulous* for *incredible*. The Poet abounds in this indifferent use of the active and passive forms of adjectives and participles. See page 66, note 4.

*Sir To.* Pr'ythee, hold thy peace; this is not the way. Do you not see you move him? let me alone with him.

*Fab.* No way but gentleness; gently, gently: the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly us'd.

*Sir To.* Why, how now, my bawcock! how dost thou, chuck?<sup>7</sup>

*Mal.* Sir!

*Sir To.* Ay, Biddy, come with me.<sup>8</sup> What, man! 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan: Hang him, foul collier!<sup>9</sup>

*Mar.* Get him to say his prayers; good Sir Toby, get him to pray.

*Mal.* My prayers, minx!

*Mar.* No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

*Mal.* Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow things: I am not of your element. You shall know more hereafter.

[*Exit.*

*Sir To.* Is't possible?

*Fab.* If this were play'd upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

*Sir To.* His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

*Mar.* Nay, pursue him now, lest the device take air, and taint.

*Fab.* Why, we shall make him mad indeed.

*Mar.* The house will be the quieter.

*Sir To.* Come, we'll have him in a dark room and bound.<sup>10</sup> My niece is already in the belief that he is mad: we may carry it thus, for our pleasure and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him; at which time we will bring the device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder of madmen. — But see, but see!

*Enter Sir ANDREW AGUECHEEK.*

*Fab.* More matter for a May morning.<sup>11</sup>

*Sir And.* Here's the challenge; read it: I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't.

<sup>7</sup> *Bawcock* and *chuck* were used as terms of playful familiarity, sometimes of endearment.

<sup>8</sup> *Biddy* is a diminutive of *Bridget*. An old term of familiar endearment, applied to chickens and other fowl.

<sup>9</sup> *Cherry-pit* was a game played by pitching cherry-stones into a hole. *Collier* was in Shakespeare's time a term of the highest reproach. The coal-venders were in bad repute, not only from the blackness of their appearance, but that many of them were also great cheats. The Devil is called collier for his blackness. Hence the proverb, "Like will to like, as the Devil with the collier."

<sup>10</sup> This seems to have been the common way of treating madness in the Poet's time. See page 65, note 42.

<sup>11</sup> It was usual on the First of May to exhibit metrical interludes of the comic kind, as well as other sports, such as the Morris Dance.

*Fab.* Is't so saucy?

*Sir And.* Ay, is't, I warrant him: do but read.

*Sir To.* Give me. — [Reads.] *Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.*

*Fab.* Good, and valiant.

*Sir To.* *Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so; for I will show thee no reason for't.*

*Fab.* A good note: that keeps you from the blow of the law.

*Sir To.* *Thou com'st to the Lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly; but thou liest in thy throat: that is not the matter I challenge thee for.*

*Fab.* Very brief, and to exceeding good sense — less.

*Sir To.* *I will waylay thee going home; where, if it be thy chance to kill me, —*

*Fab.* Good.

*Sir To.* — *thou kill'st me like a rogue and a villain.*

*Fab.* Still you keep o' the windy side of the law: Good.

*Sir To.* *Fare thee well; and God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine; but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy.* *Andrew Aguecheek.*

— If this letter move him not, his legs cannot: I'll give't him.

*Mar.* You may have very fit occasion for't: he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by-and-by depart.

*Sir To.* Go, Sir Andrew; scout me for him at the corner of the orchard, like a bum-bailie:<sup>12</sup> so soon as ever thou seest him, draw; and, as thou drawest, swear horrible:<sup>13</sup> for it comes to pass oft, that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twang'd off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earn'd him. Away!

*Sir And.* Nay, let me alone for swearing. [Exit.]

*Sir To.* Now will not I deliver his letter: for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less: therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth; he will find it comes from a clod-pole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Aguecheek a notable report of valour; and drive the gentleman (as I know his youth will aptly receive it) into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. This will so fright

<sup>12</sup> *Bum-bailie* is a waggish form of *bum-bailiff*, which, again, is a corruption of *bound-bailiff*; a subordinate officer, like our deputy-sheriff, so called from the *bond* which he had to give for the faithful discharge of his trust.

<sup>13</sup> Adjectives are often used by Shakespeare and his contemporaries adverbially.

them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.<sup>14</sup>

• *Fab.* Here he comes with your niece: give them way till he take leave, and presently after him.

*Sir To.* I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge. [*Exeunt Sir To., FAB., and MARIA.*

*Re-enter OLIVIA, with VIOLA.*

*Oli.* I've said too much unto a heart of stone,  
And laid mine honour too unchary out:  
There's something in me that reproves my fault;  
But such a headstrong potent fault it is,  
That it but mocks reproof.

*Vio.* With the same 'haviour that your passion bears,  
Goes on my master's grief.

*Oli.* Here, wear this jewel for me, 'tis my picture;  
Refuse it not, it hath no tongue to vex you;  
And, I beseech you, come again to-morrow.  
What shall you ask of me that I'll deny,  
That honour, sav'd, may upon asking give?

*Vio.* Nothing but this, — your true love for my master.

*Oli.* How with mine honour may I give him that  
Which I have given to you?

*Vio.* I will acquit you.

*Oli.* Well, come again to-morrow: Fare thee well;  
A fiend like thee might bear my soul to Hell. [*Exit.*

*Re-enter Sir TOBY BELCH and FABIAN.*

*Sir To.* Gentleman, God save thee!

*Vio.* And you, sir.

*Sir To.* That defence thou hast, betake thee to't: of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not; but thy interceptor, full of despite, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard-end: dismount thy tuck, be yare in thy preparation;<sup>15</sup> for thy assailant is quick, skilful, and deadly.

*Vio.* You mistake, sir; I am sure no man hath any quarrel to me: my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

*Sir To.* You'll find it otherwise, I assure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and wrath can furnish man withal.

<sup>14</sup> This ancient serpent was fabled to have the power of darting venom from its eyes, or of killing by its look. Shakespeare elsewhere has the phrase, "death-darting eye of cockatrice." He also has several allusions to the same beast under the name of *basilisk*.

<sup>15</sup> *Tuck* is rapier or long dagger. *Yare* is quick, nimble, or ready.

*Vio.* I pray you, sir, what is he?

*Sir To.* He is a knight, dubb'd with unhack'd<sup>16</sup> rapier, and on carpet consideration;<sup>17</sup> but he is a devil in private brawl: souls and bodies hath he divorc'd three; and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre: Hob-nob is his word;<sup>18</sup> give't or take't.

*Vio.* I will return again into the house, and desire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men that put quarrels purposely on others, to taste their valour:<sup>19</sup> belike this is a man of that quirk.

*Sir To.* Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury: therefore get you on, and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me which with as much safety you might answer him: therefore on, or strip your sword stark naked; for meddle you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

*Vio.* This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office as<sup>20</sup> to know of the knight what my offence to him is: it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

*Sir To.* I will do so.—Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return. [*Exit.*]

*Vio.* Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

*Fab.* I know the Knight is incens'd against you, even to a mortal arbitrament; but nothing of the circumstance more.

*Vio.* I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

*Fab.* Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal opposite that

<sup>16</sup> The original reads *unhatch'd* rapier; but many of the best commentators are of the opinion that it should be *unhack'd*. "*Hatching*," according to an old authority, "is to silver or gild the hilt and pommel of a sword or hanger." Hence used generally for to *adorn* or *beautify*. So that *unhatch'd rapier* would mean the same as unornamented rapier, which would hardly agree with the use here made of it.

<sup>17</sup> The meaning of this may be gathered from Randle Holme. Speaking of a certain class of knights, he says,—"They are termed simply knights of the *carpet*, or knights of the green cloth, to distinguish them from knights that are dubbed as soldiers in the field; though in these days they are created or dubbed with the like ceremony as the others are, by the stroke of a naked sword upon the shoulder."

<sup>18</sup> *Hob-nob*, *hab-nab*, *habbe* or *nabbe*, is have or not have, hit or miss.

<sup>19</sup> *Taste* in the sense of *try* has occurred before in this Act; page 211, note 13.

<sup>20</sup> The correlative *as*, both pronoun and conjunction, now used only with *as*, *so*, or *such*, was formerly used, indifferently, with the demonstratives, as with *this* here, and again with *that* in the fifth speech below. So, in *Julius Cæsar*, i. 2: "I have not from your eyes *that* gentleness and show of love *as* I was wont to have."

you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria. Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him, if I can.

*Vio.* I shall be much bound to you for't: I am one that would rather go with Sir Priest, than Sir Knight: I care not who knows so much of my mettle. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE V. *The Street adjoining OLIVIA'S Garden.*<sup>1</sup>

*Enter Sir TOBY and Sir ANDREW.*

*Sir To.* Why, man, he's a very devil; I have not seen such a firago.<sup>2</sup> I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard, and all, and he gives me the stuck-in<sup>3</sup> with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the answer he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on. They say he has been fencer to the Sophy.

*Sir And.* Pox on't! I'll not meddle with him.

*Sir To.* Ay, but he will not now be pacified: Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

*Sir And.* Plague on't! an I thought he had been valiant and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damn'd ere I'd have challeng'd him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, gray Capilet.

*Sir To.* I'll make the motion. Stand here; make a good show on't: this shall end without the perdition of souls.—*[Aside.]* Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you.—

*Enter FABIAN and VIOLA.*

*[To FAB.]* I have his horse to take up the quarrel:<sup>4</sup> I have persuaded him the youth's a devil.

*Fab. [To Sir To.]* He is as horribly conceited<sup>5</sup> of him; and pants and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

*Sir To. [To VIO.]* There's no remedy, sir; he will fight with you for's oath-sake: Marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of; therefore draw, for the supportance of his vow: he protests he will not hurt you.

<sup>1</sup> In the original, and, I believe, in all modern editions except Mr. Dyce's, what follows is printed as a continuation of the foregoing scene. In the Poet's time, changes of scene not unfrequently had to be left to the imagination of the audience. The course of the action and various particulars of the dialogue plainly require a change of scene in this place.

<sup>2</sup> *Firago*, for *virago*. The meaning appears to be, I have never seen a viraginous woman so obstreperous and violent as he is.

<sup>3</sup> A corruption of *stoccata*, an Italian term in fencing.

<sup>4</sup> *Take up* is the old phrase for *make up* or *settle*. See page 91, note 7.

<sup>5</sup> He has a horrid conception of him.

*Vio.* [*Aside.*] Pray God defend me! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

*Fab.* Give ground, if you see him furious.

*Sir To.* Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy; the gentleman will, for his honour's sake, have one bout with you; he cannot by the duello avoid it: but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on; to't.

*Sir And.* Pray God, he keep his oath!

*Vio.* I do assure you 'tis against my will.

[*Draws.*

[*Draws.*

*Enter ANTONIO.*

*Ant.* Put up your sword. If this young gentleman Have done offence, I take the fault on me: If you offend him, I for him defy you.

*Sir To.* You, sir! why, what are you?

*Ant.* One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more Than you have heard him brag to you he will. [*Drawing.*

*Sir To.* Nay, if you be an undertaker,<sup>6</sup> I am for you.

[*Draws.*

*Fab.* O, good Sir Toby, hold! here come the officers.

*Sir To.* [*To ANT.*] I'll be with you anon.

*Vio.* [*To Sir AND.*] Pray, sir, put your sword up, if you please.

*Sir And.* Marry, will I, sir; and, for that I promis'd you, I'll be as good as my word: He will bear you easily, and reins well.

*Enter Officers.*

1 *Off.* This is the man; do thy office.

2 *Off.* Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit Of Count Orsino.

*Ant.* You do mistake me, sir.

1. *Off.* No, sir, no jot; I know your favour well, Though now you have no sea-cap on your head. — Take him away; he knows I know him well.

*Ant.* I must obey. — [*To VIO.*] This comes with seeking you;

But there's no remedy; I shall answer it.

What will you do, now my necessity

Makes me to ask you for my purse? it grieves me

Much more for what I cannot do for you

Than what befalls myself. You stand amaz'd;

But be of comfort.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>6</sup> One who takes up or undertakes the quarrel of another.

<sup>7</sup> *Be of comfort* is old language for *be comforted*.

2 *Off.* Come, sir, away.

*Ant.* I must entreat of you some of that money.

*Vio.* What money, sir?

For the fair kindness you have show'd me here,  
And, part, being prompted by your present trouble,  
Out of my lean and low ability  
I'll lend you something. My having is not much;  
I'll make division of my present with you:  
Hold, there is half my coffer.

*Ant.* Will you deny me now?

Is't possible that my deserts to you  
Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,  
Lest that it make me so unsound a man  
As to upbraid you with those kindnesses  
That I have done for you.

*Vio.* I know of none;

Nor know I you by voice or any feature:  
I hate ingratitude more in a man  
Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness,  
Or any taint of vice whose strong corruption  
Inhabits our frail blood.

*Ant.* O, Heavens themselves!

2 *Off.* Come, sir, I pray you, go.

*Ant.* Let me speak a little. This youth that you see here  
I snatch'd one-half out of the jaws of death;  
Reliev'd him with such sanctity of love,—  
And to his image, which methought did promise  
Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

1 *Off.* What's that to us? The time goes by; away!

*Ant.* But, O, how vile an idol proves this god!—  
Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.—  
In nature there's no blemish but the mind;  
None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind:  
Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous-evil  
Are empty trunks, o'erflourish'd by the Devil.<sup>8</sup>

1 *Off.* The man grows mad; away with him!—Come, come, sir.

*Ant.* Lead me on. [*Exeunt Officers with ANT.*]

*Vio.* Methinks his words do from such passion fly,  
That he believes himself: so do not I.<sup>9</sup>  
Prove true, imagination, O, prove true,  
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!

<sup>8</sup> Trunks, being then part of the furniture of apartments, were ornamented with scroll-work or *flourished* devices.

<sup>9</sup> That is, I do not yet believe myself, when from this accident I gather hope of my brother's life.

*Sir To.* Come hither, Knight;—come hither, Fabian: we'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of most sage saws.

*Vio.* He nam'd Sebastian: I my brother know  
Yet living in my glass;<sup>10</sup> even such, and so,  
In favour was my brother; and he went  
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,  
For him I imitate. O, if it prove,  
Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love! [*Exit.*

*Sir To.* A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward than a hare: his dishonesty appears in leaving his friend here in necessity, and denying him; and for his cowardship, ask Fabian.

*Fab.* A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.

*Sir And.* 'Slid! I'll after him again, and beat him.

*Sir To.* Do; cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword.

*Sir And.* An I do not,— [*Exit*

*Fab.* Come, let's see the event.

*Sir To.* I dare lay any money 'twill be nothing yet.  
[*Exeunt*

ACT IV. SCENE I. *The Street before OLIVIA'S House.*

*Enter SEBASTIAN and the Clown.*

*Clo.* Will you make me believe that I am not sent for you?

*Seb.* Go to, go to;<sup>1</sup> thou art a foolish fellow: let me be clear of thee.

*Clo.* Well held out, i' faith! No, I do not know you; nor I am not sent to you by my lady, to bid you come speak with her; nor your name is not Master Cesario; nor this is not my nose neither. Nothing that is so is so.

*Seb.* I pr'ythee, vent thy folly somewhere else: Thou know'st not me.

*Clo.* Vent my folly! He has heard that word of some great man, and now applies it to a Fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this great lubberly word will prove a cockney.<sup>2</sup>—

<sup>10</sup> His resemblance *survives* in the reflection of my own figure.

<sup>1</sup> The phrase *go to*, now pretty much obsolete, was very common in the Poet's time, especially in colloquial language. Sometimes it is nearly equivalent to our *hush up*, which appears to be the sense of it in this place; and sometimes it means about the same as *come on*.

<sup>2</sup> The original has "this great *lubber the world*," which the editors have puzzled over with conspicuous unsucccess. The correction is Douce's, and is just the thing. Mr. White says it means, "I am afraid that this pretentious, affected word, *vent*, will at last become domesticated in London."—*Cockney* seems to be understood the world over as a term for a Londoner. Minshew's *Ductor in Linguas*, 1617, explains it thus: "A *Cockney* may be

I pr'ythee now, ungird thy strangeness, and tell me what I shall vent to my lady: Shall I vent to her that thou art coming?

*Seb.* I pr'ythee, foolish Greek,<sup>3</sup> depart from me: There's money for thee: if you tarry longer, I shall give worse payment.

*Clo.* By my troth, thou hast an open hand. These wise men that give fools money get themselves a good report after fourteen years' purchase.<sup>4</sup>

*Enter Sir ANDREW AGUECHEEK.*

*Sir And.* Now, sir, have I met you again? there's for you. [Striking SEBASTIAN.]

*Seb.* Why, there's for thee, and there and there and there! Are all the people mad? [Beating Sir ANDREW.]

*Enter Sir TOBY and FABIAN.*

*Sir To.* Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house.

*Clo.* This will I tell my lady straight: I would not be in some of your coats for twopence. [Exit.]

*Sir To.* Come on, sir; hold! [Holding SEBASTIAN.]

*Sir And.* Nay, let him alone: I'll go another way to work with him; I'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria. Though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

*Seb.* Let go thy hand.

*Sir To.* Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron: you are well flesh'd;<sup>5</sup> come on.

*Seb.* I will be free from thee. [Shakes Sir TOBY off.] What would'st thou now?

If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword. [Draws.]

*Sir To.* What, what! Nay, then I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you. [Draws.]

*Enter OLIVIA.*

*Oli.* Hold, Toby! on thy life I charge thee, hold!

*Sir To.* Madam, —

taken for a child tenderly and wantonly brought up." So, too, in Phillips's *World of Words*, 1670: "*Cockney*, a nickname commonly given to one born and bred in the city of London; also a fondling child, tenderly brought up and *cocker'd*."

<sup>3</sup> A merry Greek, or a foolish Greek, were ancient proverbial expressions applied to boon companions, good fellows, as they were called, who spent their time in riotous mirth.

<sup>4</sup> That is, at a very extravagant price; twelve years' purchase being then the current price of estates.

<sup>5</sup> The verb to *flesh* and the noun *fleshment* were used of one's first service with the sword. So, too, an *unfleshed* sword is called a *maiden* sword. Sir Toby means to intimate that Sebastian, whom he supposes to be Viola, is too young to have ever handled that manly weapon before.

*Oli.* Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch,  
Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,  
Where manners ne'er were preach'd, out of my sight! —  
Be not offended, dear Cesario. —  
Rudesby,<sup>6</sup> be gone! —

[*Exeunt Sir TOBY, Sir ANDREW, and FAB.*

I pr'ythee, gentle friend,  
Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway  
In this uncivil and unjust extent<sup>7</sup>  
Against thy peace. Go with me to my house;  
And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks  
This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby  
May'st smile at this: thou shalt not choose but go;  
Do not deny. Beshrew his soul for me,  
He started one poor heart of mine in thee.<sup>8</sup>

*Seb.* What relish is in this? how runs the stream?  
Or I am mad, or else this is a dream:  
Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;  
If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!

*Oli.* Nay, come, I pr'ythee: would thou'dst be rul'd by me!

*Seb.* Madam, I will.

*Oli.* O, say so, and so be! [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II. A Room in OLIVIA'S House.

*Enter MARIA and the Clown.*

*Mar.* Nay, I pr'ythee, put on this gown and this beard:  
make him believe thou art Sir Topas the curate; do it quickly:  
I'll call Sir Toby the whilst. [*Exit MARIA.*

*Clo.* Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble<sup>1</sup> myself in't;  
and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a  
gown. I am not tall<sup>2</sup> enough to become the function well,  
nor lean enough to be thought a good student; but to be said  
an honest man and a good housekeeper, goes as fairly as to  
say a careful man and a great scholar. The competitors  
enter.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>6</sup> An old term for *rude fellow*.

<sup>7</sup> *Extent*, as here used, is a legal term for a civil process whereby the person and property of a debtor were seized and held to answer in payment of the debt. Shakespeare has it elsewhere in a similar sense. See page 55, note 2.

<sup>8</sup> An equivoque is here intended between *hart* and *heart*, which were formerly written alike.

<sup>1</sup> That is, *disguise*. Shakespeare has here used a Latinism. "*Dissimulo*, to dissemble, to cloak, to hide," says Hutton's *Dictionary*, 1588.

<sup>2</sup> *Tall* was sometimes used in the sense of *lusty*, thus making a good antithesis to *lean*.

<sup>3</sup> *Confederate* or *partner* is one of the old senses of *competitor*.

*Enter Sir TOBY BELCH and MARIA.*

*Sir To.* Jove bless thee, Master Parson!

*Clo.* *Bonos dies*, Sir Toby! for, as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of King Gorboduc, *That that is is*; so I, being Master Parson, am Master Parson: For what is *that* but *that*, and *is* but *is*?<sup>4</sup>

*Sir To.* To him, Sir Topas.

*Clo.* What, ho, I say,—peace in this prison!

*Sir To.* The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

*Mal.* [*Within.*] Who calls there?

*Clo.* Sir Topas the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic.

*Mal.* Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady.

*Clo.* Out, hyperbolical fiend!<sup>5</sup> how vexest thou this man! talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

*Sir To.* Well said, Master Parson.

*Mal.* Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged: good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad: they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

*Clo.* Fie, thou dishonest Satan! I call thee by the most modest terms; for I am one of those gentle ones that will use the Devil himself with courtesy. Say'st thou this house is dark?

*Mal.* As Hell, Sir Topas.

*Clo.* Why, it hath bay-windows<sup>6</sup> transparent as barricadoes, and the clere-storeys<sup>7</sup> toward the south-north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

*Mal.* I am not mad, Sir Topas: I say to you this house is dark.

*Clo.* Madman, thou errest: I say there is no darkness but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog.

*Mal.* I say this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as Hell; and I say there was never man thus abus'd: I am no more mad than you are; make the trial of it in any constant question.

<sup>4</sup> A humorous banter upon the language of the schools.

<sup>5</sup> This use of *hyperbolical* seems to be original with the Clown. Cowley, however, in his *Essay Of Greatness*, applies the phrase "hyperbolical fop" to one Senecio, who is described by Seneca the Elder as possessed with "a ridiculous affectation of grandeur;" insomuch that he would speak none but big words, eat nothing but what was big, nor wear any shoe that was not big enough for both his feet.

<sup>6</sup> *Bay-windows* were large projecting windows, probably so called because they occupied a whole *bay* or space between two cross-beams in a building.

<sup>7</sup> *Clere-storeys*, in Gothic architecture, are the row of windows running along the upper part of a lofty hall or of a church, over the arches of the nave.

*Clo.* What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild-fowl?

*Mal.* That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.<sup>8</sup>

*Clo.* What thinkest thou of his opinion?

*Mal.* I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

*Clo.* Fare thee well: remain thou still in darkness. Thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras ere I will allow of thy wits; and fear to kill a woodcock,<sup>9</sup> lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

*Mal.* Sir Topas, Sir Topas, —

*Sir To.* My most exquisite Sir Topas!

*Clo.* Nay, I am for all waters.<sup>10</sup>

*Mar.* Thou mightest have done this without thy beard and gown: he sees thee not.

*Sir To.* To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou findest him: I would we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently deliver'd, I would he were; for I am now so far in offence with my niece, that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by-and-by to my chamber. [*Exeunt Sir To. and MARIA.*]

*Clo.* [Sings.] *Hey Robin, jolly Robin,  
Tell me how thy lady does.*<sup>11</sup>

*Mal.* [Within.] Fool, —

*Clo.* [Sings.] *My lady is unkind, perdy.*

*Mal.* Fool, —

*Clo.* [Sings.] *Alas, why is she so?*

*Mal.* Fool, I say; —

*Clo.* [Sings.] *She loves another — Who calls, ha?*

*Mal.* Good Fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper: as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't.

*Clo.* Master Malvolio?

*Mal.* Ay, good Fool.

*Clo.* Alas, sir, how fell you beside your five wits?

*Mal.* Fool, there was never man so notoriously abus'd: I am as well in my wits, Fool, as thou art.

<sup>8</sup> Rosalind finds use for the same doctrine: page 60, note 12.

<sup>9</sup> The Clown mentions a woodcock, because it was proverbial as a foolish bird, and therefore a proper ancestor for a man out of his wits.

<sup>10</sup> The meaning appears to be, — I can turn my hand to any thing, or assume any character. Florio in his translation of *Montaigne*, speaking of Aristotle, says, "He hath an oar in every water, and meddleth with all things." And in his *Second Frutes* there is an expression more resembling the import of that in the text: "I am a knight for *all saddles*."

<sup>11</sup> This ballad may be found in Percy's *Reliques*. Dr. Nott has also printed it among the poems of Sir Thomas Wyatt the elder.

*Clo.* But as well? then you are mad indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

*Mal.* They have here propertyed me;<sup>12</sup> keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

*Clo.* Advise you what you say; the minister is here.<sup>13</sup> — Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the Heavens restore! endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble-babble.

*Mal.* Sir Topas, —

*Clo.* Maintain no words with him, good fellow. — Who, I, sir? not I, sir. God b' wi' you, good Sir Topas. — Marry, amen. — I will, sir, I will.

*Mal.* Fool, Fool, Fool, I say, —

*Clo.* Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I am shent for speaking to you.<sup>14</sup>

*Mal.* Good Fool, help me to some light and some paper: I tell thee I am as well in my wits as any man in Illyria.

*Clo.* Well-a-day, that you were, sir!

*Mal.* By this hand, I am. Good Fool, some ink, paper, and light, and convey what I will set down to my lady: it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

*Clo.* I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you mad indeed? or do you but counterfeit?

*Mal.* Believe me, I am not; I tell thee true.

*Clo.* Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman till I see his brains. I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.

*Mal.* Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree: pr'ythee, be gone.

*Clo.* [Sings.] *I am gone, sir, and anon, sir,  
I'll be with you again,  
In a trice, like to the old Vice,<sup>15</sup>  
Your need to sustain;*

<sup>12</sup> Taken possession of me as of a man unable to look to himself.

<sup>13</sup> The Clown, in the dark, acts two persons, and counterfeits, by variation of voice, a dialogue between himself and Sir Topas; the preceding part of this speech being spoken as Clown, the following as Priest.

<sup>14</sup> *Shent* is an old word for *scolded* or *reprimanded*.

<sup>15</sup> Both the Vice and the Devil were stereotyped personages in the old Moral-plays which were in use for many ages before the Poet's time, and were then just going out of use. The Vice, sometimes called Iniquity, was grotesquely dressed in a cap with ass's ears, and a long coat, and armed with a dagger of lath. He commonly acted the part of a broad, rampant jester and buffoon, full of mad pranks and mischief-making, liberally dashed with a sort of tumultuous, swaggering fun. Especially, he was given to cracking ribald and saucy jokes with and upon the Devil, and treating him with a style of coarse familiarity and mockery; and a part of his ordinary functions was to bestride the Devil, and beat him with his dagger till he roared, and the audience roared with him; the scene ending with his being carried off to Hell on the Devil's back. The Vice was the germ of the pro-

*Who with dagger of lath, in his rage and his wrath,  
Cries ah, ha! to the Devil:  
Like a mad lad, pare thy nails, dad;  
Adieu, goodman Devil.*<sup>16</sup>

SCENE III. OLIVIA'S Garden.

*Enter SEBASTIAN.*

*Seb.* This is the air; that is the glorious Sun;  
This pearl she gave me, I do feel't and see't;  
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,  
Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio then?  
I could not find him at the Elephant:  
Yet there he was; and there I found this credit,<sup>1</sup>  
That he did range the town to seek me out.  
His counsel now might do me golden service;  
For though my soul disputes well with my sense,  
That this may be some error, but no madness,  
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune  
So far exceed all instance, all discourse,  
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes,  
And wrangle with my reason, that persuades me  
To any other trust but that I'm mad,—  
Or else the lady's mad: yet, if 'twere so,  
She could not sway her house, command her followers,  
Take and give back affairs, and them despatch,  
With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing,  
As I perceive she does. There's something in't  
That is deceivable.<sup>2</sup> But here the lady comes.

*Enter OLIVIA and a Priest.*

*Oli.* Blame not this haste of mine. If you mean well,  
Now go with me and with this holy man  
Into the chantry by:<sup>3</sup> there, before him,

fessional Fool or Clown, which Shakespeare delivers in so many forms, and always so full of matter.

<sup>16</sup> *Goodman* in old language is nearly equivalent to *master*, or to our flattened form of it, *mister*. It was common for women to speak of their husbands as *my goodman*. And in *St. Matthew* xx. 11: "They murmured against the *goodman* of the house." Also in *St. Luke* xii. 89. The verses in the text are most likely from an old popular song, of which nothing further is known.

<sup>1</sup> This *belief*, or thing *believed*.

<sup>2</sup> *Deceivable* for *deceptive*; the passive form, again, with the active sense. See page 66, note 4.

<sup>3</sup> A *chantry* was a little chapel, or particular altar in some cathedral or parochial church, endowed for the purpose of having masses sung therein for the souls of the founders.

And underneath that consecrated roof,  
 Plight me the full assurance of your faith;  
 That my most jealous and too doubtful soul  
 May live at peace. He shall conceal it,  
 Whiles<sup>4</sup> you are willing it shall come to note;  
 What time we will our celebration keep  
 According to my birth. What do you say?

*Seb.* I'll follow this good man, and go with you;  
 And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.

*Oli.* Then lead the way, good Father:—And Heavens so  
 shine,  
 That they may fairly note this act of mine! [Exeunt.

ACT V. SCENE I. *The Street before OLIVIA'S House.*

*Enter the Clown and FABIAN.*

*Fab.* Now, as thou lov'st me, let me see his letter.

*Clo.* Good Master Fabian, grant me another request.

*Fab.* Any thing.

*Clo.* Do not desire to see this letter.

*Fab.* This is, to give a dog, and in recompense desire my  
 dog again.

*Enter the DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO, and Attendants.*

*Duke.* Belong you to the Lady Olivia, friends?

*Clo.* Ay, sir; we are some of her trappings.

*Duke.* I know thee well: how dost thou, my good fellow?

*Clo.* Truly, sir, the better for my foes, and the worse for  
 my friends.

*Duke.* Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.

*Clo.* No, sir, the worse.

*Duke.* How can that be?

*Clo.* Marry, sir, they praise me, and make an ass of me:  
 now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass; so that by my foes,  
 sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself; and by my friends I  
 am abused: so that, conclusions to be as kisses,<sup>1</sup> if your four

<sup>4</sup> *Whiles* was often used thus in the sense of *until*. — Note, from the Latin *notitia*, is several times used by the Poet in the sense of *knowledge*. — The ceremony to which Olivia here so sweetly urges Sebastian is the ancient solemn troth-plight, as it was called, which, as it had the binding force of an actual marriage, might well give peace to an anxious maiden till the day of full nuptial possession should arrive.

<sup>1</sup> Warburton thought this should read, "conclusion to be asked, is;" upon which Coleridge remarks: "Surely Warburton could never have wooed

negatives make your two affirmatives, why, then the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes.

*Duke.* Why, this is excellent.

*Clo.* By my tooth, sir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.

*Duke.* Thou shalt not be the worse for me: there's gold.

*Clo.* But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.

*Duke.* O, you give me ill counsel.

*Clo.* Put *your Grace* in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.<sup>2</sup>

*Duke.* Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double-dealer: there's another.

*Clo.* *Primo, secundo, tertio*, is a good play; and the old saying is, the third pays for all: the *triplex*, sir, is a good tripping measure; as the bells of Saint Bennet, sir, may put you in mind: One, two, three.

*Duke.* You can fool no more money out of me at this throw: if you will let your lady know I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

*Clo.* Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty till I come again. I go, sir; but I would not have you to think that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness: but, as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap; I will awake it anon. [*Exit.*]

*Vio.* Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

*Enter ANTONIO and Officers.*

*Duke.* That face of his I do remember well;  
Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmear'd  
As black as Vulcan in the smoke of war:  
A bawbling vessel was he captain of,  
For shallow draught and bulk unprizable;<sup>3</sup>  
With which such scathful grapple did he make  
With the most noble bottom of our fleet,  
That very envy and the tongue of loss<sup>4</sup>  
Cried fame and honour on him. — What's the matter?

by kisses and won, or he would not have flounder-flatted so just and humorous, nor less pleasing than humorous, an image into so profound a nihility. In the name of love and wonder, do not four kisses make a double affirmative? The humour lies in the whispered 'No!' and the inviting 'Don't!' with which the maiden's kisses are accompanied, and thence compared to negatives, which by repetition constitute an affirmative."

<sup>2</sup> The Clown puns so swiftly here that it is not easy to keep up with him. The quibble lies between the two senses of *grace* as a title and as a gracious impulse or thought.

<sup>3</sup> *Unprizable* is evidently used here in the sense of *worthless*, or of *no price*. The Poet elsewhere has it in the opposite sense of *inestimable*.

<sup>4</sup> "The tongue of *loss*" here means the tongue of the *loser*; but is much more elegant.

1 *Off.* Orsino, this is that Antonio  
That took the Phoenix and her fraught from Candy;  
And this is he that did the Tiger board,  
When your young nephew Titus lost his leg:  
Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state,<sup>5</sup>  
In private brabble did we apprehend him.

*Vio.* He did me kindness, sir; drew on my side;  
But, in conclusion, put strange speech upon me:  
I know not what 'twas, but distraction.

*Duke.* Notable pirate! thou salt-water thief!  
What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies,  
Whom thou, in terms so bloody and so dear,<sup>6</sup>  
Hast made thine enemies?

*Ant.* Orsino, noble sir,  
Be pleas'd that I shake off these names you give me:  
Antonio never yet was thief or pirate,  
Though, I confess, on base and ground enough,  
Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:  
That most ingrateful boy there by your side,  
From the rude sea's enrag'd and foamy mouth  
Did I redeem: a wreck past hope he was.  
His life I gave him, and did thereto add  
My love, without retention or restraint;  
All his in dedication: for his sake  
Did I expose myself (pure for his love)  
Into the danger of this adverse town;  
Drew to defend him when he was beset:  
Where being apprehended, his false cunning  
(Not meaning to partake with me in danger)  
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,  
And grew a twenty-years-removed thing  
While one would wink; denied me mine own purse,  
Which I had recommended to his use  
Not half an hour before.

*Vio.* How can this be?

*Duke.* When came ye to this town?

*Ant.* To-day, my lord; and for three months before  
(No interim, not a minute's vacancy)  
Both day and night did we keep company.

<sup>5</sup> Inattentive to his character or condition, like a desperate man.

<sup>6</sup> *Dear* is used in the same sense here as in *Hamlet*: "Would I had met my *dearest* foe in heaven!" Tooke has shown that this is much nearer the original sense of the word than the meaning commonly put upon it: *dear* being from the Anglo-Saxon verb to *dere*, which signifies to *hurt*. An object of love, any thing that we hold dear, may obviously cause us pain, distress, or solicitude: hence the word came to be used in the opposite senses of hateful and beloved.

*Duke.* Here comes the Countess: now Heaven walks on earth! —

But for thee, fellow, fellow, thy words are madness:  
Three months this youth hath tended upon me;  
But more of that anon. — Take him aside.

*Enter OLIVIA and Attendants.*

*Oli.* What would my lord, but that he may not have,  
Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable? —  
*Cesario*, you do not keep promise with me.

*Vio.* Madam! —

*Duke.* Gracious Olivia, —

*Oli.* What do you say, *Cesario*? — Good my lord, —

*Vio.* My lord would speak; my duty hushes me.

*Oli.* If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,  
It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear  
As howling after music.

*Duke.* Still so cruel?

*Oli.* Still so constant, lord.

*Duke.* What, to perverseness? you uncivil lady,  
To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars  
My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breath'd out  
That e'er devotion tender'd! What shall I do?

*Oli.* Even what it please my lord, that shall become him.

*Duke.* Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,  
Like to th' Egyptian thief at point of death,  
Kill what I love?<sup>7</sup> a savage jealousy,  
That sometime savours nobly. — But hear me this:  
Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,  
And that I partly know the instrument  
That screws me from my true place in your favour,  
Live you the marble-breasted tyrant still;  
But this your minion, whom I know you love,  
And whom, by Heaven I swear, I tender dearly,  
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,  
Where he sits crowned in his master's spite. —

<sup>7</sup> An allusion to the story of Thyamis, as told by Heliodorus in his *Ethiopsica*, of which an English version by Thomas Underdowne was published a second time in 1687. Thyamis was a native of Memphis, and chief of a band of robbers. Chariclea, a Greek, having fallen into his hands, he grew passionately in love with her, and would have married her; but, being surprised by a stronger band of robbers, and knowing he must die, he went to the cave where he had secreted her with his other treasures, and, seizing her by the hair with his left hand, with his right plunged a sword in her breast; it being the custom with those barbarians, when they despaired of their own life, first to kill those whom they held most dear, so as to have them as companions in the other world.

Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in mischief:  
I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,  
To spite a raven's heart within a dove.

[*Going.*

*Vio.* And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly,  
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.

[*Following.*

*Oli.* Where goes Cesario?

*Vio.* After him I love  
More than I love these eyes, more than my life,  
More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife:  
If I do feign, you witnesses above  
Punish my life for tainting of my love!

*Oli.* Ah me, detested! how am I beguil'd!

*Vio.* Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?

*Oli.* Hast thou forgot thyself? is it so long? —  
Call forth the holy Father. [Exit an Attendant.

*Duke.* [To *VIOLA.*] Come, away!

*Oli.* Whither, my lord? — Cesario, husband, stay.

*Duke.* Husband!

*Oli.* Ay, husband; can he that deny?

*Duke.* Her husband, sirrah!

*Vio.* No, my lord, not I.

*Oli.* Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear  
That makes thee strangle thy propriety:<sup>8</sup>  
Fear not, Cesario; take thy fortunes up;  
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art  
As great as that thou fear'st. — O, welcome, Father!

*Re-enter Attendant, with the Priest.*

Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence,  
Here to unfold (though lately we intended  
To keep in darkness what occasion now  
Reveals before 'tis ripe) what thou dost know  
Hath newly pass'd between this youth and me.

*Priest.* A contract and eternal bond of love,  
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,  
Attested by the holy close of lips,  
Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings;<sup>9</sup>  
And all the ceremony of this compact  
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:  
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave  
I've travell'd but two hours.

*Duke.* O, thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou be  
When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?<sup>10</sup>

<sup>8</sup> Suppress or disown thy *proper* self; deny what you really are.

<sup>9</sup> In ancient espousals the man received as well as gave a ring.

<sup>10</sup> The skin of a fox or rabbit was often called its case. So, in Cary's *Present State of England*, 1626: "Queen Elizabeth asked a knight, named

Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,  
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?  
Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet  
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

*Vio.* My lord, I do protest, —

*Oli.* O, do not swear!  
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

*Enter Sir ANDREW AGUECHEEK, with his Head broke.*

*Sir And.* For the love of God, a surgeon! send one presently to Sir Toby.

*Oli.* What's the matter?

*Sir And.* H' 'as broke my head across, and has given Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too: for the love of God, your help! I had rather than forty pound I were at home.

*Oli.* Who has done this, Sir Andrew?

*Sir And.* The Count's gentleman, one Cesario: we took him for a coward, but he's the very devil incardinate.

*Duke.* My gentleman Cesario?

*Sir And.* Od's lifelings,<sup>11</sup> here he is! — You broke my head for nothing; and that that I did, I was set on to do't by Sir Toby.

*Vio.* Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you:  
You drew your sword upon me without cause;  
But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

*Sir And.* If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me: I think you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb. Here comes Sir Toby halting; — you shall hear more: but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you othergates than he did.<sup>12</sup>

*Enter Sir TOBY BELCH, drunk, led by the Clown.*

*Duke.* How now, gentleman! how is't with you?

*Sir To.* That's all one: h' 'as hurt me, and there's the end on't. — Sot, didst see Dick Surgeon, sot?

*Clo.* O, he's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour ago; his eyes were set at eight i' the morning.

*Sir To.* Then he's a rogue and a passy-measures paynim:<sup>13</sup> I hate a drunken rogue.

Young, how he liked a company of brave ladies. He answered, — As I like my silver-haired conies at home: the *cases* are far better than the *bodies*."

<sup>11</sup> *Lifelings* is a diminutive of *life*, as *pittikins* is of *pity*. *Od's* is one of the disguised oaths so common in old colloquial language; the original form being *God's*. We have Imogen exclaiming *Od's pittikins* in *Cymbeline*, iv. 2.

<sup>12</sup> *Othergates* is an old word meaning the same as our *otherwise*.

<sup>13</sup> *Paynim*, meaning *pagan* or *heathen*, was of old a common term of reproach. Sir Toby is too deeply fuddled to have his tongue in firm keeping, and so uses *passy-measures* for *past-measure*.

*Oli.* Away with him! Who hath made this havoc with them?

*Sir And.* I'll help you, Sir Toby, because we'll be dress'd together.

*Sir To.* Will you help? — An ass-head, and a coxcomb, and a knave! a thin-fac'd knave, a gull!

*Oli.* Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

[*Exeunt Clown, FAB., Sir To., and Sir AND.*]

*Enter SEBASTIAN.*

*Seb.* I'm sorry, Madam, I have hurt your kinsman;  
But, had it been the brother of my blood,  
I must have done no less, with wit and safety.  
You throw a strange regard upon me, and by that  
I do perceive it hath offended you:  
Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows  
We made each other but so late ago.

*Duke.* One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons;  
A natural perspective,<sup>14</sup> that is and is not!

*Seb.* Antonio, O my dear Antonio!  
How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me,<sup>15</sup>  
Since I have lost thee!

*Ant.* Sebastian are you?

*Seb.* Fear'st thou that, Antonio?

*Ant.* How have you made division of yourself? —  
An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin  
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

*Oli.* Most wonderful!

*Seb.* Do I stand there? I never had a brother;  
Nor can there be that deity in my nature,  
Of here and everywhere. I had a sister,  
Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd. —

[*To Vio.*] Of charity, what kin are you to me?  
What countryman? what name? what parentage?

*Vio.* Of Messaline: Sebastian was my father;  
Such a Sebastian was my brother too;  
So went he suited to his watery tomb:  
If spirits can assume both form and suit,  
You come to fright us.

<sup>14</sup> A *perspective* formerly meant a glass that assisted the sight in any way. The several kinds used in Shakespeare's time are enumerated in Scot's *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, 1584, where that alluded to by the Duke is thus described: "There be glasses also wherein one man may see another man's image and not his own," — where that which is, is not; or appears, in a different position, another thing.

<sup>15</sup> The Poet uses *hour*, *fire*, and many others as words of one syllable or two, as may best suit his verse. In this place *hours* is a dissyllable.

*Seb.* A spirit I am, indeed;  
But am in that dimension grossly clad,  
Which from the womb I did participate.  
Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,  
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,  
And say — Thrice welcome, drowned Viola!

*Vio.* My father had a mole upon his brow.

*Seb.* And so had mine.

*Vio.* And died that day when Viola from her birth  
Had number'd thirteen years.

*Seb.* O, that record is lively in my soul!  
He finished, indeed, his mortal act  
That day that made my sister thirteen years.

*Vio.* If nothing lets to make us happy both<sup>16</sup>  
But this my masculine usurp'd attire,  
Do not embrace me till each circumstance  
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump,<sup>17</sup>  
That I am Viola: which to confirm,  
I'll bring you to a Captain's in this town,  
Where lie my maid's weeds; by whose gentle help  
I was preferr'd to serve this noble Count.<sup>18</sup>  
All the occurrence of my fortune since  
Hath been between this lady and this lord.

*Seb.* [*To OLI.*] So comes it, lady, you have been mis-  
took;<sup>19</sup>

But Nature to her bias drew in that.  
You would have been contracted to a maid;  
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceiv'd:  
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.<sup>20</sup>

*Duke.* Be not amaz'd; right noble is his blood. —  
If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,  
I shall have share in this most happy wreck. —  
[*To Vio.*] Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times  
Thou never should'st love woman like to me.

*Vio.* And all those sayings will I over-swear;  
And all those swearings keep as true in soul

<sup>16</sup> *Let*, often used in the English Bible, but now obsolete, is an old word for *hinder* or *prevent*.

<sup>17</sup> The Poet in several instances has *jump* in the sense of *agree with*, or *suit*.

<sup>18</sup> *Prefer* was often used in the sense of *recommend*. The original has *preserv'd* here. Corrected by Theobald.

<sup>19</sup> To be *mistook* was sometimes used, as to be *mistaken* now is, in the sense of *making a mistake*. The mistake Olivia has made is in being betrothed to Sebastian instead of Viola; but this was owing to the bias or predisposition of Nature, who would not have a woman betrothed to a woman.

<sup>20</sup> Sebastian applies the term *maid* apparently to himself, in the sense of *virgin*. And why not *maiden man* as well as *maiden sword* or *maiden speech*?

As doth that orb'd continent the fire<sup>21</sup>  
That severs day from night.

*Duke.*

Give me thy hand ;

And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

*Vio.* The Captain that did bring me first on shore  
Hath my maid's garments : he, upon some action,  
Is now in durance at Malvolio's suit,  
A gentleman and follower of my lady's.

*Oli.* He shall enlarge him. — Fetch Malvolio hither : —  
And yet, alas, now I remember me,  
They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.

*Re-enter the Clown with a Letter, and FABIAN.*

A most extracting frenzy of mine own<sup>22</sup>  
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his. —  
How does he, sirrah ?

*Clo.* Truly, Madam, he holds Beelzebub at the stave's end  
as well as a man in his case may do. H' 'as here writ a letter  
to you : I should have given 't you to-day morning ; but as a  
madman's epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much<sup>23</sup> when  
they are deliver'd.

*Oli.* Open't, and read it.

*Clo.* Look then to be well edified when the Fool delivers  
the Madman. — [Reads.] *By the Lord, Madam,* —

*Oli.* How now ! art thou mad ?

*Clo.* No, Madam, I do but read madness : an your ladyship  
will have it as it ought to be, you must allow *vox*.<sup>24</sup>

*Oli.* Pr'ythee, read i' thy right wits.

*Clo.* So I do, Madonna ; but to read his right wits is to  
read thus : therefore perpend,<sup>25</sup> my Princess, and give ear.

*Oli.* [To FABIAN.] Read it you, sirrah.

*Fab.* [Reads.] *By the Lord, Madam, you wrong me, and  
the world shall know it. Though you have put me into dark-  
ness, and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the  
benefit of my senses as well as your ladyship. I have your own  
letter that induced me to the semblance I put on ; with the which  
I doubt not but to do myself much right, or you much shame.  
Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought  
of, and speak out of my injury. The madly-us'd*

MALVOLIO.

<sup>21</sup> *Continent* formerly meant any thing that contains.

<sup>22</sup> *Extracting* has the sense of *distracting* here, and some would change the *ex* into *dis* ; an unwarrantable modernizing of the Poet's language.

<sup>23</sup> A common expression in the Poet's time, meaning it signifies not much.

<sup>24</sup> If you would have the letter read in character, you must allow me to assume the voice or frantic tone of a madman.

<sup>25</sup> *Perpend* is *consider* or *weigh*.

*Oli.* Did he write this?

*Clo.* Ay, Madam.

*Duke.* This savours not much of distraction.

*Oli.* See him deliver'd, Fabian; bring him hither. —

[*Exit FABIAN.*]

My lord, so please you (these things further thought on)  
To think me as well a sister as a wife,  
One day shall crown th' alliance on's, so please you,  
Here at my house, and at my proper cost.

*Duke.* Madam, I am most apt t' embrace your offer. —

[*To VIO.*] Your master quits you; and, for your service done  
him,

So much against the mettle of your sex,  
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,  
And since you call'd me master for so long,  
Here is my hand: you shall from this time be  
Your master's mistress.

*Oli.* A sister! — You are she.

*Re-enter FABIAN, with MALVOLIO.*

*Duke.* Is this the madman?

*Oli.* Ay, my lord, this same. —

How now, Malvolio!

*Mal.* Madam, you have done me wrong,  
Notorious wrong.

*Oli.* Have I, Malvolio? no.

*Mal.* Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that letter:  
You must not now deny it is your hand;  
Write from it,<sup>26</sup> if you can, in hand or phrase;  
Or say 'tis not your seal, nor your invention:  
You can say none of this. Well, grant it then;  
And tell me, in the modesty of honour,  
Why you have given me such clear lights of favour;  
Bade me come smiling and cross-garter'd to you,  
To put on yellow stockings, and to frown  
Upon Sir Toby and the lighter people:  
And, acting this in an obedient hope,  
Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,  
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,  
And made the most notorious geck and gull<sup>27</sup>  
That e'er invention play'd on? tell me why.

*Oli.* Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,  
Though, I confess, much like the character:

<sup>26</sup> Write *differently* from it. We have similar phraseology in common use; as, "His speaking was from the purpose."

<sup>27</sup> *Geck* is from the Saxon *geac*, a cuckoo, and here means a *fool*.

But, out of question, 'tis Maria's hand.  
 And now I do bethink me, it was she  
 First told me thou wast mad: thou cam'st in smiling,  
 And in such forms which here were presuppos'd  
 Upon thee in the letter. Pr'ythee, be content:  
 This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee;  
 But, when we know the grounds and authors of it,  
 Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge  
 Of thine own cause.

*Fab.* Good Madam, hear me speak;  
 And let no quarrel nor no brawl to come  
 Taint the condition of this present hour,  
 Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it shall not,  
 Most freely I confess, myself and Toby  
 Set this device against Malvolio here,  
 Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts  
 We had conceiv'd in him: Maria writ  
 The letter at Sir Toby's great importance;<sup>28</sup>  
 In recompense whereof he hath married her.  
 How with a sportful malice it was follow'd,  
 May rather pluck on laughter than revenge;  
 If that the injuries be justly weigh'd  
 That have on both sides pass'd.

*Oli.* Alas, poor fool, how have they baffled thee!<sup>29</sup>

*Clo.* Why, *some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrown upon them.* I was one, sir, in this interlude; one Sir Topas, sir; but that's all one. *By the Lord, Fool, I am not mad.* But do you remember? *Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal? an you smile not, he's gagg'd.* And thus the whirligig of Time brings in his revenges.

*Mal.* I'll be reveng'd on the whole pack of you. [*Exit.*]

*Oli.* He hath been most notoriously abus'd.

*Duke.* Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace:—  
 He hath not told us of the Captain yet:  
 When that is known, and golden time convents,<sup>30</sup>  
 A solemn combination shall be made  
 Of our dear souls. — Meantime, sweet sister,  
 We will not part from hence. — Cesario, come;  
 For so you shall be while you are a man;  
 But, when in other habits you are seen,  
 Orsino's mistress, and his fancy's queen.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>28</sup> *Importance for importunity.* So, in *King Lear*, iv. 4: "Therefore great France my mourning and important tears hath pitied."

<sup>29</sup> To treat with mockery or insult, to run a rig upon, and to make a butt of, are among the old senses of *baffle*.

<sup>30</sup> *Convents* is *agrees* or *comes fit*; a Latinism.

*Clown sings.*

*When that I was and a little tiny boy,  
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,  
A foolish thing was but a toy,  
For the rain it raineth every day.*

*But when I came to man's estate,  
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,  
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,  
For the rain it raineth every day.*

*But when I came, alas! to wive,  
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,  
By swaggering could I never thrive,  
For the rain it raineth every day.*

*But when I came unto my bed,  
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,  
With toss-pots still had drunken head,  
For the rain it raineth every day.*

*A great while ago the world begun,  
With a hey, ho, the wind and the rain:  
But that's all one, our play is done,  
And we'll strive to please you every day.*

[Exit.]

## INTRODUCTION TO KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

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**D**R. JOHNSON rightly observes that the First and Second Parts of *King Henry the Fourth* are substantially one drama, the whole being arranged as two only because too long to be one. For this cause it seems best to regard them as one in the introductory matter, and so dispose of them both together. The writing of them must be placed at least as early as 1597, when the author was thirty-three years old. The First Part was registered at the Stationers' for publication in February, 1598, and was published in the course of that year. It was reprinted in 1599, and again in 1604; also a fourth time in 1608, and a fifth in 1613. In the first issue the authorship was not stated; but each later issue has the name of "W. Shake-speare" printed in the title-page as the author. The Second Part was first published in 1600, and there is not known to have been any other edition of it till it reappeared along with the First Part in the folio of 1623.

It is beyond question that the original name of Sir John Falstaff was Sir John Oldcastle; and a curious relic of that name survives in Act i. scene 2, where the Prince calls Falstaff "my *old* lad of the castle." And we have several other strong proofs of the fact; as, for instance, in *Amends for Ladies*, a play by Nathaniel Field, printed in 1618: "Did you never see the play where the *fat Knight*, hight *Oldcastle*, did tell you truly what this honour was?" which clearly alludes to Falstaff's soliloquy about honour in Part First, Act v. scene 1. Yet it is certain that the change from *Oldcastle* to *Falstaff* was made before the play was entered at the Stationers' in 1598, as that entry mentions "the conceited mirth of Sir John Falstaff." Nor is there any doubt that the Second Part was written before that change was made; for in the quarto edition of this Part, Act i. scene 2, one of Falstaff's speeches has the prefix *Old*; the change in that instance being probably left unmarked in the printer's copy. All which shows that both Parts were written long enough before February, 1598, for the Poet to see cause for changing the name. — "Sir John Oldcastle, the good Lord Cobham," was much distinguished as a Wickliffite martyr, and was in high favour with the Reformers. Fuller, in his *Church History*, complains of the liberties taken by stage-poets with Oldcastle's name and memory; but adds that Falstaff has been "substituted buffoon in his place." Probably the respect in which the man's memory was held induced Shakespeare to change the name.

In the folio, the text of the First Part does not differ greatly from that of the quartos; and the quarto text is regarded by many as the better of the two. In the Second Part the folio text is much the better, some of the finest passages having first appeared in that edition. And there are many smaller differences; these, too, of such a nature as to infer that the folio must have been printed from an independent manuscript, and that the play had been revised by the author.

In these two plays, as in others of the same class, the Poet's authority was Holinshed, whose *Chronicles*, first published in 1577, were then the favourite book in English history. And the plays, notwithstanding their wealth of ideal matter, are rightly called historical, because the history everywhere guides, and in a good measure forms, the plot; whereas *Macbeth*, for instance, though having much of historical matter, is rightly called a tragedy, as the history merely *suberves* the plot.

King Henry IV., surnamed Bolingbroke from the place of his birth,

came to the throne in 1399, having first deposed his cousin Richard II., whose death he was thought to have procured shortly after. The chief agents in this usurpation were the Percys, known as Northumberland, Worcester, and Hotspur; three haughty and turbulent noblemen, who afterwards troubled Henry to keep the crown, as much as they had helped him in getting it. The lineal heir, next after Richard, was Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March, a lad then about seven years old, whom the King held in a sort of honourable custody. Early in his reign, one of the King's partisans in Wales went to wronging Owen Glendower, a chief of that country, who had been trained up in the English Court. Glendower petitioned for redress, and was insultingly denied; whereupon he took the work of redress into his own hands. Sir Edmund Mortimer, uncle to the young Earl of March, and brother to Hotspur's wife, was sent against him; but his forces were utterly broken, and himself held in confinement by Glendower, where the King suffered him to lie unransomed; alleging that he had treacherously allowed himself to be taken. Shakespeare, however, following Holinshed, makes the young Earl, who was then detained at Windsor, to have been Glendower's prisoner. After the captivity of Mortimer, the King led three armies in succession against Glendower, and was as often baffled by the Welshman. At length the elements made war on the King; his forces were storm-stricken, blown to pieces by tempests; which bred a general belief that Glendower could "command the Devil," and "call spirits from the vasty deep." The King finally gave up and withdrew; but still consoled himself that he yielded, not to the arms, but to the magic arts of his antagonist. In the beginning of his reign the King led an army into Scotland, and summoned the Scottish King to appear before him, and do homage for his crown; but, finding that the Scots would neither submit nor fight, and being pressed by famine, he gave over the undertaking and retired. Some while after, Earl Douglas, at the head of ten thousand men, burst into England and advanced as far as Newcastle, spreading terror and havoc around him. On their return, they were met by the Percys at Homildon, where, after a fierce and bloody battle, the Scots were utterly routed; Douglas himself being captured, as were also many other Scottish noblemen, and among them the Earl of Fife, a prince of the blood royal. The most distinguished of the English leaders in this affair was Henry Percy, surnamed Hotspur; a man of the most daring and impetuous spirit, who first armed at the age of twelve years, after which time, it is said, *his spur was never cold*. Of the other events, suffice it to say, that they are much the same in history as in the drama. The battle of Homildon was fought September 14th, 1402; which marks the beginning of the play. The battle of Shrewsbury, which closes the First Part, took place July 21st, 1403; Prince Henry being then only sixteen years old. The King died March 19th, 1413; so that the two plays cover a period of about ten years and a half. Various other points of the history are given from time to time in the foot-notes.

If these two plays are substantially one, it is the character of Prince Henry that makes them so; that is, they have their unity in him. It is well known that this man's deportment as king was in marked contrast with his course while Prince of Wales. The change in him, on coming to the throne, was indeed so great and so sudden as to be popularly ascribed to a miracle of grace. Shakespeare knew that the day of miracles was passed. He also knew that without a miracle such a sudden revolution of *character* could not be. And so his idea clearly was, that the change was not really in his character, but only superinduced upon it by change of position; that his excellent quali-

ties were but disguised from the world in clouds of loose behaviour, which, when the time came, he threw off, and appeared as he really was. To translate the reason and process of this change into dramatic form and expression, was the problem which the Poet undertook in these two plays. In his delineation of the Prince, Shakespeare followed the historians as far as they gave him any solid ground to go upon : where they failed him, he supplied the matter from his own stores. Now, in all reason, Prince Hal must have had companions in the sprees that are related of him ; for no man of sense goes into such transports of frolic and fun alone. But of the particular persons, "unlettered, rude, and shallow," with whom he had "his hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports," nothing was known, not even their names. So that the Poet had no way to set forth this part of the man's life but by creating one or more *representative characters*, concentrating in them such a fund of mental attraction as might overcome the natural repugnance of an upright and noble mind to their vices. Which is just what the Poet does in this work. And his method was, to embody in imaginary forms that truth of which the actual forms had not been preserved ; for, as Hallam well observes, "What he invented is as truly historical, in the large sense of moral history, as what he read."

Accordingly Falstaff may, I think, be justly set down as having all the intellectual qualities that enter into the composition of practical wisdom, without one of the moral. If to his understanding were joined an imagination equal, it is hardly too much to say he would be as great a poet as Shakespeare. And in all this we have, it seems to me, just the right constituents of perfect fitness for the dramatic purpose and exigency which his character was meant to answer. In his solid, clear understanding, his discernment and large experience, his fulness and quickness of wit and resource, and his infinite humour,—an inexhaustible magazine of mental fascinations,—what were else dark in the life of Prince Henry is made plain ; and we can hardly fail to see how he is drawn to what is in itself bad indeed, yet drawn in virtue of something within him that still promotes him in our esteem. I must add, withal, that hugely as we delight to be with Falstaff, he is nevertheless just about the last man that any one would wish to resemble ; which fact, as I take it, is enough of itself to keep the pleasure of his part free from any moral infection or taint.

Falstaff and his Eastcheap associates are altogether the greatest triumph of the comic Muse that the whole world has to show. In this judgment I believe that all who have fairly conversed with the irresistible old sinner are agreed. There is much indeed to be said of him, and he is a most inviting theme for analytic description ; but I must leave him with the remarks of Schlegel—

"Falstaff is the crown of Shakespeare's comic invention. He has, without exhausting himself, continued this character throughout three plays, and exhibited him in every variety of situation ; the figure is drawn so definitely and individually, that even to the mere reader it conveys a clear impression of personal acquaintance. Falstaff is the most agreeable and entertaining knave that ever was portrayed. We see that his tender care of himself is without any mixture of malice towards others : he will only not be disturbed in the pleasant repose of his sensuality ; and this he obtains through the activity of his understanding. Always on the alert, and good-humoured ; ever ready to crack jokes on others, and to enter into those of which he is himself the subject ; so that he justly boasts of being not only witty himself, but the cause of wit in others ; — he is an admirable

companion for youthful idleness and levity. Under a helpless exterior he conceals an extremely acute mind; he has always at command some dexterous turn whenever any of his free jokes begin to give displeasure; (he is shrewd in his distinctions between those whose favour he has to win and those over whom he may assume a familiar authority) He is so convinced that the part he plays can only pass under the cloak of wit, that even when alone he is never altogether serious, but gives the drollest colouring to his intrigues, his intercourse with others, and to his own sensual philosophy."

The characters of the King, of Hotspur, Glendower, the Chief Justice, and the Archbishop, not to mention others, are delivered in admirable keeping with historic truth, yet with as much freshness and originality of conception as if they had been purely the creatures of the Poet's own mind. Hotspur, especially, is a marvel of stalwart and emphatic individuality. He is as much a monarch in his sphere as the King and Falstaff are in theirs; only they rule more by power, he by stress. Who that has been with him in the scenes at the Palace and at Bangor, can ever forget his bounding, sarcastic, overbearing spirit? How he hits all about him, and makes the feathers fly wherever he hits! And how steeped his speech everywhere is in the poetry of the sword! In what compact and sinewy platoons and squadrons the words march out of his mouth in bristling rank and file, as if from his birth he had been cradled on the iron breast of war! Whether from something in himself, or from the king's treatment of him, Hotspur has our good-will from the start; nor is it without some reluctance that we set the Prince above him in our regard. Glendower is represented, with great art and equal truth, according to the superstitious belief of his time, — a belief wherein himself doubtless shared; for if the winds and tempests came *when* he wished them, it was natural for him to think, as others thought, that they came *because* he wished them. The popular ideas respecting him all belonged to the region of poetry; and Shakespeare gives them with remarkable exactness, at the same time penetrating and filling them with his own spirit.

Prince Henry was evidently a great favourite with the Poet. And he makes him equally so with his readers; pouring the full wealth of his genius upon him; centering in him almost every manly grace and virtue; and presenting him as the mirror of Christian princes and loadstar of honour; a model at once of a hero, a gentleman, and a sage. The Prince was in fact some twenty years younger than Hotspur. Such a difference of age would naturally foreclose any rivalry between them; and one of the Poet's most judicious departures from literal truth is in approximating their ages, that such influences might have a chance to work. It is under the inspirations of a great occasion that the Prince's many-sided, harmonious manhood begins fully to unfold itself. He has before discovered forces answering to all the attractions of Falstaff. But the issue proves that he has far better forces, which sleep, indeed, during the absence, but spring forth at the coming, of their proper stimulants and opportunities. In the close-thronging dangers that beset his father's throne he has noble work to do; in the thick-clustering honours of Hotspur, noble motives for doing it; and the two together furnish those more congenial attractions whereby he is gradually detached from a life of hunt-sport, and drawn up into the nobly-proportioned beauty with which both poetry and history have invested him. Of course I cannot dwell on the many gentle and heroic qualities which make up his well-rounded, beautiful combination. Great without effort, and good without thinking of it, he is indeed a noble ornament of the princely character.

# THE FIRST PART OF KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

<p>KING HENRY THE FOURTH.  HENRY OF MONMOUTH, } his Sons.  JOHN OF LANCASTER, }  RALPH NEVILLE, Earl of Westmoreland.  SIR WALTER BLUNT.  THOMAS PERCY, Earl of Worcester.  HENRY PERCY, Earl of Northumberland.  HENRY PERCY, his Son, surnamed HOT-  SPUR.  EDMUND MORTIMER, Earl of March.  RICHARD SCROOP, Archbishop of York.  ARCHIBALD, Earl of Douglas.</p>	<p>OWEN GLENDOWER.  SIR RICHARD VERNON.  SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.  SIR MICHAEL, a Friend of the Arch-  bishop.  POINTZ. GADSHILL.  PETO. BARDOLPH.    LADY PERCY, Wife to Hotspur.  LADY MORTIMER, Daughter to Glen-  dower.  MRS. QUICKLEY, Hostess in Eastcheap.</p>
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Lords, Officers, Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers, Carriers, Travellers, and Attendants.

SCENE, England.

ACT I. SCENE I. *London. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter the KING, WESTMORELAND, BLUNT, and Others.*

*King.* So shaken as we are, so wan with care,  
Find we a time for frightened peace to pant,  
And breathe short-winded accents of new broils  
To be commenc'd in strands afar remote.  
No more the thirsty entrance of this soil<sup>1</sup>  
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood;  
No more shall trenching war channel her fields,  
Nor bruise her flowerets with the armed hoofs  
Of hostile paces: those opposed eyes,  
Which, like the meteors of a troubled Heaven,  
All of one nature, of one substance bred,  
Did lately meet in the intestine shock  
And furious close of civil butchery,  
Shall now, in mutual, well-beseeming ranks,

<sup>1</sup> Of course *entrance* here means *mouth*, for what but a mouth should have *lips*? nor can I appreciate the difficulty which commentators have found in the expression. Several emendations have been proposed, all of which may well be set aside by a simple reference to *Genesis* iv. 11: "And now art thou cursed from the earth, which hath *opened her mouth* to receive thy brother's blood from thy hand."

March all one way, and be no more oppos'd  
 Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies :  
 The edge of war, like an ill-sheathed knife,  
 No more shall cut his master/ Therefore, friends,  
 As far as to the sepulchre of Christ, —  
 Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross  
 We are impressed and engag'd to fight, —  
 Forthwith a power of English shall we levy,<sup>2</sup>  
 To chase these pagans in those holy fields  
 Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet  
 Which fourteen hundred years ago were nail'd  
 For our advantage on the bitter cross.  
 But this our purpose is a twelve-month old,  
 And bootless 'tis to tell you we will go :  
 Therefore we meet not now.<sup>3</sup> — Then let me hear  
 Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,<sup>4</sup>  
 What yesternight our Council did decree  
 In forwarding this dear expedience.<sup>5</sup>

*West.* My liege, this haste was hot in question,  
 And many limits of the charge set down<sup>6</sup>  
 But yesternight ; when, all athwart, there came  
 A post from Wales loaden with heavy news ;  
 Whose worst was, that the noble Mortimer,  
 Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight<sup>7</sup>  
 Against th' irregular and wild Glendower,  
 Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken ;  
 A thousand of his people butchered,<sup>8</sup>  
 Upon whose dead corpse there was such misuse,  
 Such beastly, shameless transformation,  
 By those Welshwomen done, as may not be  
 Without much shame re-told or spoken of.

*King.* It seems, then, that the tidings of this broil  
 Brake off our business for the Holy Land.

<sup>2</sup> Levying an army to a place is only an elliptical form of expression, though some have thought the text corrupt. So, in Gosson's *School of Abuse*, 1587: "Scipio, before he *levied* his forces to the walls of Carthage, gave his soldiers the print of the city in a cake, to be devoured."

<sup>3</sup> We meet not on that question now, or to consider that matter.

<sup>4</sup> Ralph Neville, the present Earl of Westmoreland, married for his first wife Joan, daughter to John of Gaunt, by Catharine Swynford, and therefore half-sister to King Henry the Fourth. *Cousin*, in old English, bears much the same sense as *kinsman* in our time.

<sup>5</sup> The Poet uses *expedience* and *expedition* interchangeably: likewise, *expedient* and *expeditious*.

<sup>6</sup> Limits of the charge are estimates of expense.

<sup>7</sup> *Hereford* is a trisyllable; was always so pronounced in the Poet's time, and is so still.

<sup>8</sup> So in all the quartos: the folio has "And a thousand." I prefer the former, because it makes the connection plainer between *a thousand people* and *whose dead corpse*. Of course *being* is understood before *butchered*, and *corpse* is used as a collective noun.

*West.* This, match'd with other, did, my gracious lord;  
 For more uneven and unwelcome news  
 Came from the North, and thus it did import:  
 On Holy-Rood day, the gallant Hotspur there,<sup>9</sup>  
 Young Harry Percy, and brave Archibald,  
 That ever-valiant and approved Scot,  
 At Holmedon met;  
 Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour,  
 As by discharge of their artillery,  
 And shape of likelihood, the news was told;  
 For he that brought them,<sup>10</sup> in the very heat  
 And pride of their contention did take horse,  
 Uncertain of the issue any way.

*King.* Here is a dear and true-industrious friend,  
 Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,  
 Stain'd with the variation of each soil<sup>11</sup>  
 Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours;  
 And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news.  
 The Earl of Douglas is discomfited;  
 Ten thousand bold Scots, two-and-twenty knights,  
 Balk'd in their own blood,<sup>12</sup> did Sir Walter see  
 On Holmedon's plains: of prisoners, Hotspur took  
 Mordake the Earl of Fife and eldest son  
 To beaten Douglas,<sup>13</sup> and the Earls of Athol,  
 Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith.  
 And is not this an honourable spoil,  
 A gallant prize? ha, cousin, is it not?

*West.* In faith,  
 It is a conquest for a prince to boast of.

*King.* Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st me sin  
 In envy that my Lord Northumberland  
 Should be the father to so blest a son:

<sup>9</sup> *Rood* is an old word for cross: thus we have the expression, "The Duke that died on rood." Holy-Rood day was the 14th of September. Hotspur is said to have been so called, because, from the age of twelve years, when he first began to bear arms, his "spur was never cold," he being continually at war with the Scots.

<sup>10</sup> *News* was used indifferently as singular or plural; hence *was* and *them* in this case.

<sup>11</sup> No circumstance could have been better chosen to mark the expedition of Sir Walter.

<sup>12</sup> *Balk'd* in their own blood is *heaped*, or *laid on heaps*, in their own blood. A *balk* was a ridge or bank of earth standing up between two furrows; and to *balk* was to throw up the earth so as to form those heaps or banks.

<sup>13</sup> This reads as if the Earl of Fife were the son of Douglas, whereas in fact he was son to the Duke of Albany, who was then regent or governor of Scotland, the king, his brother, being incapable of the office. The matter is thus given by Holinshed, pointing and all: "Of prisoners among other were these, Mordacke earle of Fife, son to the governour Archembald earle Dowglas, which in the fight lost one of his eies." The Poet's mistake was evidently caused by the omission of the (,) after *governour*.

*A son who is the theme of honour's tongue ;  
 Amongst a grove the very straightest plant ;  
 Who is sweet Fortune's minion and her pride :  
 Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,  
 See riot and dishonour stain the brow  
 Of my young Harry. O, that it could be prov'd  
 That some night-tripping fairy had exchang'd  
 In cradle-clothes our children where they lay,  
 And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet !<sup>14</sup>  
 Then would I have his Harry, and he mine.  
 But let him from my thoughts. — What think you, coz,  
 Of this young Percy's pride ? the prisoners,  
 Which he in this adventure hath surpris'd,  
 To his own use he keeps ; and sends me word  
 I shall have none but Mordake Earl of Fife.<sup>15</sup>*

*West.* This is his uncle's teaching, this is Worcester,  
 Malevolent to you in all aspects ;<sup>16</sup>  
 Which makes him prune himself, and bristle up  
 The crest of youth against your dignity.

*King.* But I have sent for him to answer this ;  
 And for this cause awhile we must neglect  
 Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.  
 Cousin, on Wednesday next our Council we  
 Will hold at Windsor ; so inform the lords :  
 But come yourself with speed to us again ;  
 For more is to be said and to be done  
 Than out of anger can be uttered.<sup>17</sup>

*West.* I will, my liege.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The Same. An Apartment of Prince HENRY'S.*

*Enter Prince HENRY and FALSTAFF.*

*Fal.* Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad ?

*Prince.* Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of old sack,

<sup>14</sup> Among the naughty pranks which the ancient "night-tripping fairies" were supposed to enact, was that of stealing choice babies out of their cradles, and leaving inferior specimens in their stead. Shakespeare has several allusions to the roguish practice, as many other old writers also have. See *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, ii. 1.

<sup>15</sup> Percy had an exclusive right to these prisoners, except the Earl of Fife. By the law of arms, every man who had taken any captive, whose redemption did not exceed ten thousand crowns, had him to himself to acquit or ransom at his pleasure. But Percy could not refuse the Earl of Fife; for he, being a prince of the royal blood, Henry might justly claim him, by his acknowledged military prerogative.

<sup>16</sup> An astrological allusion. Worcester is represented as a malignant star that influenced the conduct of Hotspur. A hawk is said to *prune* herself when she picks off the loose feathers and smooths the rest. We now use *plume* in the same sense.

<sup>17</sup> More is to be said than anger will suffer me to say.

and unbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly which thou would'st truly know. What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day? Unless hours were cups of sack, and minutes capons, and the blessed Sun himself a fair hot wench in flame-colour'd taffeta, I see no reason why thou should'st be so superfluous to demand the time of the day.

*Fal.* Indeed you come near me now, Hal; for we that take purses go by the Moon and the seven stars, and not by Phoebus, — he, *that wandering knight so fair*.<sup>1</sup> And I pr'ythee, sweet wag, when thou art King, — as, God save thy Grace, — Majesty, I should say, for grace thou wilt have none, —

*Prince.* What, none?

*Fal.* No, by my troth; not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.<sup>2</sup>

*Prince.* Well, how then? come, roundly, roundly.

*Fal.* Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art King, let not us that are squires of the night's body be call'd thieves of the day's beauty:<sup>3</sup> let us be Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the Moon; and let men say we be men of good government, being governed, as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the Moon, under whose countenance we — steal.

*Prince.* Thou say'st well, and it holds well too; for the fortune of us that are the Moon's men doth ebb and flow like the sea, being governed, as the sea is, by the Moon. As, for proof now: A purse of gold most resolutely snatch'd on Monday night, and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing *Lay by*, and spent with crying *Bring in*; <sup>4</sup> now in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder, and by-and-by in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

*Fal.* By the Lord, thou say'st true, lad. And is not my Hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

<sup>1</sup> Falstaff, with great propriety, according to vulgar astronomy, calls the Sun a *wandering knight*. The words may be part of some forgotten ballad.

<sup>2</sup> Not so much grace as will serve for saying grace before meat. Eggs and butter appear to have been a favourite lunch. — *Roundly*, in the next line, is *speak plainly*, or *bluntly*.

<sup>3</sup> Falstaff is an inveterate player upon words, as here between *night* and *knight*, *beauty* and *booty*. A *squire of the body* originally meant an attendant on a knight. — As to *Diana's foresters*, Hall the chronicler tells of a pageant exhibited in the reign of Henry VIII., wherein were certain persons called *Diana's knights*.

<sup>4</sup> *Lay by* is a nautical phrase for to *slacken sail*, and is here used in the sense of *be still*, or *keep quiet*, something like the phrase of our time, "lie low and keep dark;" as' in *Henry VIII.*, Act iii. scene 1, Song: "Even the billows of the sea hung their heads, and then *lay by*." — *Bring in* was a call to the drawers to *bring in more wine*.

*Prince.* As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle.<sup>5</sup> And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?<sup>6</sup>

*Fal.* How now, how now, mad wag! what, in thy quips and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin?

*Prince.* Why, what a pox have I to do with my Hostess of the tavern?

*Fal.* Well, thou hast call'd her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

*Prince.* Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

*Fal.* No; I'll give thee thy due; thou hast paid all there.

*Prince.* Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch; and where it would not I have us'd my credit.

*Fal.* Yea, and so us'd it, that, were it not here apparent that thou art heir apparent, — But, I pr'ythee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art King? and resolution thus fobb'd as it is with the rusty curb of old father antic the law? Do not thou, when thou art King, hang a thief.

*Prince.* No; thou shalt.

*Fal.* Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'll be a brave judge.

*Prince.* Thou judgest false already: I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves, and so become a rare hangman.

*Fal.* Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it jumps with my humour; as well as waiting in the Court, I can tell you.

*Prince.* For obtaining of suits?

*Fal.* Yea, for obtaining of suits; whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe.<sup>7</sup> 'Sblood,<sup>8</sup> I am as melancholy as a gib-cat or a lugg'd bear.<sup>9</sup>

<sup>5</sup> Shakespeare has several allusions to the classical honey of Hybla, the name of a district in Sicily where the honey, celebrated by the poets for its superior quality, was found. Thus, in *Julius Caesar*, v. 1: "But, for your words, they rob the Hybla bees, and leave them honeyless." — It is certain that in this play, as originally written, Falstaff bore the name of Oldcastle; and "old lad of the castle" is no doubt a relic of that naming. See the Introduction.

<sup>6</sup> A *buff jerkin* was a jerkin or coat made of ox-hide, and was commonly worn by sheriff's officers. It seems to have been called a *robe of durance*, both because of its great *durability*, and because it was the wearer's business to put debtors and criminals in *durance*.

<sup>7</sup> There is a quibble here between *suits* in the sense of *petitions*, and the *suits of clothes*, which the hangman inherited from those whom he executed. Waiting in the Court for the granting of one's petitions used to be as tedious as "the law's delay."

<sup>8</sup> As a sort of compromise between reverence and profanity, various oaths became so curtailed and disguised in the use, that their original meaning was almost lost. Among these, 'Sblood and Zounds were very common, the original forms being "God's blood" and "God's wounds." 'Slight, "God's light," was another.

<sup>9</sup> A *gib-cat* is a male cat. Tom cat is now the usual term. Ray has this proverbial phrase, "as melancholy as a gibd cat." In Sherwood's *English*

*Prince.* Or an old lion, or a lover's lute.

*Fal.* Yea; or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.<sup>10</sup>

*Prince.* What say'st thou to a hare, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch?<sup>11</sup>

*Fal.* Thou hast the most unsavoury similes, and art indeed the most comparative,<sup>12</sup> rascalliest, sweet young prince. But, Hal, I pr'ythee, trouble me no more with vanity. I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought. An old lord of the Council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir; but I mark'd him not: and yet he talk'd very wisely; but I regarded him not: and yet he talk'd wisely, and in the street too.

*Prince.* Thou didst well; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

*Fal.* O, thou hast damnable iteration,<sup>13</sup> and art indeed able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal: God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over; by the Lord, an I do not, I am a villain: I'll be damn'd for never a king's son in Christendom.

*Prince.* Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?

*Fal.* Zounds, where thou wilt, lad, I'll make one; an I do not, call me villain, and baffle me.<sup>14</sup>

*Prince.* I see a good amendment of life in thee; from praying to purse-taking.

*Enter POINTZ at some distance.*

*Fal.* Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal: 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation. [*Sees POINTZ coming.*] Pointz!

and *French Dictionary* we have "a gibbe or old male cat." It was certainly a name not bestowed upon a cat early in life, as we may be assured by the melancholy character ascribed to it. — A *lugg'd bear* was probably a bear made cross by having his ears pulled or plucked.

<sup>10</sup> *Lincolnshire bagpipes* is a proverbial saying; the allusion is as yet unexplained.

<sup>11</sup> The *hare* was esteemed a melancholy animal, from her solitary sitting in her form; and, according to the physic of the times, the flesh of it was supposed to generate melancholy. — *Moorditch*, a part of the ditch surrounding the city of London, opened to an unwholesome morass, and therefore had an air of melancholy. Thus in Taylor's *Pennylesse Pilgrimage*, 1618: "My body being tired with travel, and my mind attired with moody muddy, *Moore-ditch melancholy*."

<sup>12</sup> *Comparative* is used here for *one who is fond of making comparisons*.

<sup>13</sup> That is, a naughty trick of *repetition*, referring, no doubt, to what the prince keeps doing throughout this scene; namely, iterating, retorting, and distorting Falstaff's words.

<sup>14</sup> To *baffle* is to use contemptuously, or treat with ignominy; to un-knight. It was originally a punishment of infamy inflicted on recreant knights, one part of which was *hanging them up by the heels*. — "I'll make one" is the same as "I'll be one."

Now shall we know if Gadshill have set a match.<sup>15</sup> O, if men were to be saved by merit, what hole in Hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent villain that ever cried *Stand!* to a true man.

*Prince.* Good morrow, Ned.

*Pointz.* Good morrow, sweet Hal. — What says Monsieur Remorse? What says Sir John Sack-and-Sugar?<sup>16</sup> Jack, how agrees the Devil and thee about thy soul, that thou sold-est him on Good-Friday last for a cup of Madeira and a cold capon's leg?

*Prince.* Sir John stands to his word; the Devil shall have his bargain; for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs: he will give the Devil his due.

*Pointz.* Then art thou damn'd for keeping thy word with the Devil.

*Prince.* Else he had been damn'd for cozening the Devil.

*Pointz.* But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gads-hill!<sup>17</sup> There are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses: I have visards for you all, you have horses for yourselves. Gadshill lies to-night in Rochester: I have bespoke supper to-morrow night in Eastcheap: we may do it as secure as sleep. If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home and be hang'd.

*Fal.* Hear ye, Yedward:<sup>18</sup> if I tarry at home, and go not, I'll hang you for going.

*Pointz.* You will, chops?

*Fal.* Hal, wilt thou make one?

*Prince.* Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my faith.

*Fal.* There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou cam'st not of the blood royal, if thou dar'st not stand for ten shillings.<sup>19</sup>

*Prince.* Well then, once in my days I'll be a madcap.

<sup>15</sup> *Setting a match* appears to have been one of the technicalities of thievery. Thus in *Ratsey's Ghost*, a tract printed about 1606: "I have been many times beholding to tapsters and chamberlains for directions and *setting of matches*."

<sup>16</sup> A deal of learned ink has been shed in discussing what Sir John's favourite beverage might be. Nares has pretty much proved it to have been the Spanish wine now called *Sherry*. Thus in Blount's *Glossographia*: "*Sherry sack*, so called from *Xeres*, a town of Corduba in Spain, where that kind of *sack* is made." And in Gervase Markham's *English Housewife*: "Your best sacks are of *Seres* in Spaine." And indeed Falstaff expressly calls it *sherris-sack*. The latter part of the name, *sack*, is thought to have come from its being a *dry* wine, *vin sec*; and it was formerly written *seck*.

<sup>17</sup> Gads-hill was a wooded place on the road from London to Rochester, much noted as a resort of highwaymen.

<sup>18</sup> *Yedward* was a familiar corruption of Edward.

<sup>19</sup> Falstaff is quibbling on the word *royal*. The *real* or *royal* was of the value of *ten shillings*.

*Fal.* Why, that's well said.

*Prince.* Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

*Fal.* By the Lord, I'll be a traitor then, when thou art King.

*Prince.* I care not.

*Pointz.* Sir John, I pr'ythee, leave the Prince and me alone: I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure, that he shall go.

*Fal.* Well, God give thee the spirit of persuasion, and him the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move, and what he hears may be believed; that the true Prince may, for recreation-sake, prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewell: you shall find me in Eastcheap.

*Prince.* Farewell, thou latter Spring! Farewell, All-hallow Summer! <sup>20</sup>

[*Exit FALSTAFF.*]

*Pointz.* Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow: I have a jest to execute that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill shall rob those men that we have already waylaid: yourself and I will not be there; and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders.

*Prince.* How shall we part with them in setting forth?

*Pointz.* Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail; and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves; which they shall have no sooner achieved, but we'll set upon them.

*Prince.* Ay, but 'tis like that they will know us by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

*Pointz.* Tut! our horses they shall not see; I'll tie them in the wood: our visards we will change, after we leave them; and, sirrah,<sup>21</sup> I have cases of buckram for the nonce,<sup>22</sup> to im-mask our noted outward garments.

*Prince.* But I doubt they will be too hard for us.

*Pointz.* Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turn'd back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us when we meet at supper: how thirty, at

<sup>20</sup> That is, late Summer; *All-hallow* meaning All-saints, which festival is the 1st of November.

<sup>21</sup> This passage shows that *sirrah* was sometimes used merely in a playful, familiar way, without implying any lack of respect.

<sup>22</sup> For the *nonce* signified for the occasion, for the *once*.

least, he fought with; what wards,<sup>23</sup> what blows, what extremities he endured; and in the reproof of this lies the jest.<sup>24</sup>

*Prince.* Well, I'll go with thee: provide us all things necessary, and meet me to-morrow night<sup>25</sup> in Eastcheap; there I'll sup. Farewell.

*Pointz.* Farewell, my lord.

[*Exit* POINTZ.]

*Prince.* I know you all, and will awhile uphold  
The unyok'd humour of your idleness:  
Yet herein will I imitate the Sun,  
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds  
To smother up his beauty from the world,  
That, when he please again to be himself,  
Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,  
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists  
Of vapour that did seem to strangle him.  
If all the year were playing holidays,  
To sport would be as tedious as to work;  
But, when they seldom come, they wish'd-for come,  
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.  
So, when this loose behaviour I throw off,  
And pay the debt I never promised,  
By how much better than my word I am,  
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;<sup>26</sup>  
And, like bright metal on a sullen ground,  
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,  
Shall show more goodly and attract more eyes  
Than that which hath no foil to set it off.  
I'll so offend, to make offence a skill,  
Redeeming time when men think least I will.

[*Exit.*]

### SCENE III. *The Same. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter the* KING, NORTHUMBERLAND, WORCESTER, HOTSPUR,  
BLUNT, *and Others.*

*King.* My blood hath been too cold and temperate,  
Unapt to stir at these indignities,  
And you have found me; for, accordingly,  
You tread upon my patience: but be sure

<sup>23</sup> *Wards* is *guards*; that is, *modes* or *postures* of defence.

<sup>24</sup> *Reproof* is *confutation*. To refute, to refell, to disallow, were ancient synonymes of *to reprove*.

<sup>25</sup> Editors generally have thought this should be *to-night*, as referring to the time when the robbery is to be committed; whereas it plainly refers to the night after, when the Prince is to enjoy "the virtue of the jest," which is the matter that most interests him and invites him onward.

<sup>26</sup> *Hopes* is used simply for *expectations*, no uncommon use of the word even at the present day.

I will from henceforth rather be myself,  
Mighty and to be fear'd, than my condition;<sup>1</sup>  
Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,  
And therefore lost that title of respect  
Which the proud soul ne'er pays but to the proud.

*Wor.* Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves  
The scourge of greatness to be us'd on it;  
And that same greatness too which our own hands  
Have help to make so portly.

*North.* My good lord, —

*King.* Worcester, get thee gone; for I do see  
Danger and disobedience in thine eye:  
O sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory,  
And Majesty might never yet endure  
The moody frontier of a servant brow.<sup>2</sup>  
You have good leave to leave us: when we need  
Your use and counsel, we shall send for you. —

[*Exit* WORCESTER.]

[*To* NORTH.] You were about to speak.

*North.*

Yea, my good lord.

Those prisoners in your Highness' name demanded,  
Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,  
Were, as he says, not with such strength denied  
As is deliver'd to your Majesty:  
Either envy, therefore, or misprision<sup>3</sup>  
Is guilty of this fault, and not my son.

*Hot.* My liege, I did deny no prisoners:  
But I remember, when the fight was done,  
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,  
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,  
Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dress'd,  
Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin new reap'd  
Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home:<sup>4</sup>  
He was perfumed like a milliner;  
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held  
A pouncet-box,<sup>5</sup> which ever and anon

<sup>1</sup> The King means that he will rather be what his office requires, than what his natural disposition prompts him to be. For this use of *condition*, see page 108, note 19.

<sup>2</sup> *Frontier* seems to be here used very much in the sense of *confronting* or *outfacing*.

<sup>3</sup> *Envy* is doubtless used here for *malice*, the sense it more commonly bears in *Shakespeare*. See page 151, note 1. — *Misprision* is *misprising* or *prising amiss*; mistaking.

<sup>4</sup> The courtier's beard, according to the fashion in the Poet's time, would not be closely shaved, but *shorn* or *trimmed*, and would therefore show like a stubble-land new reap'd.

<sup>5</sup> A *pouncet-box* was a box perforated with small holes, for carrying musk,

He gave his nose, and took't away again ;  
 Who, therewith angry, when it next came there  
 Took it in snuff.<sup>6</sup> And still he smil'd and talk'd ;  
 And, as the soldiers bare dead bodies by,  
 He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,  
 To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse  
 Betwixt the wind and his nobility.  
 With many holiday and lady terms  
 He question'd me ; among the rest, demanded  
 My prisoners in your Majesty's behalf.  
 I then, all smarting with my wounds being cold,  
 Out of my grief and my impatience  
 To be so pester'd with a popinjay,  
 Answer'd neglectingly, I know not what,  
 He should or he should not ; for't made me mad  
 To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,  
 And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman  
 Of guns and drums and wounds (God save the mark !)  
 And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth  
 Was *parmaceti* for an inward bruise ;  
 And that it was great pity, so it was,  
 This villainous salt-petre should be digg'd  
 Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,  
 Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd  
 So cowardly ; and, but for these vile guns,  
 He would himself have been a soldier.  
 This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,  
 I answer'd indirectly, as I said ;  
 And I beseech you, let not his report  
 Come current for an accusation  
 Betwixt my love and your high Majesty.

*Blunt.* The circumstance consider'd, good my lord,  
 Whate'er lord Harry Percy then had said  
 To such a person, and in such a place,  
 At such a time, with all the rest re-told,  
 May reasonably die, and never rise  
 To do him wrong, or any way impeach  
 What then he said, so he unsay it now.

*King.* Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners ;  
 But with proviso and exception,  
 That we at our own charge shall ransom straight  
 His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer ;

or other perfumes then in fashion. Warburton says that "various aromatic powders were thus used in *snuff*, long before tobacco was thus used."

<sup>6</sup> *Took it in snuff* means no more than *snuffed it up*: but there is a quibble on the phrase, which was equivalent to *taking huff* at it, in familiar modern speech ; to be angry, to take offence.

Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd  
 The lives of those that he did lead to fight  
 Against the great magician, damn'd Glendower;<sup>7</sup>  
 Whose daughter, as we hear, the Earl of March  
 Hath lately married.<sup>8</sup> Shall our coffers then  
 Be emptied to redeem a traitor home?  
 Shall we buy treason? and indent with fears,<sup>9</sup>  
 When they have lost and forfeited themselves?  
 No, on the barren mountains let him starve;  
 For I shall never hold that man my friend  
 Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost  
 To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

*Hot.* Revolted Mortimer!

He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,  
 But by the chance of war: to prove that true,  
 Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds,  
 Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,  
 When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,  
 In single opposition, hand to hand,  
 He did confound the best part of an hour<sup>10</sup>  
 In changing hardiment with great Glendower.  
 Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drink,  
 Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood;  
 Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,  
 Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,  
 And hid his crisp head<sup>11</sup> in the hollow bank

<sup>7</sup> The reputed magic of Glendower is thus set forth by Holinshed: "Owen conveyed himselfe out of the waie into his knowen lurking places, and (as was thought) through art magike he caused such foule weather of winds, tempest, raine, snow, and haile to be raised for the annoiance of the kings armie, that the like had not beene heard of; in such sort, that the king was constrained to returne home."

<sup>8</sup> The Mortimer, who had been sent into Wales, was not the Earl of March, but Sir Edmund Mortimer, uncle to the Earl, and therefore perhaps distrusted by the King, as the natural protector of his nephew. At this time the Earl of March was but about ten years old, and was held in safe keeping at Windsor. The mistake runs through Holinshed's chapter on the reign of Henry IV.

<sup>9</sup> To *indent with* is to make a covenant or compact with any one: here it seems to bear the sense of to *compromise* or *make terms*. — Shakespeare sometimes uses subject and object interchangeably; as in *Macbeth*, Act i. scene 3: "Present *fears* are less than horrible imaginings;" where *fears* is put for *dangers*, that is, the things or persons feared. And so in the text *fears* apparently means *objects* of fear. So that the meaning of the passage in the text evidently is, — "Shall we buy off traitors, or make terms with persons once dangerous indeed, but who have now forfeited and lost whatsoever rendered them formidable?"

<sup>10</sup> Shakespeare again uses *confound* for *spending* or *consuming* time in *Coriolanus*, Act i. scene 6: "How could'st thou in a mile *confound* an hour?"

<sup>11</sup> The same image occurs in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Loyal Subject*: "The Volga trembled at his terror, and hid his seven *curled heads*." Likewise in one of Jonson's Masques:

"The rivers run as smoothed by his hand,  
 Only their *heads* are *crisped* by his stroke."

Blood-stained with these valiant combatants.  
 Never did base and rotten policy  
 Colour her working with such deadly wounds;  
 Nor never could the noble Mortimer  
 Receive so many, and all willingly:  
 Then let him not be slander'd with revolt.

*King.* Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost belie him;  
 He never did encounter with Glendower:  
 I tell thee,

He durst as well have met the Devil alone  
 As Owen Glendower for an enemy.  
 Art thou not asham'd! But, sirrah, henceforth  
 Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer:  
 Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,  
 Or you shall hear in such a kind from me  
 As will displease you. — My Lord Northumberland,  
 We license your departure with your son. —  
 Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it.

[*Exeunt the KING, BLUNT, and Train.*]

*Hot.* An if the Devil come and roar for them,  
 I will not send them: I will after straight,  
 And tell him so; for I will ease my heart,  
 Although it be with hazard of my head.

*North.* What, drunk with choler! stay, and pause awhile:  
 Here comes your uncle.

*Re-enter WORCESTER.*

*Hot.* Speak of Mortimer!  
 'Zounds, I will speak of him; and let my soul  
 Want mercy, if I do not join with him:  
 Yea, on his part I'll empty all these veins,  
 And shed my dear blood drop by drop i' the dust,  
 But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer  
 As high i' the air as this unthankful King,  
 As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.

*North.* [To WOR.] Brother, the King hath made your  
 nephew mad.

*Wor.* Who struck this heat up after I was gone?

*Hot.* He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners;  
 And when I urg'd the ransom once again  
 Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale,  
 And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,  
 Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

*Wor.* I cannot blame him. Was he not proclaim'd,  
 By Richard that is dead, the next of blood?<sup>12</sup>

<sup>12</sup> Roger Mortimer, Earl of March, was declared heir apparent to the

*North.* He was ; I heard the proclamation :  
 And then it was, when the unhappy King —  
 Whose wrongs in us <sup>13</sup> God pardon ! — did set forth  
 Upon his Irish expedition ;  
 From whence he intercepted did return  
 To be depos'd, and shortly murdered.

*Wor.* And for whose death we in the world's wide mouth  
 Live scandaliz'd and foully spoken of.

*Hot.* But, soft ! I pray you ; did King Richard then  
 Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer  
 Heir to the crown ?

*North.* He did ; myself did hear it.

*Hot.* Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin King,  
 That wish'd him on the barren mountains starv'd.  
 But shall it be, that you, that set the crown  
 Upon the head of this forgetful man,  
 And for his sake wear the detested blot  
 Of murderous subornation, — shall it be,  
 That you a world of curses undergo,  
 Being the agents, or base second means,  
 The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather ?  
 O, pardon me, that I descend so low,  
 To show the line and the predicament  
 Wherein you range under this subtle King !  
 Shall it for shame be spoken in these days,  
 Or fill up chronicles in time to come,  
 That men of your nobility and power  
 Did gage them both <sup>14</sup> in an unjust behalf, —  
 As both of you, God pardon it ! have done, —  
 To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,  
 And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke ? <sup>15</sup>  
 And shall it in more shame be further spoken,  
 That you are fool'd, discarded, and shook off  
 By him for whom these shames ye underwent ?  
 No ; yet time serves, wherein you may redeem  
 Your banish'd honours, and restore yourselves  
 Into the good thoughts of the world again ;

crown in 1365 ; but was killed in Ireland in 1398. The person proclaimed by Richard II, previous to his last voyage to Ireland, was *Edmund Mortimer*, son of Roger, who was then but seven years old : he was not Lady Percy's brother, but her nephew. See note 8.

<sup>13</sup> That is, the wrongs which we inflicted on him ; the Percys having been the chief supporters of Bolingbroke in his usurpation.

<sup>14</sup> To *gage* is to *pledge*, or *commit*. *Engaged* occurs afterwards in much the same sense. See page 103, note 23.

<sup>15</sup> The *canker* is the *dog-rose* ; the rose of the hedge, not of the garden. So, in *Much Ado about Nothing*, i. 3, the sullen John says of Don Pedro, " I had rather be a canker in a hedge than a rose in his Grace."

Revenge the jeering and disdain'd contempt<sup>16</sup>  
 Of this proud King, who studies day and night  
 To answer all the debt he owes to you  
 Even with the bloody payment of your deaths.  
 Therefore, I say, —

*Wor.* Péace, cousin! say no more.  
 And now I will unclasp a secret book,  
 And to your quick-conceiving discontents  
 I'll read you matter deep and dangerous;  
 As full of peril and adventurous spirit  
 As to o'erwalk a current roaring loud  
 On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

*Hot.* If he fall in, good night, or sink or swim! —  
 Send danger from the East unto the West,  
 So honour cross it from the North to South,  
 And let them grapple. O, the blood more stirs,  
 To rouse a lion than to start a hare!

*North.* Imagination of some great exploit  
 Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

*Hot.* By Heaven, methinks it were an easy leap  
 To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd Moon;  
 Or dive into the bottom of the deep,  
 Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,  
 And pluck up drowned honour by the locks;  
 So he that doth redeem her thence might wear  
 Without corrival all her dignities:  
 But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship!

*Wor.* He apprehends a world of figures here,  
 But not the form of what he should attend. —  
 Good cousin, give me audience for a while.

*Hot.* I cry you mercy.

*Wor.* Those same noble Scots  
 That are your prisoners, —

*Hot.* I'll keep them all:  
 By Heaven, he shall not have a Scot of them;  
 No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not:  
 I'll keep them, by this hand.

*Wor.* You start away,  
 And lend no ear unto my purposes.  
 Those prisoners you shall keep; —

*Hot.* Nay, I will; that's flat.  
 He said he would not ransom Mortimer;  
 Forbade my tongue to speak of Mortimer;

<sup>16</sup> In the old writers we very often meet with the active and passive forms, both of participles and adjectives, used interchangeably. So, here, *disdain'd* for *disdainful*. See page 139, note 16. Also page 220, note 6.

But I will find him when he lies asleep,  
And in his ear I'll holla *Mortimer*!

Nay,

I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak  
Nothing but *Mortimer*, and give it him,  
To keep his anger still in motion.

*Wor.* Hear you, cousin; a word.

*Hot.* All studies here I solemnly defy,<sup>17</sup>  
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke:  
And that same sword-and-buckler<sup>18</sup> Prince of Wales,  
But that I think his father loves him not,  
And would be glad he met with some mischance,  
I'd have him poison'd with a pot of ale.<sup>19</sup>

*Wor.* Farewell, kinsman: I will talk to you  
When you are better temper'd to attend.

*North.* Why, what a wasp-stung and impatient fool<sup>20</sup>  
Art thou, to break into this woman's mood,  
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own!

*Hot.* Why, look you, I am whipp'd and scourg'd with rods,  
Nettled, and stung with pismires, when I hear  
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.<sup>21</sup>

In Richard's time, — what do ye call the place? —  
A plague upon't! — it is in Glostershire; —

'Twas where the madcap duke his uncle kept,<sup>22</sup>  
His uncle York; — where I first bow'd my knee  
Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke,  
When you and he came back from Ravenspurg.

*North.* At Berkley-castle.

*Hot.* You say true. —

Why, what a candy deal of courtesy<sup>23</sup>

<sup>17</sup> To *defy* was sometimes used in the sense of to *renounce, reject, refuse*. Thus Constance, in *King John*: "No, I *defy* all counsel, all redress,"

<sup>18</sup> The meaning and force of this epithet are well shown by John Florio, in his *First Fruits*, 1578: "What weapons bear they? Some sword and dagger, some *sword and buckler*. — What weapon is that *buckler*? A clownish dastardly weapon, and not fit for a gentleman."

<sup>19</sup> Hotspur is here speaking out of his anger and impatience: not that he could seriously think of doing what he says; for he is the soul of honour, and incapable of any thing mean.

<sup>20</sup> The first quarto has *wasp stung*; the other old copies, *wasp-tongue* and *wasp-tongu'd*. *Wasp-tongue* fits very well, the sense being that his tongue is waspish, or his speech as stinging as a wasp. But *wasp-stung*, meaning that he acts like one stung by wasps, coheres rather better with what follows.

<sup>21</sup> Henry Plantagenet, the King of this play, was surnamed Bolingbroke, from a town of that name in Lincolnshire, where he was born. In like manner, his father, John of Gaunt, was so called from the place of his birth, which was the city of Ghent in Flanders.

<sup>22</sup> Shakespeare uses *kept* several times in the sense of *dwelt*. Thus, in *The Merchant of Venice*, Act iii. scene 3: "It is the most impenetrable cur that ever *kept* with men."

<sup>23</sup> *Candy* was used for *sugar*; and "*candy deal of courtesy*" is "*deal of*

This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!  
 Look, *When his infant fortune came to age,*  
 And, *Gentle Harry Percy*, and, *Kind cousin*, —  
 O, the Devil take such cozeners! — God forgive me! —  
 Good uncle, tell your tale, for I have done.

*Wor.* Nay, if you have not, to't again:  
 We'll stay your leisure.

*Hot.* I have done, i' faith.

*Wor.* Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.  
 Deliver them up without their ransom straight,  
 And make the Douglas' son your only mean  
 For powers in Scotland; which, for divers reasons  
 Which I shall send you written, be assur'd,  
 Will easily be granted. — [*To NORTH.*] You, my lord,  
 Your son in Scotland being thus employ'd,  
 Shall secretly into the bosom creep  
 Of that same noble prelate, well-belov'd,  
 Th' Archbishop.

*Hot.* Of York, is't not?

*Wor.* True; who bears hard  
 His brother's death at Bristol, the Lord Scroop.  
 I speak not this in estimation,<sup>24</sup>  
 As what I think might be, but what I know  
 Is ruminated, plotted, and set down;  
 And only stays but to behold the face  
 Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

*Hot.* I smell't: upon my life, it will do well.

*North.* Before the game's a-foot, thou still lett'st slip.<sup>25</sup>

*Hot.* Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot. —  
 And then the power of Scotland and of York,  
 To join with Mortimer, ha?

*Wor.* And so they shall.

*Hot.* In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.

*Wor.* And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,  
 To save our heads by raising of a head;<sup>26</sup>  
 For, bear ourselves as even as we can,  
 The King will always think him in our debt;  
 And think we think ourselves unsatisfied,  
 Till he hath found a time to pay us home.  
 And see already how he doth begin  
 To make us strangers to his looks of love.

sugared courtesy." So, in *Hamlet*: "Let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp."

<sup>24</sup> In the sense of *conjecture* or *inference*.

<sup>25</sup> This phrase is taken from hunting. To *let slip* is to loose a greyhound when the game is ready for the chase. Unless the fox is *a-foot*, or out of his hole, the hunters cannot get at him.

<sup>26</sup> That is, save their heads by making prompt headway in resistance.

*Hot.* He does, he does: we'll be reveng'd on him.

*Wor.* Cousin,<sup>27</sup> farewell. No further go in this  
Than I by letters shall direct your course.  
When time is ripe, (which will be suddenly,)  
I'll steal to Glendower and Lord Mortimer;  
Where you and Douglas and our powers at once,  
As I will fashion it, shall happily meet,  
To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,  
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

*North.* Farewell, good brother: we shall thrive, I trust.

*Hot.* Uncle, adieu. — O, let the hours be short,  
Till fields and blows and groans applaud our sport! [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I. *Rochester. An Inn-Yard.*

*Enter a Carrier, with a Lantern in his Hand.*

1. *Car.* Heigh ho! An't be not four by the day, I'll be hang'd: Charles' wain<sup>1</sup> is over the new chimney, and yet our horse not pack'd. — What, ostler!

*Ost.* [*Within.*] Anon, anon.

1 *Car.* I pr'ythee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle, put a few flocks in the point: the poor jade is wrung in the withers out of all cess.<sup>2</sup>

*Enter another Carrier.*

2 *Car.* Pease and beans are as dank<sup>3</sup> here as a dog, and that is the next way to give poor jades the bots: this house is turned upside down, since Robin ostler died.

1 *Car.* Poor fellow! never joy'd since the price of oats rose:<sup>4</sup> it was the death of him.

2 *Car.* I think this is the most villainous house in all London road for fleas: I am stung like a tench.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>27</sup> This was a common address in Shakespeare's time to nephews, nieces, and grandchildren.

<sup>1</sup> *Charles' Wain* was the vulgar name for the constellation called the *Great Bear*. It is a corruption of *Charles'* or *Churl's Wain*.

<sup>2</sup> The *withers* of a horse is the ridge between the shoulder bones at the bottom of the neck, right under the *point* of the saddle. *Wrung* as thus used is the same as *gall'd*. So, in *Hamlet*: "Let the *gall'd* jade wince, our withers are *unwrung*." — *Flocks* are *flakes* or *locks* of wool. — *Cess* is an old word for tax or subsidy; the original of *assess*. When an assessment was exorbitant, it was said to be *out of all cess*; excessive.

<sup>3</sup> *Dank* is moist, damp. The dog was probably as much overworked in comparisons three centuries ago as he is now.

<sup>4</sup> The price of grain was very high in 1596; which may have put Shakespeare upon making poor Robin thus die of one idea.

<sup>5</sup> Some fresh-water fish are at certain seasons infested with a sort of lice, and so might be said to be *stung*.

1 *Car.* Like a tench! by the Mass, there is ne'er a king in Christendom could be better bit than I have been since the first cock. — What, ostler! come away and be hang'd, come away.

2 *Car.* I have a gammon of bacon and two razes of ginger, to be delivered as far as Charing-cross.<sup>6</sup>

1 *Car.* 'Odsbody,<sup>7</sup> the turkeys in my pannier are quite starved.<sup>8</sup> — What, ostler! A plague on thee! hast thou never an eye in thy head? canst not hear? An 'twere not as good a deed as drink to break the pate of thee, I am a very villain. Come, and be hang'd: hast no faith in thee?

*Enter GADSHILL.*

*Gads.* Good morrow, carriers. What's o'clock?

1 *Car.* I think it be two o'clock.<sup>9</sup>

*Gads.* I pr'ythee, lend me thy lantern, to see my gelding in the stable.

1 *Car.* Nay, soft! I pray ye: I know a trick worth two of that, i' faith.

*Gads.* I pr'ythee, lend me thine.

2 *Car.* Ay, when? canst tell? Lend me thy lantern, quoth'a? marry, I'll see thee hang'd first.

*Gads.* Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?

2 *Car.* Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee. — Come, neighbour Muggs, we'll call up the gentlemen: they will along with company, for they have great charge.

*[Exeunt Carriers.]*

*Gads.* What, ho! chamberlain!

*Cham.* *[Within.]* At hand, quoth pick-purse.<sup>10</sup>

*Gads.* That's even as fair as — at hand, quoth the chamberlain; for thou variest no more from picking of purses than giving direction doth from labouring; thou lay'st the plot how.<sup>11</sup>

<sup>6</sup> A *raze* of ginger is said to have been a term for a package of ginger; how large does not appear: not to be confounded with *race*, a *root*. — Charing-cross was an ancient shrine, said to have been erected in memory of Eleanor, Queen of Edward the First. Though the spot is now in the heart of London, three centuries ago it was in the outskirts of the city, towards Westminster.

<sup>7</sup> Another disguised oath, whittled down from *God's body*. See page 256, note 8.

<sup>8</sup> Turkeys were not brought into England until the reign of Henry VIII.

<sup>9</sup> The Carrier has just said, — "An't be not *four* by the day, I'll be hang'd" Probably he suspects Gadshill, and tries to mislead him.

<sup>10</sup> A slang phrase of the time, often found in old plays.

<sup>11</sup> *Chamberlain* was a term applied to certain tavern officers; probably much the same as *bar-keeper* in our time. As here represented, chamberlains often concerted with highwaymen for the waylaying of travellers, themselves sharing in the profits.

*Enter Chamberlain.*

*Cham.* Good morrow, Master Gadshill. It holds current, that I told you yesternight: there's a franklin<sup>12</sup> in the wild of Kent hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold: I heard him tell it to one of his company last night at supper; a kind of auditor;<sup>13</sup> one that hath abundance of charge too, — God knows what. They are up already, and call for eggs and butter: they will away presently.

*Gads.* Sirrah, if they meet not with Saint Nicholas' clerks,<sup>14</sup> I'll give thee this neck.

*Cham.* No, I'll none of it: I pr'ythee, keep that for the hangman; for I know thou worshipp'st Saint Nicholas as truly as a man of falsehood may.

*Gads.* What talkest thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows; for, if I hang, old Sir John hangs with me, and thou know'st he's no starveling. Tut! there are other Trojans that thou dreamest not of, the which, for sport-sake, are content to do the profession some grace; that would, if matters should be look'd into, for their own credit-sake, make all whole. I am joined with no foot land-rakers, no long-staff sixpenny strikers; none of these mad, mustachio, purple-hued malt-worms; but with nobility and tranquillity, burgomasters and great oneyers;<sup>15</sup> such as can hold in; such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray. And yet I lie; for they pray continually to their saint, the Commonwealth; or, rather, not pray to her, but prey on her; for they ride up and down on her, and make her their boots.<sup>16</sup>

*Cham.* What, the Commonwealth their boots? will she hold out water in foul way?

*Gads.* She will, she will; Justice hath liquor'd her.<sup>17</sup> We

<sup>12</sup> A freeholder or yeoman, a man above a vassal or villain, but not a gentleman. This was the *Franklin* of the age of Elizabeth. In earlier times he was a person of much more dignity.

<sup>13</sup> An auditor was an officer of the revenue: his "abundance of charge" was doubtless money belonging to the State; as Gadshill afterwards says, "'tis going to the King's exchequer."

<sup>14</sup> As Nicholas or Old Nick is a cant name for the Devil, so thieves are equivocally called *St. Nicholas' clerks*.

<sup>15</sup> A cant phrase for *great ones*; the word being formed in much the same way as auctioneer, privateer. — *Foot land-rakers* were *footpads*, wanderers on foot. — *Long-staff, sixpenny strikers* were petty thieves, such as would knock a man down for a sixpence. — *Purple-hued malt-worms* were probably such whose faces were made red with drinking ale.

<sup>16</sup> A quibble upon *boots* and *booty*.

<sup>17</sup> Greasing or oiling boots, to make them "hold out water in foul way," was called *liquoring* them. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*: "They would melt me out of my fat drop by drop, and *liquor* fishermen's boots with me." — *Cock-sure* is explained by Holloway as originating in the fact

steal as in a castle, cock-sure; we have the receipt of fern seed, we walk invisible.<sup>18</sup>

*Cham.* Nay, by my faith, I think you are more beholding to the night than to fern-seed for your walking invisible.

*Gads.* Give me thy hand: thou shalt have a share in our purchase,<sup>19</sup> as I am a true man.

*Cham.* Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false thief.

*Gads.* Go to; *Homo* is a common name to all men. Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable. Farewell, you muddy knave. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II. *The Road by Gadshill.*

*Enter Prince HENRY, and POINTZ; BARDOLPH and PETO, at some distance.*

*Pointz.* Come, shelter, shelter: I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gumm'd velvet.<sup>1</sup>

*Prince.* Stand close. [*They retire.*]

*Enter FALSTAFF.*

*Fal.* Pointz! Pointz, and be hang'd! Pointz!

*Prince.* [*Coming forward.*] Peace, ye fat-kidney'd rascal! what a brawling dost thou keep!

*Fal.* Where's Pointz, Hal?

*Prince.* He is walk'd up to the top of the hill: I'll go seek him. [*Retires.*]

*Fal.* I am accurs'd to rob in that thief's company:<sup>2</sup> the rascal hath removed my horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the squire<sup>3</sup> further a-foot, I shall

that the gun-lock which had a cock to it, as that part which holds the flint and strikes the fire is called, was found much more sure in firing than the old match-lock had been. The explanation is not very satisfactory, but I can give none better.

<sup>18</sup> *Fern-seed* was of old thought to have the power of rendering those invisible who carried it. Thus, in Ben Jonson's *New Inn*, Act i. scene 1: "Because indeed I had no medicine, sir, to go invisible; no *fern-seed* in my pocket."

<sup>19</sup> *Purchase* was used in the sense of *gain, profit*, whether legally or illegally obtained. Thus, in *Henry V.*, Act iii. scene 2: "They will *steal* any thing, and call it *purchase*."

<sup>1</sup> Velvet and taffeta were sometimes stiffened with gum; but the stuff being thus hardened quickly rubbed and fretted itself out.

<sup>2</sup> The infinitive mood is used by Shakespeare with very great latitude. Often it has the sense of the participle with the preposition *in* or *by*. So, here, the sense appears to be, "accurs'd *in robbing* in that thief's company." Again, in *Cymbeline*, iv. 4: "What pleasure find we in life, *to lock* it from action and adventure?" Here the meaning is, *in* or *by locking*, or *when* it is locked. Also, in *Macbeth*, ii. 2: "*To know* my deed, 'twere best not know myself;" the sense being, *in knowing* or *while* I know my deed. The Poet abounds in such instances of language.

<sup>3</sup> The *squire*. A carpenter's two-foot rule was called a *square*.

break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two-and-twenty year, and yet I am bewitch'd with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him,<sup>4</sup> I'll be hang'd; it could not be else: I have drunk medicines. — Pointz! — Hal! — a plague upon you both! — Bardolph! — Peto! — I'll starve, ere I'll rob a foot further. An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to turn true man, and to leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chewed with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground is threescore and ten miles a-foot with me; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough. A plague upon't, when thieves cannot be true to one another! [*They whistle.*] Whew! — A plague upon you all!<sup>5</sup> Give me my horse, you rogues; give me my horse, and be hang'd.

*Prince.* [*Coming forward.*] Peace! lie down; lay thine ear close to the ground, and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

*Fal.* Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood! I'll not bear mine own flesh so far a-foot again, for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye to colt me thus?<sup>6</sup>

*Prince.* Thou liest; thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

*Fal.* I pr'ythee, good Prince Hal, help me to my horse, good king's son.

*Prince.* Out, you rogue! shall I be your ostler?

*Fal.* Go, hang thyself in thine own heir-apparent garters! If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this.<sup>7</sup> An I have not ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes,<sup>8</sup> let a cup of sack be my poison. When a jest is so forward, and a-foot too, I hate it.

*Enter GADSHILL.*

*Gads.* Stand!

*Fal.* So I do against my will.

*Pointz.* [*Coming forward with BARD. and PETO.*] O, 'tis our setter:<sup>9</sup> I know his voice.

<sup>4</sup> Alluding to the philters or love-powders, as they are called, which were supposed to have the effect in question.

<sup>5</sup> The folio has, "A plague *light* upon you all," here, though not where the same invocation occurs a little before.

<sup>6</sup> To *colt* is to *trick*, *fool*, or *deceive*. The Prince plays upon the word, as Falstaff has lost his *horse*.

<sup>7</sup> To *peach* is, in our phrase, to "turn State's evidence." The radical sense of the word survives in *impeach*.

<sup>8</sup> This was considered a pretty sharp infliction. Shakespeare was said to have thus revenged himself on Sir Thomas Lucy with a ballad. The Psalmist's complaint, "And the drunkards made songs upon me," naturally occurs in connection with it.

<sup>9</sup> The one who was to *set a match*. See page 258, note 15.

*Bard.* What news?

*Gads.* Case ye, case ye; on with your visards: there's money of the King's coming down the hill; 'tis going to the King's exchequer.

*Fal.* You lie, ye rogue; 'tis going to the King's tavern.

*Gads.* There's enough to make us all.

*Fal.* — to be hang'd.

*Prince.* You four shall front them in the narrow lane; Ned and I will walk lower: if they 'scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

*Peto.* How many be there of them?

*Gads.* Some eight or ten.

*Fal.* 'Zounds! will they not rob us?

*Prince.* What, a coward, Sir John Paunch?

*Fal.* Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather; but yet no coward, Hal.

*Prince.* We'll leave that to the proof.

*Pointz.* Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge: when thou need'st him, there thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

*Fal.* Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hang'd.

*Prince.* [*Aside to POINTZ.*] Ned, where are our disguises?

*Pointz.* [*Aside to the Prince.*] Here, hard by: stand close.

[*Exeunt the Prince and POINTZ.*]

*Fal.* Now, my masters, happy man be his dole,<sup>10</sup> say I: every man to his business.

*Enter Travellers.*

1 *Trav.* Come, neighbour; the boy shall lead our horses down the hill: we'll walk a-foot awhile, and ease our legs.

*Thieves.* Stand!

2 *Trav.* Jesu bless us!

*Fal.* Strike; down with them; cut the villains' throats. Ah, caterpillars, bacon-fed knaves! they hate us youth: down with them; fleece them.

1 *Trav.* O, we're undone, both we and ours, for ever!

*Fal.* Hang ye, knaves! Are ye undone? No, ye fat chuffs;<sup>11</sup> I would your store were here! — On, bacons, on! — What, ye knaves! young men must live. You are grand jurors, are ye? We'll jure ye, i' faith.

[*Exeunt FAL., &c., driving the Travellers out.*]

<sup>10</sup> A phrase of the time, meaning much the same as our "Success to you!" *Dole* is *deal*, *lot*, or *portion*: may happiness be his lot.

<sup>11</sup> A *chuff*, according to Richardson, is a "burly, swollen man; swollen either with gluttony and guzzling, or with ill tempers." Thus, in Massinger's *Duke of Milan*: "To see these *chuffs*, who every day may spend a soldier's entertainment for a year, yet make a third meal of a bunch of raisins."

*Re-enter Prince HENRY and POINTZ, in buckram Suits.*

*Prince.* The thieves have bound the true men. Now could thou and I rob the thieves, and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.

*Pointz.* Stand close; I hear them coming. [*They retire.*]

*Re-enter Thieves.*

*Fal.* Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day. An the Prince and Pointz be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring: there's no more valour in that Pointz than in a wild duck.

[*As they are sharing, the Prince and POINTZ set upon them.*]

*Prince.* Your money!

*Pointz.* Villains!

[*FALSTAFF, after a blow or two, and the Rest, run away, leaving the Booty behind them.*]

*Prince.* Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse: The thieves are scatter'd, and possess'd with fear So strongly that they dare not meet each other; Each takes his fellow for an officer. Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death, And lards the lean earth as he walks along: Were't not for laughing, I should pity him.

*Pointz.* How the rogue roar'd! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Warkworth. A Room in the Castle.*

*Enter HOTSPUR, reading a Letter.*<sup>1</sup>

— *But, for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house.* — He could be contented, — Why is he not then? In respect of the love he bears our house: — he shows in this he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. *The purpose you undertake is dangerous,* — Why, that's certain: 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink; but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. *The purpose you undertake is dangerous, the friends you have named uncertain, the time itself unsorted, and your whole plot too light for the counter-*

<sup>1</sup> This letter was from George Dunbar, Earl of March, in Scotland. *Marches* is an old word for *borders*; and Earls of March were so called from their having charge of the borders, whether those between England and Scotland, or those between England and Wales. In the days of border warfare, the charge was an important one. The title *marquess* grew from that jurisdiction.

*poise of so great an opposition.* — Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow, cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lackbrain is this! By the Lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was laid; our friends true and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation; an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this! Why, my Lord of York commends the plot and the general course of the action. 'Zounds! an I were now by this rascal, I could brain him<sup>2</sup> with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself? Lord Edmund Mortimer, my Lord of York, and Owen Glendower? Is there not, besides, the Douglas? Have I not all their letters to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? and are they not some of them set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this! an infidel! Ha! you shall see now, in very sincerity of fear and cold heart will he to the King, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide myself, and go to buffets,<sup>3</sup> for moving such a dish of skimm'd milk with so honourable an action! Hang him! let him tell the King: we are prepared. I will set forward to-night. —

*Enter Lady PERCY.*

How now, Kate!<sup>4</sup> I must leave you within these two hours.

*Lady.* O, my good lord, why are you thus alone?  
For what offence have I this fortnight been  
A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed?  
Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thee  
Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?  
Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth,  
And start so often when thou sitt'st alone?  
Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks,  
And given my treasures and my rights of thee  
To thick-ey'd musing and curs'd melancholy?  
In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watch'd,  
And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars;  
Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed;  
Cry, *Courage! to the field!* And thou hast talk'd  
Of sallies and retires, of trenches, tents,  
Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets,  
Of basilisks,<sup>5</sup> of cannon, culverin,

<sup>2</sup> Knock his brains out.

<sup>3</sup> Cut myself into two parts, and set the parts to cuffing each other.

<sup>4</sup> The Poet seems to have had a special liking for the name of Kate. The name of Hotspur's wife was Elizabeth. Holinshed, however, calls her Elinor.

<sup>5</sup> *Retires* are retreats. *Frontiers* formerly meant not only the bounds of different territories, but also the *forts* built along or near those limits. *Basilisks* are a species of ordnance.

Of prisoners ransom'd, and of soldiers slain,  
 And all the 'currents of a heady fight.<sup>6</sup>  
 Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,  
 And thou hast so bestirr'd thee in thy sleep,  
 That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow,  
 Like bubbles in a late-disturbed stream;  
 And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,  
 Such as we see when men restrain their breath  
 On some great sudden hest.<sup>7</sup> O, what portents are these?  
 Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,  
 And I must know it, else he loves me not.

*Hot.* What, ho!

*Enter a Servant.*

Is Gilliams with the packet gone?

*Serv.* He is, my lord, an hour ago.

*Hot.* Hath Butler brought those horses from the sheriff?

*Serv.* One horse, my lord, he brought even now.

*Hot.* What horse? a roan, a crop-ear, is it not?

*Serv.* It is, my lord.

*Hot.* That roan shall be my throne.

Well, I will back him straight. O *esperance*!<sup>8</sup> —

Bid Butler lead him forth into the park. [*Exit Servant.*]

*Lady.* But hear you, my lord.

*Hot.* What say'st thou, my lady?

*Lady.* What is it carries you away?

*Hot.* Why, my horse, my love, my horse.

*Lady.* Out, you mad-headed ape!

A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen

As you are toss'd with. In faith,

I'll know your business, Harry, that I will.

I fear my brother Mortimer doth stir

About his title, and hath sent for you

To line his enterprise:<sup>9</sup> but if you go, —

*Hot.* — So far a-foot, I shall be weary, love.

*Lady.* Come, come, you paraquito, answer me  
 Directly to this question that I ask.

In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry,

An if thou wilt not tell me true.

*Hot.*

Away,

Away, you trifler! — Love? I love thee not,

I care not for thee, Kate. This is no world

<sup>6</sup> 'Currents for occurrences. Malone proposed to read *th' occurments*.

<sup>7</sup> *Hest* is for *behest*. The old copies, except the first quarto, have "sudden hast."

<sup>8</sup> The motto of the Percy family.

<sup>9</sup> To *line* is to *strengthen*. So, in *Macbeth*: "Did *line* the rebel with hidden help and vantage."

To play with mammet<sup>10</sup> and to tilt with lips :  
 We must have bloody noses and crack'd crowns,  
 And pass them current too. — Gods me, my horse ! —  
 What say'st thou, Kate ? what would'st thou have with me ?

*Lady.* Do you not love me ? do you not indeed ?  
 Well, do not then ; for, since you love me not,  
 I will not love myself. Do you not love me ?  
 Nay, tell me if you speak in jest or no.

*Hot.* Come, wilt thou see me ride ?  
 And when I am o' horseback I will swear  
 I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate ;  
 I must not have you henceforth question me  
 Whither I go, nor reason whereabout :  
 Whither I must, I must ; and, to conclude,  
 This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate.  
 I know you wise, but yet no further wise  
 Than Harry Percy's wife ; constant you are,  
 But yet a woman ; and for secrecy,  
 No lady closer ; for I well believe  
 Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know ;  
 And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate !

*Lady.* How ! so far ?

*Hot.* Not an inch further. But hark you, Kate :  
 Whither I go, thither shall you go too ;  
 To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.  
 Will this content you, Kate ?

*Lady.* It must, of force. [ *Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *London. Eastcheap.*<sup>1</sup> *A Room in the Boar's Head Tavern.*

*Enter Prince HENRY.*

*Prince.* Ned, pr'ythee, come out of that fat room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

*Enter POINTZ.*

*Pointz.* Where hast been, Hal ?

*Prince.* With three or four loggerheads<sup>2</sup> amongst three or

<sup>10</sup> *Mammet* were puppets or dolls, here used by Shakespeare for a female plaything ; a diminutive of *mam*. Thus, in Junius's *Nomenclator*, 1585 : " *Icunculæ, mammet* or puppets that goe by devises of wyer or strings, as though they had life and moving."

<sup>1</sup> *Eastcheap* is selected with propriety for the scene of the Prince's merry meetings, as it was near his own residence ; a mansion called Cold Harbour, near All-Hallows Church, Upper Thames Street, being granted to Henry, Prince of Wales. Shakespeare has hung up a sign for them that he saw daily ; for the Boar's-Head Tavern was very near Blackfriars' Playhouse.

<sup>2</sup> *Loggerheads* were what we call *blockheads*.

four score hogsheads. I have sounded the very base-string of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn brother to a leash of drawers, and can call them all by their Christian names, as — Tom, Dick, and Francis. They take it already upon their salvation, that though I be but Prince of Wales, yet I am the King of Courtesy; and tell me flatly I am no proud Jack, like Falstaff, but a Corinthian,<sup>3</sup> a lad of mettle, a good boy, (by the Lord, so they call me,) and when I am King of England, I shall command all the good lads in Eastcheap. They call drinking deep, dyeing scarlet; and when you breathe in your watering, they cry *hem!* and bid you play it off.<sup>4</sup> To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in his own language during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost much honour, that thou wert not with me in this action. But, sweet Ned, — to sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this pennyworth of sugar, clapp'd even now in my hand by an under-skinker;<sup>5</sup> one that never spake other English in his life than, *Eight shillings and sixpence*, and, *You are welcome*; with this shrill addition, *Anon, anon, sir! Score a pint of bastard in the Half-moon,*<sup>6</sup> — or so. But, Ned, to drive away the time till Falstaff come, I pr'ythee, do thou stand in some by-room, while I question my puny drawer to what end he gave me the sugar; and do thou never leave calling *Francis!* that his tale to me may be nothing but *anon*. Step aside, and I'll show thee a precedent. [*Exit POINTZ.*]

*Pointz.* [*Within.*] Francis!

*Prince.* Thou art perfect.

*Pointz.* [*Within.*] Francis!

*Enter FRANCIS.*

*Fran.* Anon, anon, sir. — Look down into the Pomegranate, Ralph.

<sup>3</sup> *Corinthian* and *Trojan* appear to have been a sort of flash terms in use among the fast young men of the time. *Corinthian* probably had some reference to the morals of ancient Corinth. Milton, in his *Apology for Smectymnus*, speaks of "the sage and rheumatic old prelatess, with all her *Corinthian* laity."

<sup>4</sup> To *breathe in your watering* is to stop and take breath when you are drinking. So, in Rowland's *Letting of Humour's Blood*, 1600:

"A pox of piece-meal drinking, William says,  
Play it away, we'll have no stoppes and stays."

Thus, also, in Peacham's *Compleat Gentleman*: "If he dranke off his cups cleanly, took not his wind in his draught, spit not, left nothing in the pot, nor spilt any upon the ground, he had the prize."

<sup>5</sup> It appears that the drawers kept sugar folded up in paper, ready to be delivered to those who called for sack. — An *under-skinker* is a tapster, an *under-drawer*. *Skink* is from *scenc*, drink; Saxon.

<sup>6</sup> *Half-moon* is used as the name of a room in the tavern; and so is *Pomegranate* a little after. — *Score* was a term for keeping accounts, when *tally-sticks* were in use. — *Bastard*, it seems, was the name of a certain wine. *In the Half-moon* refers to the person occupying that room.

*Prince.* Come hither, Francis.

*Fran.* My lord?

*Prince.* How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

*Fran.* Forsooth, five years, and as much as to —

*Pointz.* [*Within.*] Francis!

*Fran.* Anon, anon, sir.

*Prince.* Five years! by'r Lady,<sup>7</sup> a long lease for the clinking of pewter. But, Francis, darest thou be so valiant as to play the coward with thy indenture, and show it a fair pair of heels, and run from it?

*Fran.* O Lord, sir, I'll be sworn upon all the books in England, I could find in my heart —

*Pointz.* [*Within.*] Francis!

*Fran.* Anon, anon, sir.

*Prince.* How old art thou, Francis?

*Fran.* Let me see, — about Michaelmas<sup>8</sup> next I shall be —

*Pointz.* [*Within.*] Francis!

*Fran.* Anon, sir. — Pray you, stay a little, my lord.

*Prince.* Nay, but hark you, Francis: For the sugar thou gavest me, 'twas a pennyworth, was't not?

*Fran.* O Lord, sir, I would it had been two!

*Prince.* I will give thee for it a thousand pound: ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

*Pointz.* [*Within.*] Francis!

*Fran.* Anon, anon.

*Prince.* Anon, Francis? No, Francis; but to-morrow, Francis; or, Francis, on Thursday; or, indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis, —

*Fran.* My lord?

*Prince.* — wilt thou rob this leathern-jerkin,<sup>9</sup> crystal-button, nott-pated, agate-ring, puke-stocking, caddis-garter, smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch, —

*Fran.* O Lord, sir, who do you mean?

*Prince.* Why, then your brown bastard is your only drink; for, look you, Francis, your white canvas doublet will sully: in Barbary, sir, it cannot come to so much.

*Fran.* What, sir?

<sup>7</sup> "By our Lady" was a common oath; referring, of course, to St. Mary the Virgin.

<sup>8</sup> Michaelmas, the festival of St. Michael and All Angels, falls on the 29th of September.

<sup>9</sup> The Prince refers to Francis' master, to whom he applies these contemptuous epithets. — *Nott-pated* is *shorn-pated*, or *cropped*; having the hair cut close. — *Puke-stockings* are *dark-coloured stockings*. *Puke* is a colour between russet and black. — *Caddis* was probably a kind of *ferret* or *worsted lace*. A slight kind of serge still bears the name of *cadis* in France.

<sup>10</sup> *Bastard wines* are said to be *Spanish wines* in general, by Olaus Magnus. He speaks of them with almost as much enthusiasm as Falstaff does of sack.

*Pointz.* [*Within.*] Francis!

*Prince.* Away, you rogue! dost thou not hear them call?

[*Here they both call him; Francis stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.*]

*Enter Vintner.*

*Vint.* What, stand'st thou still, and hear'st such a calling? Look to the guests within. [*Exit FRAN.*] — My lord, old Sir John, with half a dozen more, are at the door: shall I let them in?

*Prince.* Let them alone awhile, and then open the door. [*Exit Vint.*] — *Pointz!*

*Re-enter POINTZ.*

*Pointz.* Anon, anon, sir.

*Prince.* Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door: shall we be merry?

*Pointz.* As merry as crickets, my lad. But hark ye; what cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer? come, what's the issue?

*Prince.* I am now of all humours that have showed themselves humours since the old days of goodman Adam to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight.<sup>11</sup> — What's o'clock, Francis?

*Fran.* [*Within.*] Anon, anon, sir.

*Prince.* That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman! His industry is up-stairs, and down-stairs; his eloquence the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hotspur of the North; he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife, *Fie upon this quiet life! I want work.* O my sweet Harry, says she, *how many hast thou kill'd to-day?* Give my roan horse a drench, says he; and answers, *Some fourteen,* an hour after; *a trifle, a trifle.* I pr'ythee, call in Falstaff: I'll play Percy, and that damn'd brawn shall play Dame Mortimer his wife. *Rivo,*<sup>12</sup> says the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

*Enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, and PETO; also FRANCIS, with Wine.*

*Pointz.* Welcome, Jack: where hast thou been?

*Fal.* A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen! — Give me a cup of sack, boy. — Ere I lead

<sup>11</sup> The Prince means, apparently, that he is now up to any sort of game that will yield sport and pass away the time.

<sup>12</sup> Of this exclamation, which was frequently used in Bacchanalian revelry, the origin or derivation has not been discovered.

this life long, I'll sew nether-stocks,<sup>13</sup> and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards!— Give me a cup of sack, rogue. — Is there no virtue extant? [*He drinks.*]

*Prince.* Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter? pitiful-hearted butter, that melted at the sweet tale of the Sun! <sup>14</sup> If thou didst, then behold that compound.

*Fal.* You rogue, here's lime in this sack too: <sup>15</sup> there is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man. Yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it; a villainous coward. — Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the Earth, then am I a shotten herring.<sup>16</sup> There live not three good men unhang'd in England; and one of them is fat, and grows old: God help the while! a bad world, I say. I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or any thing.<sup>17</sup> A plague of all cowards! I say still.

*Prince.* How now, wool-sack! what mutter you?

*Fal.* A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath,<sup>18</sup> and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You Prince of Wales!

*Prince.* Why, you round man, what's the matter?

*Fal.* Are you not a coward? answer me to that;—and Pointz there?

*Pointz.* 'Zounds, ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, by the Lord, I'll stab thee.

*Fal.* I call thee coward! I'll see thee damn'd ere I call thee coward: but I would give a thousand pound, I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders; you care not who sees your back: Call you that backing of

<sup>13</sup> *Nether-stocks* were what we now call *stockings*. The *breeches* were the *upper-stocks*.

<sup>14</sup> All the old copies repeat *Titan* here, instead of *butter*; which makes no sense whatever, as it merely represents the Sun as melting at the sweet tale of the Sun. There can be no doubt that the printer or transcriber repeated the wrong word.

<sup>15</sup> Putting lime in sack and other wines appears to have been a common device for making them seem fresh and sparkling, when in truth they were spiritless and stale. Eliot, in his *Orthoepia*, 1593, says: "The vintners of London put in lime, and thence proceed infinite maladies, especially the gouts."

<sup>16</sup> A *shotten herring* is one that has cast her spawn, and is therefore very lean and lank.

<sup>17</sup> Weavers are mentioned as lovers of music in *Twelfth Night*. The Protestants who fled from the persecutions of Alva were mostly *weavers*, and, being Calvinists, were distinguished for their love of psalmody. Weavers were supposed to be generally good singers: their trade being sedentary, they had an opportunity of practising, and sometimes in parts, while they were at work.

<sup>18</sup> A *dagger of lath* is the weapon given to the Vice in the old Moral-plays. In the Second Part of this play Falstaff calls Shallow a *Vice's dagger*. See page 238, note 15.

your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me. — Give me a cup of sack: — I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day.

*Prince.* O villain! thy lips are scarce wip'd since thou drunk'st last.

*Fal.* All's one for that. [*He drinks.*] A plague of all cowards! still say I.

*Prince.* What's the matter?

*Fal.* What's the matter! there be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this day morning.

*Prince.* Where is it, Jack? where is it?

*Fal.* Where is it? taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four of us.

*Prince.* What, a hundred, man?

*Fal.* I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together.<sup>19</sup> I have 'scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hack'd like a hand-saw; *ecce signum!* I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards! — Let them speak: if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains and the sons of darkness.

*Prince.* Speak, sirs; how was it?

*Gads.* We four set upon some dozen, —

*Fal.* Sixteen, at least, my lord.

*Gads.* — and bound them.

*Peto.* No, no; they were not bound.

*Fal.* You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

*Gads.* As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us, —

*Fal.* And unbound the rest, and then came in the other.

*Prince.* What, fought ye with them all?

*Fal.* All! I know not what ye call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then I am no two-legged creature.

*Prince.* Pray God you have not murdered some of them.

*Fal.* Nay, that's past praying for: I have pepper'd two of them; two, I am sure, I have paid; two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal, — if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward:<sup>20</sup> here I

<sup>19</sup> *Half-sword* appears to have been a term of fencing, for a close fight, or a fight within half the length of the sword.

<sup>20</sup> *Old ward* is *old posture of defence*; his usual mode of *warding* off the adversary's blows. See page 260, note 23.

lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me, —

*Prince.* What, four? thou saidst but two even now.

*Fal.* Four, Hal; I told thee four.

*Pointz.* Ay, ay, he said four.

*Fal.* These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

*Prince.* Seven? why, there were but four even now.

*Fal.* In buckram?

*Pointz.* Ay, four in buckram suits.

*Fal.* Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

*Prince.* [*Aside.*] Pr'ythee, let him alone: we shall have more anon.

*Fal.* Dost thou hear me, Hal?

*Prince.* Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

*Fal.* Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram that I told thee of, —

*Prince.* [*Aside.*] So, two more already.

*Fal.* — their points being broken, —

*Pointz.* Down fell their hose.<sup>21</sup>

*Fal.* — began to give me ground; but I followed me close, came in, foot and hand, and with a thought seven of the eleven I paid.

*Prince.* [*Aside.*] O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two.

*Fal.* But, as the Devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves in Kendal green<sup>22</sup> came at my back and let drive at me; — for it was so dark, Hal, that thou could'st not see thy hand.

*Prince.* These lies are like the father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou nott-pated fool, thou obscene, greasy tallow-keech,<sup>23</sup> —

*Fal.* What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

*Prince.* Why, how could'st thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou could'st not see thy hand? come, tell us your reason: what say'st thou to this?

*Pointz.* Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

<sup>21</sup> The jest lies in a quibble upon *points*, Falstaff using the word for the sharp end of a weapon, Pointz for the tagged lace with which garments were then fastened. See page 185, note 4.

<sup>22</sup> *Kendal green* was the livery of Robin Hood and his men. The colour took its name from *Kendal*, in Westmoreland, formerly celebrated for its cloth manufacture.

<sup>23</sup> A *keech* is a round lump of fat, rolled up by the butcher in order to be carried to the chandler, and in its form resembles the rotundity of a fat man's stomach.

*Fal.* What, upon compulsion? No; were I at the strap-pado,<sup>24</sup> or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

*Prince.* I'll be no longer guilty of this sin: this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh, —

*Fal.* Away, you starveling, you eel-skin,<sup>25</sup> you dried neat's tongue, you stock-fish, — O, for breath to utter what is like thee! — you tailor's-yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck, —

*Prince.* Well, breathe awhile, and then to't again; and when thou hast tir'd thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this: —

*Pointz.* Mark, Jack.

*Prince.* We two saw you four set on four: you bound them, and were masters of their wealth. — Mark now, how plain a tale shall put you down. — Then did we two set on you four, and, with a word, outfac'd you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house. And, Falstaff, you carried your[self] away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roar'd, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

*Pointz.* Come, let's hear, Jack: what trick hast thou now?

*Fal.* By the Lord, I knew ye as well as He that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters: Was it for me to kill the heir-apparent? Should I turn upon the true Prince? Why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules; but beware instinct: the lion will not touch the true Prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money. — [*To Mrs. QUICKLY within.*] Hostess, clap-to the doors: watch to-night, pray to-morrow. — Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellow-

<sup>24</sup> The *strappado* was a dreadful punishment inflicted on soldiers and criminals, by drawing them up on high with their arms tied backward. Randle Holme says that they were suddenly let fall half way with a jerk, which not only broke the arms, but shook all the joints out of joint. He adds, "which punishment it is better to be hanged than for a man to undergo."

<sup>25</sup> Shakespeare had historical authority for the *leanness* of the Prince. Stowe, speaking of him, says, "He exceeded the mean stature of men, his neck long, body slender and lean, and his bones small."

ship come to you! What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

*Prince.* Content;—and the argument shall be thy running away.

*Fal.* Ah, no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me!

*Enter Hostess.*

*Host.* O Jesu, my lord the Prince,—

*Prince.* How now, my lady the Hostess!<sup>26</sup> what say'st thou to me?

*Host.* Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the Court at door would speak with you: he says he comes from your father.

*Prince.* Give him as much as will make him a royal man,<sup>27</sup> and send him back again to my mother.

*Fal.* What manner of man is he?

*Host.* An old man.

*Fal.* What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight?—Shall I give him his answer?

*Prince.* Pr'ythee, do, Jack.

*Fal.* 'Faith, and I'll send him packing.

[*Exit.*

*Prince.* Now, sirs: by'r Lady, you fought fair;—so did you, Peto;—so did you, Bardolph: you are lions too, you ran away upon instinct, you will not touch the true Prince, no;—fie!

*Bard.* 'Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

*Prince.* Tell me now in earnest, how came Falstaff's sword so hack'd?

*Peto.* Why, he hack'd it with his dagger; and said he would swear truth out of England, but he would make you believe it was done in fight; and persuaded us to do the like.

*Bard.* Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grass to make them bleed; and then to beslobber our garments with it, and to swear it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seven year before; I blush'd to hear his monstrous devices.

*Prince.* O villain, thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen

<sup>26</sup> A sportive rejoinder to her "my lord the Prince." See p. 132, note 6.

<sup>27</sup> The hostess has just called the messenger a *nobleman*. The Prince refers to this, and at the same time plays upon the words *royal man*. *Royal* and *noble* were names of coin, the one being 10s., the other 6s. 8d. If, then, the messenger were already a *noble* man, give him 3s. 4d., and it would make him a *royal* man. Hearne relates how "Mr. John Blower, in a sermon before her Majesty, first said, 'My *royal* queen,' and a little after, 'My *noble* queen.' Upon which says the queen, 'What, am I ten groats worse than I was?'"

years ago, and wert taken with the manner,<sup>28</sup> and ever since thou hast blush'd extempore. Thou hadst fire<sup>29</sup> and sword on thy side, and yet thou rann'st away: what instinct hadst thou for it?

*Bard.* My lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?

*Prince.* I do.

*Bard.* What think you they portend?

*Prince.* Hot livers and cold purses.<sup>30</sup>

*Bard.* Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

*Prince.* No, if rightly taken, halter.<sup>31</sup> Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone. —

*Re-enter FALSTAFF.*

How now, my sweet creature of bombast!<sup>32</sup> How long is't ago, Jack, since thou saw'st thine own knee?

*Fal.* My own knee! when I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring: A plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. There's villainous news abroad: here was Sir John Bracy from your father: you must to the Court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the North, Percy; and he of Wales, that gave Amaimon<sup>33</sup> the bastinado, and swore the Devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook,<sup>34</sup> — what, a plague, call you him? —

*Pointz.* O, Glendower.

✓ *Fal.* ~~Owen~~ Owen; the same; — and his son-in-law, Mortimer; and old Northumberland; and that sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs o' horseback up a hill perpendicular; —

*Prince.* He that rides at high speed, and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying.<sup>35</sup>

<sup>28</sup> An old phrase for *taken in the act*.

<sup>29</sup> The *fire* in Bardolph's face.

<sup>30</sup> Hard drinking and no cash; as drinking heats the liver and empties the purse.

<sup>31</sup> There is a quibble implied here between *choler* and *collar*. It is observable that the Prince deals very much in this kind of *implied* puns, as if the Poet sought thereby to reconcile the native dignity of the man with his occasional levity and playfulness.

<sup>32</sup> *Bombast* is cotton. Gerard calls the cotton-plant the *bombast* tree. It is here used for the *stuffing* of clothes.

<sup>33</sup> A demon, who is described as one of the four kings who rule over all the demons in the world.

<sup>34</sup> The *Welsh hook* was a kind of hedging-bill made with a hook at the end, and a long handle like the partisan or halbert.

<sup>35</sup> Pistols were not in use in the age of Henry IV. They are said to have been much used by the Scotch in Shakespeare's time.

*Fal.* You have hit it.

*Prince.* So did he never the sparrow.

*Fal.* Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him; he will not run.

*Prince.* Why, what a rascal art thou then, to praise him so for running!

*Fal.* O' horseback, ye cuckoo! but a-foot he will not budge a foot.

*Prince.* Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

*Fal.* I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blue-caps more.<sup>86</sup> Worcester is stolen away to-night; thy father's beard is turn'd white with the news: you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackerel. — But tell me, Hal, art thou not horribly afeard? thou being heir-apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? Art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

*Prince.* Not a whit, i' faith; I lack some of thy instinct.

*Fal.* Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow when thou comest to thy father: if thou love me, practise an answer.

*Prince.* Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

*Fal.* Shall I? content. This chair shall be my state, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown.

*Prince.* Thy state is taken for a joint-stool,<sup>87</sup> thy golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown.

*Fal.* Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved. — Give me a cup of sack, to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in King Cambyses' vein.<sup>88</sup>

*Prince.* Well, here is my leg.<sup>89</sup>

*Fal.* And here is my speech. — Stand aside, nobility.

*Host.* O Jesu! this is excellent sport, i' faith.

*Fal.* Weep not, sweet Queen, for trickling tears are vain.

<sup>86</sup> *Blue-caps* being of old the national head-dress of Scottish soldiers, the Scotsmen themselves are here appropriately called *blue-caps*.

<sup>87</sup> An old form of speech, which we should invert: "a joint-stool is taken for thy state," &c. — *State* is often used by old writers for the official seat of Majesty, the *Throne*.

<sup>88</sup> The banter is here upon the play called "A Lamentable Tragedie mixed full of pleasant Mirthe, containing the Life of Cambyyses, King of Persia," by Thomas Preston, 1570. — *Passion* is here used, not for anger, but in the classical sense of *suffering, grief*.

<sup>89</sup> *Making a leg* was much used to signify a bow of reverence; an *obedience*.

*Host.* O the Father, how he holds his countenance!

*Fal.* For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful Queen;  
For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

*Host.* O Jesu! he doth it as like one of these harlotry players as ever I see.

*Fal.* Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain.<sup>40</sup> — Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied: for though the camomile, the more it is trodden on, the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it wears. That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion; but chiefly a villainous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be son to me, here lies the point: Why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed Sun of heaven prove a micher,<sup>41</sup> and eat blackberries? a question not to be ask'd. Shall the son of England prove a thief, and take purses? a question to be ask'd. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou keepest: for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink, but in tears; not in pleasure, but in passion; not in words only, but in woes also. And yet there is a virtuous man whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

*Prince.* What manner of man, an it like your Majesty?

*Fal.* A goodly portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by'r Lady, inclining to three-score; and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff: if that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff: him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

*Prince.* Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

*Fal.* Depose me! if thou do'st it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker,<sup>42</sup> or a poulter's hare.

<sup>40</sup> *Tickle-brain* appears to have been a slang term for some potent kind of liquor.

<sup>41</sup> A *micher* here means a *truant*. So, in Lyly's *Mother Bombie*, 1594: "How like a *micher* he stands, as if he had *truanted* from honesty." And in Akerman's *Glossary of Provincial Words and Phrases*: "*Moucher*. A *truant*; a 'blackberry moucher,' — a boy who plays truuant to pick blackberries."

<sup>42</sup> A *sucking rabbit*.

*Prince.* Well, here I am set.

*Fal.* And here I stand. — Judge, my masters.

*Prince.* Now, Harry, whence come you?

*Fal.* My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

*Prince.* The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

*Fal.* 'Sblood, my lord, they are false! — Nay, I'll tickle ye for a young prince, i' faith.

*Prince.* Swearest thou, ungracious boy? henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace: there is a devil haunts thee, in the likeness of a old fat man; a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that bolting-hutch<sup>43</sup> of beastliness, that swoln parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard<sup>44</sup> of sack, that roasted Manningtree ox<sup>45</sup> with the pudding in his [body], that reverend Vice,<sup>46</sup> that gray Iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning,<sup>47</sup> but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villainy? wherein villainous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

*Fal.* I would your Grace would take me with you:<sup>48</sup> whom means your Grace?

*Prince.* That villainous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

*Fal.* My lord, the man I know.

*Prince.* I know thou dost.

*Fal.* But to say I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old, — the more the pity, — his white hairs do witness it. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! If to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damn'd: if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord: banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Pointz; but, for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true

<sup>43</sup> The receptacle into which meal is *bolted*.

<sup>44</sup> *Bombard* was generally used in the Poet's time for a large barrel; sometimes, however, for a huge leathern vessel for holding liquor, which is probably its meaning here.

<sup>45</sup> *Manningtree* was a place in Essex noted for its fine pastures and large oxen, and for the great fairs that were used to be held there, at which the old plays called *Moralities* were performed, and eating and drinking were done on a large scale. It is not unlikely that on some of these occasions oxen may have been roasted whole with puddings done up in them, as is said in a ballad written in 1658: "Just so the people stare at an ox in the fair, roasted whole with a pudding in's belly."

<sup>46</sup> The Vice, sometimes also called Iniquity, was the stereotyped jester and buffoon of the old Moral-plays, which were going out of use in the Poet's time. See page 233, note 15.

<sup>47</sup> *Cunning* is here used in the sense of *wise* or *knowing*.

<sup>48</sup> That is, let me understand you.

Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, — and therefore more valiant, being, as he is, old Jack Falstaff, — banish not him thy Harry's company: banish plump Jack, and banish all the world!

*Prince.* I do, I will.

[*A Knocking heard.*

[*Exeunt Hostess, FRANCIS, and BARDOLPH.*

*Re-enter BARDOLPH, running.*

*Bard.* O my lord, my lord! the Sheriff with a most monstrous watch is at the door.

*Fal.* Out, ye rogue! — Play out the play: I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

*Re-enter Hostess, hastily.*

*Host.* O Jesu! my lord, my lord, —

*Fal.* Heigh, heigh! the Devil rides upon a fiddle-stick.<sup>49</sup> What's the matter?

*Host.* The Sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house. Shall I let them in?

*Fal.* Dost thou hear, Hal? never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit: thou art essentially mad, without seeming so.

*Prince.* And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

*Fal.* I deny your *major*.<sup>50</sup> If you will deny the Sheriff, so; if not, let him enter: if I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up! I hope I shall as soon be strangled with a halter as another.

*Prince.* Go, hide thee behind the arras:<sup>51</sup> — the rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face and a good conscience.

*Fal.* Both which I have had; but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

*Prince.* Call in the Sheriff. —

[*Exeunt all but the Prince and POINTZ.*

*Enter Sheriff and Carrier.*

Now, Master Sheriff, what's your will with me?

*Sher.* First, pardon me, my lord. A hue-and-cry Hath follow'd certain men unto this house.

*Prince.* What men?

<sup>49</sup> This is thought to be an allusion to the old Puritan horror of *fiddles* for the use made of them in dancing.

<sup>50</sup> Falstaff's meaning is, that he denies himself to be a coward, that being the *major* part of the Prince's affirmation.

<sup>51</sup> Tapestry was fixed on frames of wood at such distance from the wall as to keep it from being rotted by the dampness; large spaces were thus left between the arras and the walls, sufficient to contain even one of Falstaff's bulk. The old dramatists avail themselves of this convenient hiding-place upon all occasions.

*Sher.* One of them is well known, my gracious lord ;  
A gross fat man.

*Car.* As fat as butter. .

*Prince.* The man, I do assure you, is not here ;  
For I myself at this time have employ'd him.<sup>52</sup>

And, Sheriff, I'll engage my word to thee,  
That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time,  
Send him to answer thee, or any man,  
For any thing he shall be charg'd withal :  
And so let me entreat you leave the house.

*Sher.* I will, my lord. There are two gentlemen  
Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

*Prince.* It may be so : if he have robb'd these men,  
He shall be answerable ; and so, farewell.

*Sher.* Good night, my noble lord.

*Prince.* I think it is good morrow, is it not ?

*Sher.* Indeed, my lord, I think 't be two o'clock.

[*Exeunt Sheriff and Carrier.*]

*Prince.* This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's.<sup>53</sup> Go,  
call him forth.

*Pointz.* Falstaff! — Fast asleep behind the arras, and snort-  
ing like a horse.

*Prince.* Hark, how hard he fetches breath. Search his  
pockets. [*POINTZ searches.*] What hast thou found ?

*Pointz.* Nothing but papers, my lord.

*Prince.* Let's see what they be : read them.

*Pointz.* [*Reads.*] *Item, A capon, . . . . . 2s. 2d.*  
*Item, Sauce, . . . . . 4d.*  
*Item, Sack, two gallons, . . . . . 5s. 8d.*  
*Item, Anchovies, and sack after supper . . . . . 2s. 6d.*  
*Item, Bread, . . . . . ob.<sup>54</sup>*

*Prince.* O monstrous ! but one halfpenny-worth of bread to  
this intolerable deal of sack ! — What there is else, keep close ;  
we'll read it at more advantage. There let him sleep till day.  
I'll to the Court in the morning : we must all to the wars, and  
thy place shall be honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a  
charge of foot ; and I know his death will be a march of

<sup>52</sup> Shakespeare has been blamed for putting this falsehood into the Prince's mouth. The blame, whatever it be, should rather light on the Prince ; and even he is rather to be blamed for what he has all along been doing, than for what he now says. To have betrayed Falstaff, after what has passed between them, would have been something worse than telling a falsehood ; more wicked even, let alone the meanness of it. The Poet did not mean to represent the Prince as altogether unhurt by his connection with Sir John ; and if he had done so, he would have been false to nature.

<sup>53</sup> St. Paul's Cathedral is the object meant ; one of the most conspicuous structures in London.

<sup>54</sup> *Ob.* is for *obolus*, which was the common mode of signifying a half-penny.

twelve-score.<sup>55</sup> The money shall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning; and so good morrow, Pointz.

*Pointz.* Good morrow, good my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

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ACT III. SCENE I. *Bangor. A Room in the Archdeacon's House.*

*Enter* HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, MORTIMER, *and* GLENDOWER.

*Mort.* These promises are fair, the parties sure,  
And our induction full of prosperous hope.<sup>1</sup>

*Hot.* Lord Mortimer,—and cousin Glendower,—will you sit down?—And, uncle Worcester,—A plague upon it! I have forgot the map.

*Glen.* No, here it is.  
Sit, cousin Percy; sit, good cousin Hotspur;  
For by that name as oft as Lancaster  
Doth speak of you, his cheek looks pale, and with  
A rising sigh he wisheth you in Heaven.

*Hot.* And you in Hell, as oft as he hears Owen Glendower spoke of.

*Glen.* I cannot blame him: at my nativity  
The front of Heaven was full of fiery shapes,  
Of burning cressets;<sup>2</sup> and at my birth  
The frame and huge foundation of the Earth  
Shak'd like a coward.

*Hot.* Why, so it would have done at the same season, if your mother's cat had but kitten'd, though yourself had never been born.

*Glen.* I say the Earth did shake when I was born.

*Hot.* And I say the Earth was not of my mind, if you suppose as fearing you it shook.

*Glen.* The Heavens were all on fire, the Earth did tremble.

*Hot.* O, then th' Earth shook to see the Heavens on fire,  
And not in fear of your nativity.

Diseased Nature oftentimes breaks forth

<sup>55</sup> Meaning that a march of twelve-score will be his death. A score, as here used, was *twenty yards*. So that *twelve-score* was *two hundred and forty yards*.

<sup>1</sup> *Induction* is used by Shakespeare for *commencement, beginning*. The introductory part of a play or poem was called the *induction*.

<sup>2</sup> *Cressets* were *lights* used as beacons, and sometimes as torches to light processions; so named from the French, *croisette*, because the fire was placed on a little cross.

In strange eruptions : oft the teeming Earth  
Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd  
By the imprisoning of unruly wind  
Within her womb ; which, for enlargement striving,  
Shakes the old beldame Earth, and topples down  
Steeple and moss-grown towers. At your birth,  
Our grandam Earth, having this distemperature,  
In passion shook.

*Glen.* Cousin, of many men  
I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave  
To tell you once again, that at my birth  
The front of Heaven was full of fiery shapes ;  
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds  
Were strangely clamorous to the frightened fields.  
These signs have mark'd me extraordinary ;  
And all the courses of my life do show  
I am not in the roll of common men.  
Where is he living, — clipp'd in with the sea  
That chides the banks of England, Scotland, Wales, —  
Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me ?  
And bring him out that is but woman's son  
Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,  
And hold me pace in deep experiments.

*Hot.* I think there is no man speaks better Welsh. —  
I'll to dinner.

*Mort.* Peace, cousin Percy ! you will make him mad.

*Glen.* I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

*Hot.* Why, so can I, or so can any man ;  
But will they come when you do call for them ?

*Glen.* Why, I can teach you, cousin, to command  
The Devil.

*Hot.* And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the Devil,  
By telling truth : tell truth, and shame the Devil. )  
If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,  
And I'll be sworn I've power to shame him hence.  
O, while you live, tell truth, and shame the Devil !

*Mort.* Come, come ;  
No more of this unprofitable chat.

*Glen.* Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made head  
Against my power ; thrice from the banks of Wye  
And sandy-bottom'd Severn have I sent him  
Bootless home and weather-beaten back.

*Hot.* Home without boots, and in foul weather too !  
How 'scap'd he agues, in the Devil's name ?

*Glen.* Come, here's the map : Shall we divide our right  
According to our three-fold order ta'en ?

*Mort.* Th' Archdeacon hath divided it  
 Into three limits very equally.  
 England, from Trent and Severn hitherto,<sup>8</sup>  
 By south and east is to my part assign'd :  
 All westward, Wales beyond the Severn shore,  
 And all the fertile land within that bound,  
 To Owen Glendower : — and, dear coz, to you  
 The remnant northward, lying off from Trent.  
 And our indentures tripartite are drawn ;  
 Which being sealed interchangeably,<sup>4</sup>  
 (A business that this night may execute,)  
 To-morrow, cousin Percy, you and I  
 And my good Lord of Worcester will set forth  
 To meet your father and the Scottish power,  
 As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury.  
 My father Glendower is not ready yet,  
 Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days. —  
 [*To GLEN.*] Within that space you may have drawn together  
 Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentlemen.

*Glen.* A shorter time shall send me to you, lords :  
 And in my conduct shall your ladies come ;  
 From whom you now must steal, and take no leave,  
 Or there will be a world of water shed  
 Upon the parting of your wives and you.

*Hot.* Methinks my moiety,<sup>5</sup> north from Burton here,  
 In quantity equals not one of yours.  
 See how this river comes me cranking in,<sup>6</sup>  
 And cuts me from the best of all my land  
 A huge half-moon, and monstrous cantle out.<sup>7</sup>  
 I'll have the current in this place damm'd up ;  
 And here the smug and silver Trent shall run  
 In a new channel fair and evenly :  
 It shall not wind with such a deep indent,  
 To rob me of so rich a bottom here.<sup>8</sup>

*Glen.* Not wind ? it shall, it must ; you see it doth.

*Mort.* Yea, but  
 Mark how he bears his course, and runs me up  
 With like advantage on the other side ;

<sup>8</sup> *Hitherto* was an adverb of place as well as of time.

<sup>4</sup> *Indentures* are *covenants* or *compacts* ; here called *tripartite* because there are three parties to them. Ordinarily they are between two parties, and then are drawn in duplicate. These were to be signed and sealed *interchangeably*, that each of the three parties might have a copy.

<sup>5</sup> A *moiety* was often used by the writers of Shakespeare's age as a portion of any thing, though not divided into equal parts.

<sup>6</sup> To *crank* is to crook, to turn in and out.

<sup>7</sup> A *cantle* is a *portion*, a *corner* or *fragment* of any thing.

<sup>8</sup> *Bottom* is used of a low and level piece of land, such as the interval of a river.

Gelding th' opposed continent as much  
As on the other side it takes from you.

*Wor.* Yea, but a little charge will trench him here,  
And on this north side win this cape of land;  
And then he runneth straight and evenly.

*Hot.* I'll have it so: a little charge will do it.

*Glen.* I will not have it alter'd.

*Hot.* Will not you?

*Glen.* No, nor you shall not.

*Hot.* Who shall say me nay?

*Glen.* Why, that will I.

*Hot.* Let me not understand you then;  
Speak it in Welsh.

*Glen.* I can speak English, lord, as well as you;  
For I was train'd up in the English Court;  
Where, being but young, I framed to the harp  
Many an English ditty lovely well,  
And gave the tongue a helpful ornament;  
A virtue that was never seen in you.

*Hot.* Marry, and I'm glad of't with all my heart:  
I had rather be a kitten, and cry mew,  
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers;  
I had rather hear a brazen canstick turn'd,<sup>9</sup>  
Or a dry wheel grate on an axle-tree;  
And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,  
Nothing so much as mincing poetry.  
'Tis like the forc'd gate of a shuffling nag.

*Glen.* Come, you shall have Trent turn'd.

*Hot.* I do not care: I'll give thrice so much land  
To any well-deserving friend;  
But in the way of bargain, mark ye me,  
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.  
Are the indentures drawn? shall we be gone?

*Glen.* The Moon shines fair, you may away by night:  
I'll in and haste the writer,<sup>10</sup> and withal  
Break with your wives of your departure hence.  
I am afraid my daughter will run mad,  
So much she doteth on her Mortimer.

[*Exit.*

*Mort.* Fie, cousin Percy! how you cross my father!

*Hot.* I cannot choose: sometimes he angers me  
With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant;<sup>11</sup>

<sup>9</sup> *Canstick* was a very common contraction of *candlestick*.

<sup>10</sup> The writer of the indentures in question. — The old copies have "I'll haste the writer," the words *in and*, needful alike to sense and metre, being first supplied by Steevens. — *Break with*, in the next line, is the old language for *breaking* or *opening the subject to*.

<sup>11</sup> The *moldwarp* is the *mole*; so called because it warps or renders the surface of the earth uneven by its hillocks.

Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies;<sup>12</sup>  
 And of a dragon and a finless fish,  
 A clip-wing'd griffin and a moulted raven,<sup>13</sup>  
 A couching lion and a ramping cat;  
 And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff  
 As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,  
 He held me last night at the least nine hours  
 In reckoning up the several devils' names  
 That were his lacqueys: I cried, *Humph!* and, *Well, go to,*  
 But mark'd him not a word. O, he's as tedious  
 As is a tired horse, a railing wife;  
 Worse than a smoky house: I had rather live  
 With cheese and garlic in a windmill, far,<sup>14</sup>  
 Than feed on ~~ates~~ and have him talk to me  
 In any summer-house in Christendom.

*Mort.* In faith, he is a worthy gentleman;  
 Exceedingly well-read, and profited  
 In strange concealments;<sup>15</sup> valiant as a lion,  
 And wondrous affable, and as bountiful  
 As mines of India. Shall I tell you, cousin?  
 He holds your temper in a high respect,  
 And curbs himself even of his natural scope  
 When you do cross his humour; 'faith, he does:  
 I warrant you that man is not alive  
 Might so have tempted him as you have done,  
 Without the taste of danger and reproof;  
 But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.

*Wor.* In faith, my lord, you are too wilful-blame;<sup>16</sup>  
 And since your coming hither have done enough  
 To put him quite beside his patience.  
 You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault:  
 Though sometimes it show greatness, courage, blood, —  
 And that's the dearest grace it renders you, —  
 Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,  
 Defect of manners, want of government,  
 Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain;

<sup>12</sup> Merlin was a "great magician," whose "deep science and hell-dreaded might" was much celebrated in the ancient mythology of Wales. Some of his wonderful doings, especially his magic mirror, are choicely sung in Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, iii. 2.

<sup>13</sup> To *moult* or *molt* is used of birds for shedding their feathers. *Moulted* appears to be the perfect participle.

<sup>14</sup> Windmills were of old used in England for grinding corn, and of course were perched above the houses in which the grinding was done. Such a house would not be a very quiet place of residence.

<sup>15</sup> Skilled in wonderful secrets.

<sup>16</sup> The Poet has a similar expression in *King John*, v. 2: "The Dauphin is too wilful-opposite: he flatly says he'll not lay down his arms." The sense of the text is plain enough no doubt, though it might not be easy to give a clear grammatical justification of the language.

The least of which, haunting a nobleman,  
 Loseth men's hearts, and leaves behind a stain  
 Upon the beauty of all parts besides,  
 Beguiling them of commendation.

*Hot.* Well, I am school'd : good manners be your speed !  
 Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.

*Re-enter GLENDOWER, with the Ladies.*

*Mort.* This is the deadly spite that angers me,  
 My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.

*Glen.* My daughter weeps : she will not part with you ;  
 She'll be a soldier too, she'll to the wars.

*Mort.* Good father, tell her she and my aunt Percy<sup>17</sup>  
 Shall follow in your conduct speedily.

[GLENDOWER *speaks to her in Welsh, and she answers him in the same.*

*Glen.* She's desperate here ; a peevish self-will'd harlotry,<sup>18</sup>  
 One no persuasion can do good upon.

[*She speaks to MORTIMER in Welsh.*

*Mort.* I understand thy looks : that pretty Welsh  
 Which thou pour'st down from these swelling heavens,  
 I am too perfect in ; and, but for shame,  
 In such a parley would I answer thee. [*She speaks again.*  
 I understand thy kisses, and thou mine,  
 And that's a feeling disputation :  
 But I will never be a truant, love,  
 Till I have learn'd thy language ; for thy tongue  
 Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,  
 Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,  
 With ravishing division, to her lute.<sup>19</sup>

*Glen.* Nay, if you melt, then will she run quite mad.

[*She speaks again.*

*Mort.* O, I am ignorance itself in this !

*Glen.* She bids you on the wanton rushes lay you down,<sup>20</sup>  
 And rest your gentle head upon her lap,

<sup>17</sup> It has already been seen that Hotspur's wife was sister to Sir Edmund Mortimer, and aunt to the young Earl of March. And she has been spoken of in the play as Mortimer's sister, yet he here calls her his *aunt*. From which it appears that Shakespeare not only mistook Sir Edmund for the Earl of March, or rather followed an authority who had so mistaken him, but sometimes confounded the two.

<sup>18</sup> This was a phrase of the time, often used without intending to convey any reproach. In *Romeo and Juliet*, iv. 2, the same phrase is used of the heroine by her father.

<sup>19</sup> *Divisions* appear to have been accompaniments, something like what we call *variations*.

<sup>20</sup> English noblemen, even down to Shakespeare's time, had their floors carpeted with *rushes* ; and it would seem that even this was thought luxurious enough to be termed *wanton*.

And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,  
 And on your eyelids crown the god of sleep,  
 Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness;  
 Making such difference betwixt wake and sleep,  
 As is the difference betwixt day and night,  
 The hour before the heavenly-harness'd team  
 Begins his golden progress in the East.

*Mort.* With all my heart I'll sit and hear her sing:  
 By that time will our book,<sup>21</sup> I think, be drawn.

*Glen.* Do so;

And those musicians that shall play to you  
 Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence;  
 Yet straight they shall be here. Sit, and attend.

*Hot.* Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying down: come,  
 quick, quick; that I may lay my head in thy lap.

*Lady P.* Go, ye giddy goose. [*The Music plays.*]

*Hot.* Now I perceive the Devil understands Welsh; and  
 'tis no marvel, he's so humorous.<sup>22</sup> By'r Lady, he's a good  
 musician.

*Lady P.* Then should you be nothing but musical; for you  
 are altogether governed by humours. Lie still, ye thief, and  
 hear the lady sing in Welsh.

*Hot.* I had rather hear lady my brach<sup>23</sup> howl in Irish.

*Lady P.* Would'st thou have thy head broken?

*Hot.* No.

*Lady P.* Then be still.

*Hot.* Neither; 'tis a woman's fault.<sup>24</sup>

*Lady P.* Now, God help thee!

*Hot.* Peace! she sings. [*A Welsh Song by Lady M.*] Come,  
 Kate, I'll have your song too.

*Lady P.* Not mine, in good sooth.

*Hot.* Not yours, in good sooth! 'Heart, you swear like a  
 comfit-maker's wife! *Not mine, in good sooth;*<sup>25</sup> and, *As true*  
*as I live;* and, *As God shall mend me;* and, *As sure as day:*  
 And giv'st such sarcenet surety for thy oaths,  
 As if thou ne'er walk'dst further than Finsbury.<sup>26</sup>

<sup>21</sup> It was usual to call any manuscript of bulk a *book* in ancient times, such as patents, grants, articles, covenants, &c.

<sup>22</sup> It is rather difficult to keep up with the use of *humorous* and its cognates in the Poet's time. It was much applied to freaky, skittish persons, men addicted to sudden gusts and flaws. Perhaps our word *crotchety* comes as near to it as any now in use. See page 152, note 6. Also page 34, note 22.

<sup>23</sup> A frequent name of a female hound.

<sup>24</sup> 'Tis a woman's fault not to be still.

<sup>25</sup> Instead of "*Not mine, in good sooth,*" the old copies have "*Not you, in good sooth.*" Mr. Collier and Mr. White change *you* into *yours*, and Mr. Lett-som is confident it should be *I*. As Hotspur is repeating the oathlets of his wife, it appears that *mine* is the right word here.

<sup>26</sup> *Finsbury*, being then open walks and fields, was the common resort of the citizens, as appears from many old plays.

Swear me, Kate, like a lady as thou art,  
 A good mouth-filling oath ; and leave *in sooth*,  
 And such protést of pepper-gingerbread,  
 To velvet-guards<sup>27</sup> and Sunday citizens.  
 Come, sing.

*Lady P.* I will not sing.

*Hot.* 'Tis the next way to turn tailor, or be red-breast-teacher.<sup>28</sup> An the indentures be drawn, I'll away within these two hours ; and so, come in when ye will. [*Exit.*

*Glen.* Come, come, Lord Mortimer ; you are as slow,  
 As hot Lord Percy is on fire to go.  
 By this our book's drawn ; we'll but seal, and then  
 To horse immediately.

*Mort.* With all my heart. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *London. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter the KING, Prince HENRY, and Lords.*

*King.* Lords, give us leave : the Prince of Wales and I  
 Must have some private conference : but be near at hand,  
 For we shall presently have need of you. — [*Exeunt Lords.*  
 I know not whether God will have it so,  
 For some displeasing service I have done,  
 That, in His secret doom, out of my blood  
 He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me ;  
 But thou dost, in thy passages of life,  
 Make me believe that thou art only mark'd  
 For the hot vengeance and the rod of Heaven,  
 To punish my mistreadings. Tell me else,  
 Could such inordinate and low desires,  
 Such poor, such base, such lewd, such mean attempts,  
 Such barren pleasures, rude society,  
 As thou art match'd withal and grafted to,  
 Accompany the greatness of thy blood,  
 And hold their level with thy princely heart ?

*Prince.* So please your Majesty, I would I could  
 Quit all offences with as clear excuse,  
 As well as I am doubtless I can purge  
 Myself of many I am charg'd withal :  
 Yet such extenuation let me beg,  
 As, in reproof of many tales devis'd

<sup>27</sup> *Velvet-guards*, or *trimmings of velvet*, were the city fashion in Shakespeare's time.

<sup>28</sup> Tailors, like weavers, have ever been remarkable for their vocal skill. Percy is jocular in his mode of persuading his wife to sing. The meaning is, "to sing is to put yourself upon a level with tailors and teachers of birds."

(Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear)  
 By smiling pick-thanks and base news-mongers,  
 I may, for some things true, wherein my youth  
 Hath faulty wander'd and irregular,  
 Find pardon on my true submission.<sup>1</sup> —

*King.* God pardon thee! — yet let me wonder, Harry,  
 At thy affections, which do hold a wing  
 Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.  
 Thy place in Council thou hast rudely lost,<sup>2</sup>  
 Which by thy younger brother is supplied;  
 And art almost an alien to the hearts  
 Of all the Court and princes of my blood:  
 The hope and expectation of thy time  
 Is ruin'd; and the soul of every man  
 Prophetically does forethink thy fall.  
 Had I so lavish of my presence been,  
 So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,  
 So stale and cheap to vulgar company;  
 Opinion, that did help me to the crown,  
 Had still kept loyal to possession,  
 And left me in reputeless banishment,  
 A fellow of no mark nor likelihood.  
 By being seldom seen, I could not stir  
 But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at;  
 That men would tell their children, *This is he*:  
 Others would say, *Where? which is Bolingbroke?*  
 And then I stole all courtesy from Heaven,  
 And dress'd myself in such humility,  
 That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,  
 Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,  
 Even in the presence of the crowned King.  
 Thus did I keep my person fresh and new;  
 My presence, like a robe pontifical,  
 Ne'er seen but wonder'd at: and so my state,  
 Seldom but sumptuous, showed like a feast;  
 And won by rareness such solemnity.<sup>3</sup>  
 The skipping king, he ambled up and down

<sup>1</sup> The construction of this passage is somewhat obscure: "Let me beg so much extenuation that *upon confutation of many false charges, I may be pardoned some that are true.*" *Reproof* means *disproof*.

<sup>2</sup> The Poet here anticipates an event that took place several years later. Holinshed, having just spoken of the Prince's assault on the Chief Justice, adds, "The king after expelled him out of his privie councill, banisht him the court, and made the duke of Clarence, his yonger brother, president of councill in his stead."

<sup>3</sup> That is, such solemnity as belongs to a feast. *Solemnity* was often used of feasts of state; much in the sense of *dignity*. Macbeth invites Banquo to "a solemn supper," when he means to have him murdered.

With shallow jesters and rash bavin wits,<sup>4</sup>  
 Soon kindled and soon burn'd ; carded<sup>5</sup> his state,  
 Mingled his royalty, with capering fools ;<sup>6</sup>  
 Had his great name profaned-with their scorns ;  
 And gave his countenance, against his name,  
 To laugh at gibing boys, and stand the push  
 Of every beardless vain comparative ;<sup>7</sup>  
 Grew a companion to the common streets,  
 Enfeoff'd himself to popularity :<sup>8</sup>  
 That, being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,  
 They surfeited with honey, and began  
 To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little  
 More than a little is by much too much.  
 So, when he had occasion to be seen,  
 He was but as the cuckoo is in June,  
 Heard, not regarded ; seen, but with such eyes  
 As, sick and blunted with community,<sup>9</sup>  
 Afford no extraordinary gaze,  
 Such as is bent on sunlike majesty  
 When it shines seldom in admiring eyes ;  
 But rather drows'd, and hung their eyelids down,  
 Slept in his face, and render'd such aspect  
 As cloudy men use to their adversaries ;  
 Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd, and full.  
 And in that very line, Harry, stand'st thou ;  
 For thou hast lost thy princely privilege  
 With vile participation : not an eye  
 But is a-weary of thy common sight,  
 Save mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more ;

<sup>4</sup> *Bavins* are brush-wood, or small fagots used for lighting fires. Thus, in Lyly's *Mother Bombe*, 1594: "*Bavins* will have their flashes, and youth their fancies, the one as soon quenched as the other burnt."

<sup>5</sup> This word has been explained in divers ways. Warburton thought it was used for *discard*. The most probable meaning of the word is shown in Bacon's *Natural History*, § 46: "It is an excellent drink for a consumption, to be drunk either alone, or *carded* with some other beer." Likewise in Greene's *Quip for an Upstart Courtier*: "You *card* your beer (if you see your guests begin to get drunk) half small, half strong." My own notion, then, is, that "*carded* his state" means the same as the following clause, the latter being explanatory of the former. Mr. White reads "*discarded* state," which seems to express rather too much.

<sup>6</sup> The first quarto reads *capring*; the other old copies read *carping*, which agrees well with the context. "*A. carping momus*" and "*a carping fool*" were common phrases in the Poet's time. But, though *carping* agrees thus with the context, it must be owned that *capering* bears a sense equally appropriate, as referring to the *dancing* sprigs that Richard II. drew about him.

<sup>7</sup> That is, every beardless, vain young fellow who affected wit, or was a dealer in comparisons. See page 257, note 12.

<sup>8</sup> *Gave himself up*, absolutely and entirely, to popularity. To *enfeoff* is a law term, signifying to give or grant any thing to another in fee simple.

<sup>9</sup> *Community* here is commonness.

Which now doth that I would not have it do,  
Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

*Prince.* I shall hereafter, my thrice-gracious lord, ✓  
Be more myself.

*King.* For all the world,  
As thou art to this hour, was Richard then  
When I from France set foot at Ravenspurg;  
And even as I was then is Percy now.  
Now, by my sceptre, and my soul to boot,  
He hath more worthy interest to the State<sup>10</sup>  
Than thou the shadow of succession:  
For of no right, nor colour like to right,  
He doth fill fields with harness in the realm;  
Turns head against the lion's armed jaws;  
And, being no more in debt to years than thou,<sup>11</sup>  
Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on  
To bloody battles and to bruising arms.  
What never-dying honour hath he got  
Against renowned Douglas! whose high deeds,  
Whose hot incursions, and great name in arms,  
Holds from all soldiers chief majority,  
And military title capital,  
Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ.  
Thrice hath this Hotspur, Mars in swathing clothes,  
This infant warrior, in his enterprises  
Discomfited great Douglas; ta'en him once,  
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,  
To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,  
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.  
And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,  
Th' Archbishop's Grace of York, Douglas, and Mortimer,  
Capitulate against us,<sup>12</sup> and are up.  
But wherefore do I tell these news to thee?  
Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,  
Which art my near'st and dearest enemy?<sup>13</sup>  
Thou that art like enough, through vassal fear,  
Base inclination, and the start of spleen,  
To fight against me under Percy's pay,

<sup>10</sup> We should now write *in* the state, but this was the phraseology of the Poet's time. So, in *The Winter's Tale*: "He is less frequent *to* his princely exercises than formerly."

<sup>11</sup> The Poet with great dramatic propriety approximates the ages of the Prince and Hotspur, for the better kindling of a noble emulation between them. So that we need not suppose him ignorant that Hotspur was about twenty years the older.

<sup>12</sup> To *capitulate* formerly signified *to make articles of agreement*.

<sup>13</sup> So, in *Hamlet*, Act i. scene 2: "Would I had met my *dearest* foe in heaven ere ever I had seen that day, Horatio." For this use of *dear* see page 287, note 6.

To dog his heels, and curtsy at his frowns,  
To show how much thou art degenerate.

*Prince.* Do not think so; you shall not find it so:  
And God forgive them that have so much sway'd  
Your Majesty's good thoughts away from me!  
I will redeem all this on Percy's head,  
And, in the closing of some glorious day,  
Be bold to tell you that I am your son;  
When I will wear a garment all of blood,  
And stain my favour<sup>14</sup> in a bloody mask,  
Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame with it.  
And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,  
That this same child of honour and renown,  
This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,  
And your unthought-of Harry, chance to meet.  
For every honour sitting on his helm,  
'Would they were multitudes; and on my head  
My shames redoubled! for the time will come,  
That I shall make this northern youth exchange  
His glorious deeds for my indignities.  
Percy is but my factor, good my lord,  
T' engross up glorious deeds on my behalf;  
And I will call him to so strict account,  
That he shall render every glory up,  
Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,  
Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.  
This, in the name of God, I promise here:  
The which if I perform, and do survive,  
I do beseech your Majesty, may salve  
The long-grown wounds of my intemperance:  
If not, the end of life cancels all bands;<sup>15</sup>  
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths  
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

*King.* A hundred thousand rebels die in this!  
Thou shalt have charge and sovereign trust herein. —

*Enter Sir WALTER BLUNT.*

How now, good Blunt! thy looks are full of speed.

*Blunt.* So is the business that I come to speak of.  
Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word<sup>16</sup>  
That Douglas and the English rebels met

<sup>14</sup> All the old copies have *favours*: the word *mask* ascertains that the reference is to his *face*.

<sup>15</sup> *Bands* and *bonds* were used indifferently for *obligations*. — Fourth line above, all the old copies but the folio read, "The which if *He be pleas'd* I shall perform."

<sup>16</sup> There was no such person as *Lord Mortimer of Scotland*; but there was a Scottish Earl of March and an English Earl of March, and this same-

Th' eleventh of this month at Shrewsbury :

A mighty and a fearful head they are,

If promises be kept on every hand,

As ever offer'd foul play in a State.

*King.* The Earl of Westmoreland set forth to-day ;

With him my son, Lord John of Lancaster ;

For this advertisement is five days old.<sup>17</sup> —

On Wednesday next, Harry, you shall set forward ;

On Thursday we ourselves will march :

Our meeting is Bridgnorth : and, Harry, you

Shall march through Glostershire ; by which account,

Our business valued,<sup>18</sup> some twelve days hence

Our general forces at Bridgnorth shall meet.

Our hands are full of business : let's away ;

Advantage feeds him fat, while men delay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *London. Eastcheap. A Room in the Boar's-Head Tavern.*

*Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.*

*Fal.* Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely since this last action? do I not bate? do I not dwindle? Why, my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown : I am withered like an old apple-John.<sup>1</sup> Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking ;<sup>2</sup> I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a pepper-corn, a brewer's horse.<sup>3</sup> The inside of a church! Company, villainous company, hath been the spoil of me.

ness of title probably led the Poet into a confusion of the names. The Scottish Earl of March was George Dunbar, who attached himself so warmly to the English that the Parliament petitioned the King to bestow some reward on him. He fought on the side of King Henry in this rebellion. See page 275, note 1.

<sup>17</sup> *Advertisement* is intelligence, or information.

<sup>18</sup> That is, an estimate being made of the business to be done.

<sup>1</sup> The apple-John was by no means the same as the apple-jack of later times, though the two may be some kin. The former was a variety of the Apple, which is said to have kept two years. Thus described by Philips: "*John-apple*, whose wither'd rind, entrench'd by many a furrow, aptly represents decrepid age." And in *The Second Part*, one of the persons, speaking of Falstaff, says, "The Prince once set a dish of apple-Johns before him, and told him there were five more Sir Johns; and, putting off his hat, said, I will now take my leave of these six dry, round, old, wither'd knights."

<sup>2</sup> The sense of *liking* is about the same as our phrase *good keeping*. Thus, in the *Prayer-Book*, Psalm xcii: "Such as are planted in the House of the Lord shall bring forth more fruit in their age, and shall be fat and well-liking." The English Psalter is much older than the version of 1611, which renders the same passage "fat and flourishing."

<sup>3</sup> That Falstaff was unlike a brewer's horse may be gathered from a conundrum in *The Devil's Cabinet Opened*: "What is the difference between a drunkard and a brewer's horse? — Because one carries all his liquor on his back, and the other in his belly."

*Bard.* Sir John, you are so fretful, you cannot live long.

*Fal.* Why, there is it. Come, sing me a song; make me merry. I was as virtuously given as a gentleman need to be; virtuous enough; swore little; dic'd not above seven times a week; paid money that I borrowed—three or four times; lived well, and in good compass: and now I live out of all order, out of all compass.

*Bard.* Why, you are so fat, Sir John, that you must needs be out of all compass; out of all reasonable compass, Sir John.

*Fal.* Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life. Thou art our admiral, thou bearest the lantern in the poop,—but 'tis in the nose of thee: thou art the Knight of the Burning Lamp.

*Bard.* Why, Sir John, my face does you no harm.

*Fal.* No, I'll be sworn; I make as good use of it as many a man doth of a death's-head, or a *memento mori*: I never see thy face, but I think upon hell-fire, and Dives that lived in purple; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face: my oath should be, *By this fire, that's God's angel*:<sup>4</sup> but thou art altogether given over, and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou rann'st up Gads-hill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of wild-fire, there's no purchase in money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire-light! Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern:<sup>5</sup> but the sack that thou hast drunk me would have bought me lights as good cheap<sup>6</sup> at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have maintain'd that salamander of yours with fire any time this two-and-thirty years: God reward me for it!

*Bard.* 'Sblood, I would my face were in your [stomach!]

*Fal.* God-a-mercy! so should I be sure to be heart-burn'd.—

*Enter Hostess.*

How now, dame Partlett the hen! have you inquir'd yet who pick'd my pocket?

<sup>4</sup> So in all the quartos: the folio omits the words, "that's God's angel." The allusion is, apparently, to *Exodus* iii. 2: "And the angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a flame of fire out of the midst of a bush;" &c.

<sup>5</sup> *Candles and lanterns to let* were then cried about London, the streets not being then lighted.

<sup>6</sup> *Cheap* is the past participle of *cypan*, Sax., to traffic, to bargain, to buy and sell. *Good cheap* was therefore a *good bargain*. Our ancestors used *good cheap* and *better cheap* as we now use *cheap* and *cheaper*.

*Host.* Why, Sir John! what do you think, Sir John? Do you think I keep thieves in my house? I have search'd, I have inquired, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant: the tithe of a hair was never lost in my house before.

*Fal.* You lie, Hostess: Bardolph was shav'd and lost many a hair; and I'll be sworn my pocket was pick'd. Go to, you are a woman; go.

*Host.* Who I? No; I defy thee: God's light! I was never call'd so in mine own house before.

*Fal.* Go to; I know you well enough.

*Host.* No Sir John; you do not know me, Sir John: I know you, Sir John: you owe me money, Sir John, and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it. I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

*Fal.* Dowlas, filthy dowlas:<sup>7</sup> I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made bolters of them.<sup>8</sup>

*Host.* Now, as I am a true woman, holland of eight shillings an ell.<sup>9</sup> You owe money here besides, Sir John, for your diet and by-drinkings,<sup>10</sup> and money lent you, four-and-twenty pound.

*Fal.* He had his part of it: let him pay.

*Host.* He? alas, he is poor; he hath nothing.

*Fal.* How! poor? look upon his face: What call you rich? let them coin his nose, let them coin his cheeks. I'll not pay a denier. What, will you make a younker of me?<sup>11</sup> shall I not take mine ease in mine inn, but I shall have my pocket pick'd? I have lost a seal-ring of my grandfather's worth forty mark.

*Host.* O Jesu! I have heard the Prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper.

*Fal.* How! the Prince is a Jack, a sneak-cup:<sup>12</sup> 'Sblood! an he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would say so. —

<sup>7</sup> *Dowlas* is said to be from *Dowlens*, the name of a town in France, where a kind of coarse linen cloth was made.

<sup>8</sup> *Bolters* were *sieves*, used for sifting or bolting meal.

<sup>9</sup> *Eight shillings an ell*, for Holland linen, appears a high price for the time; but hear Stubbs in his *Anatomie of Abuses*: "In so much as I have heard of shirtes that have cost some ten shillings, some twentie, some fortie, some five pound, some twentie nobles, and (whiche is horrible to heare) some ten pound a peece; yea the meanest shirte that commonly is worne of any doth cost a crowne or a noble at the least; and yet that is scarcely thought fine enough for the simplest person."

<sup>10</sup> *By-drinkings* are drinkings between meals.

<sup>11</sup> *Younker* is here used for a novice, a dupe, or a person thoughtless through inexperience; something like our *greenhorn*.

<sup>12</sup> Mr. Dyce says, "*sneak-cup* is plainly one who sneaks from his cup;" that is, dodges the liquor.

*Enter Prince HENRY and POINTZ, marching. FALSTAFF meets the Prince, playing on his Truncheon like a Fife.*

How now, lad! is the wind in that door, i' faith? must we all march?

*Bard.* Yea, two and two, Newgate-fashion.

*Host.* My Lord, I pray you, hear me.

*Prince.* What say'st thou, Mistress Quickly? How does thy husband? I love him well; he is an honest man.

*Host.* Good my lord, hear me.

*Fal.* Pr'ythee, let her alone, and list to me.

*Prince.* What say'st thou, Jack?

*Fal.* The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras, and had my pocket pick'd.

*Prince.* What didst thou lose, Jack?

*Fal.* Wilt thou believe me, Hal? three or four bonds of forty pound a-piece, and a seal-ring of my grandfather's.

*Prince.* A trifle; some eight-penny matter.

*Host.* So I told him, my lord; and I said I heard your Grace say so: And, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouth'd man as he is; and said he would cudgel you.

*Prince.* What! he did not?

*Host.* There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

*Fal.* There's no more faith in thee than in a stew'd prune; nor no more truth in thee than in a drawn fox;<sup>13</sup> and for womanhood, Maid Marian<sup>14</sup> may be the Deputy's wife of the Ward to thee. Go, you thing, go.

*Host.* Say, what thing? what thing? I am an honest man's wife; and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

*Fal.* Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

*Host.* Say, what beast, thou knave, thou?

*Fal.* What beast! why, an otter.

*Prince.* An otter, Sir John! why an otter?

*Fal.* Why, she's neither fish nor flesh; a man knows not where to have her.

<sup>13</sup> A drawn fox is a hunted fox, a fox drawn from his cover, whose cunning in doubling and deceiving the hounds makes the simile perfectly appropriate.

<sup>14</sup> Maid Marian was the inward partner of Robin Hood, who, in the words of Drayton, "to his mistress dear, his loved Marian, was ever constant known." As this famous couple afterwards became leading characters in the morris dance, and as Marian's part was generally sustained by a man in woman's clothing, the name grew to be proverbial for a mannish woman.

*Host.* Thou art an unjust man in saying so: thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave, thou!

*Prince.* Thou say'st true, Hostess; and he slanders thee most grossly.

*Host.* So he doth you, my lord; and said this other day you ought him a thousand pound.<sup>15</sup>

*Prince.* Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

*Fal.* A thousand pound, Hal! a million: thy love is worth a million; thou owest me thy love.

*Host.* Nay, my lord, he call'd you Jack, and said he would cudgel you.

*Fal.* Did I, Bardolph?

*Bard.* Indeed, Sir John, you said so.

*Fal.* Yea, if he said my ring was copper.

*Prince.* I say 'tis copper: dar'st thou be as good as thy word now?

*Fal.* Why, Hal, thou know'st, as thou art but man, I dare; but as thou art Prince, I fear thee as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

*Prince.* And why not as the lion?

*Fal.* The King himself is to be feared as the lion: Dost thou think I'll fear thee as I fear thy father? nay, an I do, I pray God my girdle break.<sup>16</sup>

*Prince.* Sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty, in this bosom of thine. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket! Why, thou impudent, emboss'd rascal,<sup>17</sup> if there were any thing in thy pocket but tavern-reckonings, and one poor pennyworth of sugar-candy to make thee long-winded, — if thy pocket were enrich'd with any other injuries but these, I am a villain. And yet you will stand to it; you will not pocket up wrong. Art thou not asham'd!

*Fal.* Dost thou hear, Hal? thou know'st, in the state of innocency Adam fell; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do

<sup>15</sup> *Ought* and *owed* are but different forms of the same word.

<sup>16</sup> The allusion here is remarkable. In the Old Testament language the *girdle* is emblematic of reverence, "the attribute to awe and majesty, wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings." Thus, in *Job* xii. 18: "He looseth the bond of kings, and girdeth their loins with a girdle." And *Isaiah* xi. 5: "And righteousness shall be the girdle of his loins, and faithfulness the girdle of his reins." See, also, *Isaiah* xxii. 21. Accordingly there was an old proverb, — "ungirt, unblest." So that Falstaff's meaning is, — "May I in my old age cease to be revered, if I be guilty of such a misplacement of reverence."

<sup>17</sup> *Emboss'd*, in this place, has commonly been explained as a hunting term; deer and some other animals being said to be *embossed* when so hard-pressed and heated as to foam at the mouth. The word was indeed often so used, but can hardly apply to Sir John in that sense. It was also used of certain sores, such as boils and carbuncles, when grown to a head. In this sense it might aptly refer to Falstaff's plumpness and rotundity of person. See page 50, note 9.

in the days of villainy? Thou seest I have more flesh than another man, and therefore more frailty. You confess, then, you pick'd my pocket?

*Prince.* It appears so by the story.

*Fal.* Hostess, I forgive thee: Go, make ready breakfast; love thy husband, look to thy servants, cherish thy guests; thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason: thou seest I am pacified. — Still? — Nay, pr'ythee, be gone. — [*Exit Host.*] Now, Hal, to the news at Court: for the robbery, lad, — how is that answered?

*Prince.* O, my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee. The money is paid back again.

*Fal.* O, I do not like that paying back; 'tis a double labour.

*Prince.* I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

*Fal.* Rob me the Exchequer the first thing thou doest, and do it with unwash'd hands too.

*Bard.* Do, my lord.

*Prince.* I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of Foot.

*Fal.* I would it had been of Horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well? O, for a fine thief, of the age of two-and-twenty, or thereabouts! I am heinously unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these rebels! they offend none but the virtuous: I laud them, I praise them.

*Prince.* Bardolph, —

*Bard.* My lord?

*Prince.* Go bear this letter to Lord John of Lancaster, my brother John; this to my Lord of Westmoreland. — [*Exit BARD.*] Go, Pointz, to horse, to horse! for thou and I have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner-time. — [*Exit POINTZ.*] Jack, meet me to-morrow in the Temple-hall at two o'clock in the afternoon: there shalt thou know thy charge; and there receive money, and order for their furniture.

The land is burning, Percy stands on high,  
And either they or we must lower lie. [*Exit Prince.*]

*Fal.* Rare words! brave world! — Hostess, my breakfast; come. —

O, I could wish this tavern were my drum! [*Exit.*]

#### ACT IV. SCENE I. *The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury.*

*Enter* HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, and DOUGLAS.

*Hot.* Well said, my noble Scot! if speaking truth  
In this fine age were not thought flattery,

Such attribution should the Douglas have,  
 As<sup>1</sup> not a soldier of this season's stamp  
 Should go so general current through the world.  
 By Heaven, I cannot flatter; I defy  
 The tongues of soothers; but a braver place  
 In my heart's love hath no man than yourself:  
 Nay, task me to my word; approve me, lord.

*Doug.* Thou art the king of honour:  
 No man so potent breathes upon the ground  
 But I will beard him.

*Hot.* Do so, and 'tis well. —

*Enter a Messenger, with Letters.*

What letters hast thou there? — I can but thank you.

*Mess.* These letters come from your father.

*Hot.* Letters from him! why comes he not himself?

*Mess.* He cannot come, my lord; he's grievous sick.

*Hot.* 'Zounds! how has he the leisure to be sick  
 In such a justling time? Who leads his power?  
 Under whose government come they along?

*Mess.* His letters bear his mind, not I, my lord,

*Wor.* I pr'ythee, tell me, doth he keep his bed?

*Mess.* He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth;  
 And at the time of my departure thence  
 He was much fear'd by his physicians.<sup>2</sup>

*Wor.* I would the state of time had first been whole  
 Ere he by sickness had been visited:  
 His health was never better worth than now.

*Hot.* Sick now! droop now! this sickness doth infect  
 The very life-blood of our enterprise;  
 'Tis catching hither, even to our camp.  
 He writes me here, that inward sickness —  
 And that his friends by deputation could not  
 So soon be drawn; nor did he think it meet  
 To lay so dangerous and dear a trust  
 On any soul remov'd, but on his own.  
 Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,  
 That with our small conjunction we should on,  
 To see how Fortune is dispos'd to us:  
 For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,  
 Because the King is certainly possess'd<sup>3</sup>  
 Of all our purposes. What say you to it?

<sup>1</sup> The conjunctions *as* and *that* were used interchangeably in the Poet's time.

<sup>2</sup> This use of *fear* was not uncommon. The Poet has it several times. See page 149, note 1.

<sup>3</sup> *Possess'd* for *informed*; a frequent usage. See page 110, note 7.

*Wor.* Your father's sickness is a maim to us.

*Hot.* A perilous gash, a very limb lopp'd off.—  
And yet, in faith, 'tis not: his present want  
Seems more than we shall find it. Were it good  
To set the éxact wealth of all our states  
All at one cast? to set so rich a main  
On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour?  
It were not good; for therein should we read<sup>4</sup>  
The very bottom and the soul of hope,  
The very list, the very utmost bound  
Of all our fortunes.

*Doug.* 'Faith, and so we should;  
Where<sup>5</sup> now remains a sweet reversion;  
And we may boldly spend upon the hope  
Of what is to come in:  
A comfort of retirement lives in this.<sup>6</sup>

*Hot.* A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,  
If that the Devil and mischance look big  
Upon the maidenhood of our affairs.<sup>7</sup>

*Wor.* But yet I would your father had been here.  
The quality and hair of our attempt<sup>8</sup>  
Brooks no division: it will be thought  
By some, that know not why he is away,  
That wisdom, loyalty, and mere dislike  
Of our proceedings, kept the Earl from hence.  
And think how such an apprehension  
May turn the tide of fearful faction,  
And breed a kind of question in our cause:  
For, well you know, we of the offering side<sup>9</sup>  
Must keep aloof from strict arbitrament,  
And stop all sight-holes, every loop, from whence  
The eye of reason may pry in upon us.  
This absence of your father's draws a curtain,

<sup>4</sup> Shakespeare often constructs his language upon very subtle analogies. To *read*, as here used, is, primarily, to *learn*, and so to *exhaust* — *List*, in the sense of *edge* or *border*, was quite common; the list being the edge of the cloth.

<sup>5</sup> *Where* was often used in the Poet's time for *whereas*. It occurs thus in Holinshed continually.

<sup>6</sup> *Retirement* is used with the same meaning as *reversion*, just before; something to fall back upon.

<sup>7</sup> The *youth*, *immaturity* of our affairs.

<sup>8</sup> *Hair* was anciently used metaphorically for *complexion*, or *character*. Thus, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Nice Valour*; "A lady of my *hair* cannot want pitying." And in an old manuscript play entitled *Sir Thomas Moore*: "A fellow of your *haire* is very fitt to be a secretaries follower."

<sup>9</sup> The *offering* side is the *assailing* side. — *Loop*, two lines below, is the same as *loop-hole*.

That shows the ignorant a kind of fear  
Before not dreamt of.<sup>10</sup>

*Hot.* You strain too far.

I, rather, of his absence make this use :  
It lends a lustre and more great opinion,<sup>11</sup>  
A larger dare to our great enterprise,  
Than if the Earl were here : for men must think,  
If we, without his help, can make a head  
To push against the kingdom, with his help  
We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvy down. —  
Yet all goes well ; yet all our joints are whole.

*Doug.* As heart can think : there is not such a word  
Spoke of in Scotland as this term of fear.

*Enter Sir RICHARD VERNON.*

*Hot.* My cousin Vernon ! welcome, by my soul.

*Ver.* Pray God my news be worth a welcome, lord.  
The Earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,  
Is marching hitherwards ; with him, Prince John.

*Hot.* No harm : what more ?

*Ver.* And further, I have learn'd  
The King himself in person is set forth,  
Or hitherwards intended speedily,  
With strong and mighty preparation.

*Hot.* He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,  
The nimble-footed madcap Prince of Wales,<sup>12</sup>  
And his comrades, that daff the world aside,  
And bid it pass ?<sup>13</sup>

*Ver.* All furnish'd, all in arms ;  
All plum'd like estridges that wing the wind ;  
Bated like eagles having lately bath'd ;<sup>14</sup>  
Glittering in golden coats, like images ;  
As full of spirit as the month of May,  
And gorgeous as the Sun at Midsummer ;

<sup>10</sup> *Fear* is here again used for *danger*, the thing *feared*. See page 268, note 9.

<sup>11</sup> *Opinion* is *fame*, *reputation*, in old English, as in Latin.

<sup>12</sup> Stowe says of the Prince: "He was passing swift in running, inso-much that he, with two other of his lords, without hounds, bow, or other engine, would take a wilde bucke, or doe, in a large parke."

<sup>13</sup> *Daff* is the same as *doff*, *do off*. Here it bears the sense of *throw* or *toss*.

<sup>14</sup> *Estridge* is the old form of *ostrich*. The ostrich's plumage might naturally occur to the Poet, from its being the cognizance of the Prince of Wales. — To *bate* is a term in falconry for the flapping or fluttering of the wings in order to dry the feathers after bathing. — All the old copies have "that *with* the wind," instead of "that *wing* the wind." With a different punctuation, certain editors have managed to extract something like sense from that reading: but it goes hard; and I think there needs no scruple about accepting Rowe's emendation.

Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.  
 I saw young Harry — with his beaver on,<sup>15</sup>  
 His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd —  
 Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,  
 And vaulted with such ease into his seat,  
 As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,  
 To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,  
 And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

*Hot.* No more, no more! worse than the Sun in March,  
 This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come;  
 They come like sacrifices in their trim,  
 And to the fire-ey'd maid of smoky war,  
 All hot and bleeding, will we offer them:  
 The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit  
 Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire  
 To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh,  
 And yet not ours. — Come, let me taste my horse,<sup>16</sup>  
 Who is to bear me, like a thunderbolt,  
 Against the bosom of the Prince of Wales:  
 Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse,  
 Meet, and ne'er part, till one drop down a corse. —  
 O, that Glendower were come!

*Ver.* There is more news:  
 I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along,  
 He cannot draw his power this fourteen days.

*Doug.* That's the worst tidings that I hear of yet.

*Wor.* Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.

*Hot.* What may the King's whole battle reach unto?

*Ver.* To thirty thousand.

*Hot.* Forty let it be:  
 My father and Glendower being both away,  
 The powers of us may serve so great a day.  
 Come, let us take a muster speedily:<sup>17</sup>  
 Doomsday is near; die all, die merrily.

*Doug.* Talk not of dying: I am out of fear  
 Of death or death's hand for this one-half year. [Exeunt.]

<sup>15</sup> The *beaver* of a helmet was a movable piece, which lifted up or down to enable the wearer to drink or to take breath more freely.

<sup>16</sup> So in the first two quartos: the other old copies have *take*. *Taste* was often used for *try*. See page 211, note 18.

<sup>17</sup> All the old copies have "*take* a muster." Many modern editions read "*make* a muster," which gives a wrong sense. To *make* a muster is to assemble troops; to *take* a muster is to ascertain the number of troops assembled; as we speak of "taking a census." And this is what Hotspur proposes to do.

SCENE II. *A Public Road near Coventry.**Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.*

*Fal.* Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry : fill me a bottle of sack. Our soldiers shall march through ; we'll to Sutton-Cop-hill to-night.

*Bard.* Will you give me money, Captain ?

*Fal.* Lay out, lay out.

*Bard.* This bottle makes an angel.<sup>1</sup>

*Fal.* An if it do, take it for thy labour ; and if it make twenty, take them all ; I'll answer the coinage. Bid my lieutenant Peto meet me at the town's end.

*Bard.* I will, Captain : farewell. [*Exit.*

*Fal.* If I be not asham'd of my soldiers, I am a sous'd gurnet.<sup>2</sup> I have misus'd the King's press damnably.<sup>3</sup> I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I press'd me none but good householders, yeomen's sons ; inquir'd me out contracted bachelors, such as had been ask'd twice on the banns ;<sup>4</sup> such a commodity of warm slaves as had as lief hear the Devil as a drum ; such as fear the report of a caliver worse than a struck fowl or a hurt wild-duck. I press'd me none but such toasts-and-butter,<sup>5</sup> with hearts in their [bodies] no bigger than pins'-heads, and they have bought out their services ; and now my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs lick his sores ;<sup>6</sup> and such as,

<sup>1</sup> This angel was a gold coin, which seems to have borne much the same relation to the English currency in Shakespeare's time, as the sovereign does now. See page 128, note 5. — When Falstaff says "Lay out, lay out," he probably hands Bardolph the bottle, — a piece of plate, perhaps, which he has obtained in much the same way as he reckons upon getting his soldiers supplied with linen for their shirtless backs.

<sup>2</sup> The *gurnet* or gurnard, was a fish of the piper kind. It was probably deemed a vulgar dish when soused or pickled, hence *soused gurnet* was a common term of reproach.

<sup>3</sup> That is, misused the King's commission for *impressing* men into the military service. The King's press, in old times, was just about equivalent to what we have known as Uncle Sam's *draught*.

<sup>4</sup> To ask upon the banns, to ask the banns, and to publish the banns, are all phrases of the same import. The law, I believe, required that parties intending marriage should have the banns asked three times, in as many weeks, before the ceremony could take place. So that when the banns had been asked twice, the "joyful day" was pretty near.

<sup>5</sup> Thus in Fynes Moryson's *Itinerary*, 1617 : "Londoners, and all within the sound of Bow bell, are in reproach called cockneys, and *eaters of buttered toasts*." And in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wit without Money* : "They love young *toasts and butter*, Bow-bell suckers."

<sup>6</sup> The painted cloth here spoken of is the tapestry with which the walls of rooms used to be lined, and on which it was customary to have short sentences inscribed, and certain incidents of Scripture depicted, so as to combine ornament and instruction. See page 62, note 31.

indeed, were never soldiers, but discarded unjust serving-men, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters, and ostlers trade-fallen; the cankers of a calm world and a long peace; ten times more dishonourable ragged than an old fac'd ancient:<sup>7</sup> and such have I, to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services, that you would think that I had a hundred and fifty tatter'd prodigals lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets, and press'd the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scare-crows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat:—nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for, indeed, I had the most of them out of prison. There's not a shirt and a half in all my company; and the half-shirt is two napkins tack'd together and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host at St. Albans, or the red-nose inn-keeper of Daventry. But that's all one; they'll find linen enough on every hedge.

*Enter Prince HENRY and WESTMORELAND.*

*Prince.* How now, blown Jack! how now, quilt!<sup>8</sup>

*Fal.* What, Hal! How now, mad wag! what a devil dost thou in Warwickshire?—My good Lord of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy:<sup>9</sup> I thought your Honour had already been at Shrewsbury.

*West.* 'Faith, Sir John, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too; but my powers are there already. The King, I can tell you, looks for us all: we must away all, to-night.

*Fal.* Tut, never fear me; I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream.

*Prince.* I think, to steal cream indeed; for thy theft hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack, whose fellows are these that come after?

*Fal.* Mine, Hal, mine.

*Prince.* I did never see such pitiful rascals.

*Fal.* Tut, tut! good enough to toss;<sup>10</sup> food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit, as well as better: tush, man! mortal men, mortal men.

<sup>7</sup> *Ancient* is an old corruption of *ensign*, and was used both for the *standard* and the *bearer* of it. Falstaff here means an old patched flag.

<sup>8</sup> *Blown* and *quilt* both have reference to Falstaff's plumpness; only the one supposes him to be plump with wind, the other, with cotton.

<sup>9</sup> "I cry you mercy" is, I ask your pardon. Falstaff is pretending not to have recognized his lordship at first, and so makes an apology.

<sup>10</sup> Good enough to toss upon pikes; a war phrase of the time.

*West.* Ay, but, Sir John, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare; too beggarly.

*Fal.* 'Faith, for their poverty, I know not where they had that; and for their bareness, I am sure they never learn'd that of me.

*Prince.* No, I'll be sworn; unless you call three fingers on the ribs, bare. But, sirrah, make haste: Percy is already in the field.

*Fal.* What, is the King encamp'd?

*West.* He is, Sir John: I fear we shall stay too long.

*Fal.* Well,  
To the latter end of a fray, and the beginning of a feast,  
Fits a dull fighter, and a keen guest. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. *The Rebel Camp, near Shrewsbury.*

*Enter* HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, DOUGLAS, and VERNON.

*Hot.* We'll fight with him to-night.

*Wor.* It may not be.

*Doug.* You give him, then, advantage.

*Ver.* Not a whit.

*Hot.* Why say you so? looks he not for supply?

*Ver.* So do we.

*Hot.* His is certain, ours is doubtful.

*Wor.* Good cousin, be advis'd; stir not to-night.

*Ver.* Do not, my lord.

*Doug.* You do not counsel well:  
You speak it out of fear and cold heart.

*Ver.* Do me no slander, Douglas: by my life, —  
And I dare well maintain it with my life, —  
If well-respected honour bid me on,  
I hold as little counsel with weak fear  
As you, my lord, or any Scot that lives:  
Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle  
Which of us fears.

*Doug.* Yea, or to-night.

*Ver.* Content.

*Hot.* To-night, say I.

*Ver.* Come, come, it may not be. I wonder much,  
Being men of such great leading as you are,  
That you foresee not what impediments  
Drag back our expedition: Certain Horse  
Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up:  
Your uncle Worcester's Horse came but to-day;  
And now their pride and mettle is asleep,  
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,

That not a horse is half the half of himself.

*Hot.* So are the horses of the enemy  
In general, journey-bated and brought low :  
The better part of ours is full of rest.

*Wor.* The number of the King exceedeth ours :  
For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in.

[*The Trumpet sounds a Parley.*]

*Enter Sir WALTER BLUNT.*

*Blunt.* I come with gracious offers from the King,  
If you vouchsafe me hearing and respect.

*Hot.* Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt; and 'would to God  
You were of our determination !

Some of us love you well ; and even those some  
Envy your great deservings and good name,  
Because you are not of our quality,<sup>1</sup>  
But stand against us like an enemy.

*Blunt.* And God defend but still I should stand so,  
So long as, out of limit and true rule,  
You stand against anointed Majesty.  
But, to my charge : The King hath sent to know  
The nature of your griefs ;<sup>2</sup> and whereupon  
You conjure from the breast of civil peace  
Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land  
Audacious cruelty. If that the King  
Have any way your good deserts forgot,  
Which he confesseth to be manifold,  
He bids you name your griefs ; and with all speed  
You shall have your desires with interest,  
And pardon absolute for yourself and these  
Herein misled by your suggestion.<sup>3</sup>

*Hot.* The King is kind ; and well we know the King  
Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.  
My father and my uncle and myself  
Did give him that same royalty he wears ;  
And — when he was not six-and-twenty strong,

<sup>1</sup> The Poet in several instances uses *quality* in the classical sense of *kind*, *nature*, or *condition*. So in *The Tempest* i. 2: "To thy strong bidding task Ariel and all his *quality*. — I am not quite clear as to the meaning of *envy* here. Taken in its present sense, it will hardly cohere with the logic implied in *because*. In *Shakespeare*, the more common meaning of *envy* (substantive) is *malice* or *hatred*. Probably the verb is here used in the sense of to *hate* ; as, in theological and political strifes, the very worth of those who are not on our side generally makes us hate them the more ; or, which comes to the same thing, makes us di-parage their good name.

<sup>2</sup> *Griefs* for *grievances* ; the effect for the cause.

<sup>3</sup> The Poet commonly uses *suggestion* in the sense of *temptation* or *instigation*.

Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,  
 A poor unminded outlaw sneaking home —  
 My father gave him welcome to the shore :  
 And — when he heard him swear and vow to God,  
 He came but to be Duke of Lancaster,  
 To sue his livery and beg his peace,<sup>4</sup>  
 With tears of innocence and terms of zeal —  
 My father, in kind heart and pity mov'd,  
 Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too.  
 Now, when the lords and barons of the realm  
 Perceiv'd Northumberland did lean to him,  
 The more and less<sup>5</sup> came in with cap and knee ;  
 Met him in boroughs, cities, villages ;  
 Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,  
 Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,  
 Gave him their heirs as pages, follow'd him  
 Even at the heels in golden multitudes.  
 He presently, as greatness knows itself,<sup>6</sup>  
 Steps me a little higher than his vow  
 Made to my father, while his blood was poor,  
 Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurg ;  
 And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform  
 Some certain edicts and some strait decrees  
 That lie too heavy on the commonwealth ;  
 Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep  
 Over his country's wrongs ; and by this face,  
 This seeming brow of justice, did he win  
 The hearts of all that he did angle for :  
 Proceeded further ; cut me off the heads  
 Of all the favourites, that the absent King

<sup>4</sup> To sue one's livery and to beg one's peace are old law terms, and are here used with strict propriety. On the death of a person who held by the tenure of knight's service, his heir, if under age, became a ward of the king's ; but, if of age, he had a right to sue out a writ of *ouster le main*, that the king's hand might be taken off, and the land *delivered* to him. At the same time he offered his homage, that being the condition of his tenure ; which was to *beg the peaceable* enjoyment of his lands. When Bolingbroke was in exile, his father having died, the king denied him this right, and seized the lands to his own use. In *King Richard II.* Act ii. scene 1, we have the Duke of York remonstrating with the ill-starred Richard against that lawless proceeding, thus :

" If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's rights,  
 Call in the letters-patent that he hath  
 By his attorneys-general to sue  
 His livery, and deny his offered homage,  
 You pluck a thousand dangers on your head."

<sup>5</sup> The great and small.

<sup>6</sup> That is, saw what greatness was within his reach ; or, knew how great he might be, if he would.

In deputation left behind him here,  
When he was personal in the Irish war.<sup>7</sup>

*Blunt.* Tut! I came not to hear this.

*Hot.* Then, to the point:

In short time after, he depos'd the King;  
Soon after that, depriv'd him of his life;  
And, in the neck of that, task'd the whole State:<sup>8</sup>  
To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman March  
(Who is, if every owner were well plac'd,  
Indeed his king) to be engag'd in Wales,<sup>9</sup>  
There without ransom to lie forfeited;  
Disgrac'd me in my happy victories;  
Sought to entrap me by intelligence;  
Rated my uncle from the Council-board;  
In rage dismiss'd my father from the Court;  
Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong;  
And, in conclusion, drove us to seek out  
This head of safety; and, withal, to pry  
Into his title, the which now we find  
Too indirect for long continuance.

*Blunt.* Shall I return this answer to the King?

*Hot.* Not so, Sir Walter: we'll withdraw awhile.  
Go to the King; and let there be impawn'd  
Some surety for a safe return again,  
And in the morning early shall my uncle  
Bring him our purposes: and so, farewell.

*Blunt.* I would you would accept of grace and love.

*Hot.* And, may be, so we shall.

*Blunt.* 'Pray God you do. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *York. A room in the Archbishop's House.*

*Enter the Archbishop of YORK and Sir MICHAEL.*

*Arch.* Hie, good Sir Michael; bear this sealed brief<sup>1</sup>  
With winged haste to the Lord Marshal;<sup>2</sup>  
This to my cousin Scroop; and all the rest  
To whom they are directed. If you knew  
How much they do import, you would make haste.

<sup>7</sup> Commanding in person in the Irish war.

<sup>8</sup> *Task'd* is here used for *taxed*. The usage, though common, was not strictly correct; a *task* being more properly a *tribute* or *subsidy*. Thus Philips, in his *World of Words*: "*Tasck* is an old British word, signifying *tribute*, from whence haply cometh our word *task*, which is a duty or labour imposed upon any one."

<sup>9</sup> To be engaged is to be pledged as a hostage. So in Act v. scene 2: "And Westmoreland that was *engag'd* did bear it." See page 265, note 14.

<sup>1</sup> A *brief* is any short writing, as a *letter*.

<sup>2</sup> The office of Lord-marshal was hereditary in the Mowbray family. The present Lord-marshal was Thomas Mowbray.

*Mich.* My good lord, I guess their tenour.

*Arch.* Like enough you do.

To-morrow, good Sir Michael, is a day  
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men  
Must 'bide the touch; for, sir, at Shrewsbury,  
As I am truly given to understand,  
The King, with mighty and quick-raised power,  
Meets with Lord Harry: and I fear, Sir Michael, —  
What with the sickness of Northumberland,  
Whose power was in the first proportion,  
And what with Owen Glendower's absence thence,  
Who with them was a rated sinew too,<sup>8</sup>  
And comes not in, o'erruled by prophecies, —  
I fear the power of Percy is too weak  
To wage an instant trial with the King.

*Mich.* Why, my good lord, you need not fear:  
There 's Douglas and Lord Mortimer.

*Arch.* No, Mortimer is not there.

*Mich.* But there is Mordake, Vernon, Lord Harry Percy,  
And there 's my Lord of Worcester; and a head  
Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.

*Arch.* And so there is; but yet the King hath drawn  
The special head of all the land together:  
The Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster,  
The noble Westmoreland, and warlike Blunt;  
And many more corrivals and dear men  
Of estimation and command in arms.

*Mich.* Doubt not, my lord, they shall be well oppos'd.

*Arch.* I hope no less, yet needful 'tis to fear;  
And, to prevent the worst, Sir Michael, speed:  
For, if Lord Percy thrive not, ere the King  
Dismiss his power, he means to visit us,  
For he hath heard of our confederacy;  
And 'tis but wisdom to make strong against him:  
Therefore make haste. I must go write again  
To other friends; and so, farewell, Sir Michael. [Exeunt.

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ACT V. SCENE I. *The King's Camp near Shrewsbury.*

*Enter the KING, Prince HENRY, Prince JOHN, Sir WALTER  
BLUNT, and Sir JOHN FALSTAFF.*

*King.* How bloodily the Sun begins to peer  
Above yond bosky hill!<sup>1</sup> the day looks pale

<sup>8</sup> A strength on which we reckoned; a help of which we made account.

<sup>1</sup> *Bosky* is *woody, bushy*. So in Milton's *Comus*:

At his distemperature.

*Prince.* The southern wind  
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes ;  
And by his hollow whistling in the leaves  
Foretells a tempest and a blustering day.

*King.* Then with the losers let it sympathize ;  
For nothing can seem foul to those that win. —

*Trumpet.* Enter WORCESTER and VERNON.

How now, my Lord of Worcester ! 'tis not well  
That you and I should meet upon such terms  
As now we meet. You have deceiv'd our trust,  
And made us doff our easy robes of peace,  
To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel :<sup>2</sup>  
This is not well, my lord, this is not well.  
What say you to't ? will you again unknit  
This churlish knot of all-abhorred war,  
And move in that obedient orb again ?<sup>3</sup>  
Where you did give a fair and natural light ;  
And be no more an exhal'd meteor,  
A prodigy of fear, and a portent  
Of broached mischief to the unborn times ?

*Wor.* Hear me, my liege :  
For mine own part, I could be well content  
To entertain the lag-end of my life  
With quiet hours ;<sup>4</sup> for, I do protest,  
I have not sought the day of this dislike.

*King.* You have not sought it ! how comes it then ?

*Fal.* Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

*Prince.* Peace, chewet, peace !<sup>5</sup>

*Wor.* It pleas'd your Majesty to turn your looks  
Of favour from myself and all our house ;  
And yet I must remember you, my lord,  
We were the first and dearest of your friends.

“ I know each lane, and every alley green,  
Dingle, or bushy dell of this wild wood,  
And every *bosky* bourn from side to side.”

<sup>2</sup> The King was at this time but thirty-six years old. But in his development of historical characters Shakespeare had little regard to dates, so he could bring the substance of historic truth within the conditions of dramatic effect ; and he here anticipates several years in the King's life, that he may make Prince Henry of a proper age for his heroic manhood to display itself.

<sup>3</sup> *Obedient orb* is *orbit* of *obedience*. The Poet several times has *orb* for *orbit*.

<sup>4</sup> *Hours* is here a dissyllable.

<sup>5</sup> The meaning of *chewet* is thus explained from Bacon's *Natural History* : “ As for *chuetts*, which are likewise minced meat, instead of butter and fat, it were good to moisten them partly with cream, or almond and pistachio milk.”

For you my staff of office did I break  
In Richard's time, and posted day and night  
To meet you on the way and kiss your hand,  
When yet you were in place and in account  
Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.  
It was myself, my brother, and his son,  
That brought you home, and boldly did outdare  
The dangers of the time. You swore to us,  
And you did swear that oath at Doncaster,  
That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the State,  
Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n right,  
The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster:  
To this we swore our aid. But in short space  
It rain'd down fortune showering on your head;  
And such a flood of greatness fell on you, —  
What with our help, what with the absent King,  
What with the injuries of a wanton time,  
The seeming sufferances that you had borne,  
And the contrarious winds that held the King  
So long in his unlucky Irish wars,  
That all in England did repute him dead; —  
And from this swarm of fair advantages  
You took occasion to be quickly woo'd  
To gripe the general sway into your hand;  
Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster;  
And, being fed by us, you us'd us so  
As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird,<sup>6</sup>  
Useth the sparrow; did oppress our nest;  
Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk,  
That even our love durst not come near your sight  
For fear of swallowing; but with nimble wing  
We were enforc'd, for safety-sake, to fly

<sup>6</sup> Shakespeare has here given us a piece of natural history, and his gift is the more curious, in that it was apparently drawn fresh from his own observation. The cuckoo has an ungentle habit of laying her eggs in the hedge-sparrow's nest, and leaving them there to be hatched by the owner. The cuckoo chickens are then cherished, fed, and cared for by the sparrow as her own children, until they grow so large as to "oppress *her* nest," and become so greedy and voracious as to frighten and finally drive away their feeder from her own home. Something of the same kind is affirmed of the cuckoo and *titlark* in Holland's *Pliny*, which first came out in 1601, some years after this play was written: "The *Titling*, therefore, that sitteth, being thus deceived, hatcheth the egge, and bringeth up the chicke of another birde; — and this she doth so long, untill the young *cuckow*, being once fledge and readie to flie abroad, is so bold as to seize upon the old titling, and eat her up that hatched her." Shakespeare seems to have been the first to notice how the *hedge-sparrow* was wont to be treated by that naughty bird. Perhaps it should be remarked, that *gull* is here used in an active sense, for the *guller*, not for the *gulled*; unless, indeed, it be another word, from the Latin *gulo*, a glutton, or gourmand.

Out of your sight, and raise this present head :  
 Whereby we stand opposed by such means  
 As you yourself have forg'd against yourself,  
 By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,  
 And violation of all faith and troth  
 Sworn to us in your younger enterprise.

*King.* These things, indeed, you have articulate,<sup>7</sup>  
 Proclaim'd at market-crosses, read in churches,  
 To face the garment of rebellion  
 With some fine colour that may please the eye  
 Of fickle changelings and poor discontents,  
 Which gape and rub the elbow at the news  
 Of hurlyburly innovation :  
 And never yet did insurrection want  
 Such water-colours to impaint his cause ;  
 Nor moody beggars, starving for a time  
 Of pellmell havoc and confusion.

*Prince.* In both our armies there is many a soul  
 Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,  
 If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew  
 The Prince of Wales doth join with all the world  
 In praise of Henry Percy : By my hopes, —  
 This present enterprise set off his head,<sup>8</sup> —  
 I do not think a braver gentleman,  
 More active-valiant or more valaint-young,  
 More daring or more bold, is now alive  
 To grace this latter age with noble deeds.  
 For my part, — I may speak it to my shame, —  
 I have a truant been to chivalry,  
 And so I hear he doth account me too ;  
 Yet this before my father's Majesty, —  
 I am content that he shall take the odds  
 Of his great name and estimation,  
 And will, to save the blood on either side,  
 Try fortune with him in a single fight.

*King.* And, Prince of Wales, so dare we venture thee,  
 Albeit considerations infinite  
 Do make against it. — No, good Worcester, no ;  
 We love our people well ; even those we love  
 That are misled upon your cousin's part ;  
 And, will they take the offer of our grace,

<sup>7</sup> So in the quartos. Of course, *articulate* is here used in the past tense for *articulated*, as in the passage from Holland's *Pliny* in the preceding note : "Being once *fledge* and readie to flie abroad." To *articulate* is to set down in articles.

<sup>8</sup> His present rebellion being excepted or struck off from his record.

Both he and they and you, yea, every man  
 Shall be my friend again, and I'll be his.  
 So tell your cousin, and then bring me word  
 What he will do: but if he will not yield,  
 Rebuke and dread correction wait on us,  
 And they shall do their office. So, be gone;  
 We will not now be troubled with reply:  
 We offer fair; take it advisedly.

[*Exeunt* WORCESTER and VERNON.]

*Prince.* It will not be accepted, on my life:  
 The Douglas and the Hotspur both together  
 Are confident against the world in arms.

*King.* Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge;  
 For, on their answer, will we set on them:  
 And God befriend us, as our cause is just!

[*Exeunt* KING, BLUNT, and *Prince* JOHN.]

*Fal.* Hal, if thou see me down in the battle, and bestride me,<sup>9</sup> so; 'tis a point of friendship.

*Prince.* Nothing but a colossus can do thee that friendship.  
 Say thy prayers, and farewell.

*Fal.* I would it were bed-time, Hal, and all well.

*Prince.* Why, thou owest God a death. [*Exit.*

*Fal.* 'Tis not due yet: I would be loth to pay Him before His day. What need I be so forward with him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter; honour pricks me on. Yea, but how if honour prick me off when I come on? how then? Can honour set to a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honour hath no skill in surgery, then? No. What is honour? A word. What is that word *honour*? Air. A trim reckoning! — Who hath it? He that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it insensible, then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it. Therefore I'll none of it: Honour is a mere scutcheon:<sup>10</sup> and so ends my catechism. [*Exit.*

## SCENE II. *The Rebel Camp.*

*Enter* WORCESTER and VERNON.

*Wor.* O, no; my nephew must not know, Sir Richard,  
 The liberal kind offer of the King.

*Ver.* 'Twere best, he did.

<sup>9</sup> In the battle of Agincourt Henry, when king, did this *act of friendship* for his brother, the Duke of Gloucester.

<sup>10</sup> The sense appears to be, that honour is a great deal of expression, with no meaning; or, much surface with little substance.

*Wor.* Then are we all undone.  
 It is not possible, it cannot be,  
 The King should keep his word in loving us ;  
 He will suspect us still, and find a time  
 To punish this offence in other faults :  
 Suspicion all our lives shall be stuck full of eyes ;  
 For treason is but trusted like the fox,  
 Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd, and lock'd up,  
 Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.  
 Look how we can, or sad or merrily,  
 Interpretation will misquote our looks ;  
 And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,  
 The better cherish'd, still the nearer death.  
 My nephew's trespass may be well forgot :  
 It hath th' excuse of youth and heat of blood,  
 And an adopted name of privilege,  
 A hare-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a spleen.  
 All his offences lie upon my head  
 And on his father's : we did train him on ;  
 And, his corruption being ta'en from us,  
 We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all.  
 Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know  
 In any case the offer of the King.

*Ver.* Deliver what you will, I'll say 'tis so.  
 Here comes your cousin.

*Enter HOTSPUR and DOUGLAS ; Officers and Soldiers behind.*

*Hot.* My uncle is return'd : — Deliver up  
 My Lord of Westmoreland.<sup>1</sup> — Uncle, what news ?

*Wor.* The King will bid you battle presently.

*Doug.* Defy him by the Lord of Westmoreland.

*Hot.* Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so.

*Doug.* Marry, and shall, and very willingly.

[*Exit.*

*Wor.* There is no seeming mercy in the King.

*Hot.* Did you beg any ? God forbid !

*Wor.* I told him gently of our grievances,  
 Of his oath-breaking ; which he mended thus,  
 By new-forswearing that he is forsworn :  
 He calls us rebels, traitors ; and will scourge  
 With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

*Re-enter DOUGLAS.*

*Doug.* Arm, gentlemen, to arms ! for I have thrown  
 A brave defiance in King Henry's teeth,

<sup>1</sup> Westmoreland had been retained in pledge for the safe return of Worcester. See Act iv. scene 8.

And Westmoreland, that was engag'd,<sup>2</sup> did bear it;  
Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.

*Wor.* The Prince of Wales stepp'd forth before the King,  
And, nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.

*Hot.* O, 'would the quarrel lay upon our heads!  
And that no man might draw short breath to-day,  
But I and Harry Monmouth!<sup>3</sup> Tell me, tell me,  
How show'd his tasking?<sup>4</sup> seem'd it in contempt?

*Ver.* No, by my soul: I never in my life  
Did hear a challenge urg'd more modestly,  
Unless a brother should a brother dare  
To gentle exercise and proof of arms.  
He gave you all the duties of a man;  
Trimm'd up your praises with a princely tongue;  
Spoke your deservings like a chronicle;  
Making you ever better than his praise,  
By still dispraising praise, valu'd with you;  
And, which became him like a prince indeed,  
He made a blushing cital of himself,<sup>5</sup>  
And chid his truant youth with such a grace,  
As if he master'd there a double spirit,  
Of teaching and of learning instantly.<sup>6</sup>  
There did he pause: but let me tell the world,  
If he outlive the envy of this day,<sup>7</sup>  
England did never owe so sweet a hope,  
So much misconstru'd in his wantonness.

*Hot.* Cousin, I think thou art enamoured  
Upon his follies: never did I hear  
Of any prince so wild o' liberty.<sup>8</sup>  
But be he as he will, yet once ere night  
I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,  
That he shall shrink under my courtesy. —  
Arm, arm, with speed! — And, fellows, soldiers, friends,  
Better consider what you have to do,

<sup>2</sup> That is, *held* by the rebel chiefs as a *hostage*.

<sup>3</sup> Prince Henry was so surnamed from Monmouth in Wales, where he was born.

<sup>4</sup> So in the first quarto; in all the other old copies *talking*. *Tasking* as well as *taxing* was used for *reproof*. We still say "he took him to *task*."

<sup>5</sup> To *cite* is to quote, allege, or mention any passage or incident.

<sup>6</sup> *Instantly* has here the sense of *at the same time*. — *Master'd* is equivalent to *was master of*.

<sup>7</sup> *Envy* here means *malice*. See page 151, note 1. — *Owe*, next line, is continually used by old writers for *own*.

<sup>8</sup> "So wild o' liberty," plainly means using his freedom so wantonly. Mr. White reads, "so wild a liberty," thus giving, though rather obscurely, the sense of "never did I hear so wild a liberty of any prince."

Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,<sup>9</sup>  
Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* My lord, here are letters for you.

*Hot.* I cannot read them now. —

O gentlemen, the time of life is short!  
To spend that shortness basely, were too long,  
If life did ride upon a dial's point,  
Still ending at th' arrival of an hour.<sup>10</sup>  
An if we live, we live to tread on kings;  
If die, brave death, when princes die with us!  
Now, for our consciences, — the arms are fair,  
When the intent of bearing them is just.

*Enter another Messenger.*

*Mess.* My lord, prepare; the King comes on apace.

*Hot.* I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale,  
For I profess not talking. Only this, —  
Let each man do his best: and here draw I  
A sword, whose temper I intend to stain  
With the best blood that I can meet withal  
In the adventure of this perilous day.  
Now — *Esperancè!* <sup>11</sup> — Percy! — and set on. —  
Sound all the lofty instruments of war,  
And by that music let us all embrace;  
For, Heaven to Earth,<sup>12</sup> some of us never shall  
A second time do such a courtesy.

[*The Trumpets sound. They embrace, and exeunt.*]

<sup>9</sup> In the *Second Part*, Act ii. scene 3, Lady Percy thus remembers her departed hero:

“And *speaking thick*, which Nature made his blemish,  
Became the accents of the valiant;  
For those that could speak low and *tardily*  
Would turn their own perfection to abuse,  
To seem like him.”

*Speaking thick* is speaking so fast that the words choke each other. Whether the Poet got this trait of Hotspur from some tradition, or whether he judged it a natural result of his redundant and headlong impulsiveness, does not appear.

<sup>10</sup> The meaning is, that if life were vastly shorter than it is, if it were measured by an hour, it were still too long to be spent basely.

<sup>11</sup> *Esperance*, or *Esperanza*, has always been the motto of the Percy family. *Esperance* is here a word of four syllables. Thus, in *Holinshead*: “Then suddenlie blew the trumpets, the kings part crieng S. George upon them, the adversaries cried Esperance, Persie, and so the two armies furiously joined.”

<sup>12</sup> A wager of Heaven against Earth is probably meant.

SCENE III. *Plain near Shrewsbury.*

*Excursions, and Parties fighting. Alarum to the Battle. Then enter DOUGLAS and BLUNT, meeting.*

*Blunt.* What is thy name, that in the battle thus  
Thou crossest me? What honour dost thou seek  
Upon my head?

*Doug.* Know, then, my name is Douglas;  
And I do haunt thee in the battle thus,  
Because some tell me that thou art a king.

*Blunt.* They tell thee true.

*Doug.* The Lord of Stafford dear to-day hath bought  
Thy likeness; for, instead of thee, King Harry,  
This sword hath ended him: so shall it thee,  
Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner.

*Blunt.* I was not born to yield, thou haughty Scot;<sup>1</sup>  
And thou shalt find a king that will revenge  
Lord Stafford's death. [*They fight, and BLUNT is slain.*]

*Enter HOTSPUR.*

*Hot.* O Douglas, hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus,  
I never had triumphed o'er a Scot.<sup>2</sup>

*Doug.* All's done, all's won; here breathless lies the King.

*Hot.* Where?

*Doug.* Here.

*Hot.* This, Douglas? no; I know this face full well:  
A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt;  
Semblably furnish'd like the King himself.

*Doug.* A fool go with thy soul, whither it goes!  
A borrow'd title hast thou bought too dear.  
Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king?

*Hot.* The King hath many masking in his coats.<sup>3</sup>

*Doug.* Now, by my sword, I will kill all his coats;  
I'll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece,  
Until I meet the King.

*Hot.* Up, and away!  
Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>1</sup> So the folio: the quartos, — "I was not born a *yielder*, thou *proud* Scot." I find it not easy to choose between the two readings.

<sup>2</sup> The first two quartos read, "I never had *triumpht upon* a Scot;" the other old copies as in the text. Here, again, it is somewhat difficult to choose.

<sup>3</sup> The old copies have *marching* instead of *masking*. The emendation is Mr. Collier's.

*Alarums. Enter FALSTAFF.*

*Fal.* Though I could 'scape shot-free at London, I fear the shot here; here's no scoring but upon the pate.<sup>4</sup> — Soft! who art thou? Sir Walter Blunt: — there's honour for you! here's ~~no~~ vanity!<sup>5</sup> — I am as hot as molten lead, and as heavy too; God keep lead out of me! I need no more weight than mine own bowels. — I have led my ragamuffins where they are pepper'd: there's not<sup>6</sup> three of my hundred and fifty left alive; and they are for the town's end,<sup>7</sup> to beg during life. But who comes here?

*Enter Prince HENRY.*

*Prince.* What! stand'st thou idle here? lend me thy sword: Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies, Whose deaths are unreveng'd. Pr'ythee, lend me thy sword.

*Fal.* O Hal, I pr'ythee, give me leave to breathe awhile. — Turk Gregory<sup>8</sup> never did such deeds in arms as I have done this day. I have paid Percy, I have made him sure.

*Prince.* He is, indeed; and living to kill thee. I pr'ythee, lend me thy sword.

*Fal.* Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be alive, thou gett'st not my sword; but take my pistol, if thou wilt.

*Prince.* Give it me: What, is it in the case?

*Fal.* Ay, Hal: 'tis hot, 'tis hot: there's that will sack a city.  
[*The Prince draws out a Bottle of Sack.*]

<sup>4</sup> Falstaff has tavern thoughts and customs running in his mind; the mode of an inn-keeper's accounts being to *score* the items either by chalk-marks made upon the wall, or by notches cut in a stick. — There is a pun implied in *shot-free*. Sir John was shot-free at Eastcheap, though not *scot-free*: here he is scot-free, but not exactly *shot-free*. It seems likely, from this passage, that in *scot* the *c* was soft in the Poet's time, so as to give a pronunciation the same as in *shot*.

<sup>5</sup> The negative, "*no vanity*," is here used ironically, to indicate the excess of a thing; a frequent usage in colloquial speech.

<sup>6</sup> The same form of expression has occurred before in Act iv. scene 2: "*There's not a shirt and a half in all my company: and the half-shirt is two napkins tack'd together; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host at St. Albans.*" It seems to be a sort of Falstaffian idiom; as if the Poet meant to carry out Sir John's peculiar recklessness of truth into the smallest particulars, yet not in such a way as to prove him, in the proper sense of the term, a liar. In both these cases, modern editions very unwarrantably change *not* into *but*; as though the man had better talk grammatically than characteristically. — This passage, by the way, might be aptly quoted in disproof of Falstaff's alleged cowardice.

<sup>7</sup> *The town's end* probably means the poor-house; or perhaps a hospital for war-maimed soldiers.

<sup>8</sup> That is, Pope Gregory the Seventh, called Hildebrand. Fox, in his *Martyrology*, had made Gregory so odious that the Protestants would be well pleased to hear him thus characterized, as uniting the attributes of their two great enemies, the Turk and the Pope, in one.

*Prince.* What! is't a time to jest and dally now?

[*Throws it at him and exit.*]

*Fal.* Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him.<sup>9</sup> — If he do come in my way, so: if he do not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a carbonado of me.<sup>10</sup> I like not such grinning honour as Sir Walter hath: Give me life; which if I can save, so; if not, honour comes unlook'd for, and there's an end. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. *Another Part of the Field.*

*Alarums. Excursions. Enter the KING, Prince HENRY, Prince JOHN, and WESTMORELAND.*

*King.* I pr'ythee,  
Harry, withdraw thyself; thou bleed'st too much. —  
Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.

*John.* Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too.

*Prince.* I do beseech your Majesty, make up,  
Lest your retirement do amaze your friends.<sup>1</sup>

*King.* I will do so. —  
My Lord of Westmoreland, lead him to his tent.

*West.* Come, my lord, I'll lead you to your tent.

*Prince.* Lead me, my lord? I do not need your help:  
And God forbid, a shallow scratch should drive  
The Prince of Wales from such a field as this,  
Where stain'd nobility lies trodden on,  
And rebels' arms triumph in massacres!<sup>2</sup>

*John.* We breathe too long. — Come, cousin Westmoreland,  
Our duty this way lies; for God's sake, come.

[*Exeunt Prince JOHN and WESTMORELAND.*]

*Prince.* By Heaven, thou hast deceiv'd me, Lancaster;  
I did not think thee lord of such a spirit:  
Before, I lov'd thee as a brother, John;  
But now I do respect thee as my soul.

*King.* I saw him hold Lord Percy at the point

<sup>9</sup> "Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him," is addressed to the Prince as he goes out; the rest of the speech is soliloquy. — It would seem from this, that *pierce* and the first syllable of *Percy* were sounded alike.

<sup>10</sup> A *carbonado* is a piece of meat slashed into stripes for roasting or broiling. A piece of pork is commonly *carbonadoed* on the rind side, to be baked with beans.

<sup>1</sup> *Amaze* is here used in its original sense of to *bewilder* or cast into a *maze*. — *Make up* has the force of *advance*, the opposite of *retire*.

<sup>2</sup> This battle took place in July, 1403, when Prince Henry was but sixteen years old. It appears, however, that, boy as he was, he did the work of a man. Holinshed relates that early in the battle he was hurt in the face with an arrow, insomuch that several tried to withdraw him from the field; but that he, fearing the effect this might have on his men, insisted on staying with them to the last, and never ceased to fight where the battle was hottest.

With lustier maintenance than I did look for  
Of such an ungrown warrior.

*Prince.* O, this boy  
Lends metal to us all!

[*Exit.*

*Alarums. Enter DOUGLAS.*

*Doug.* Another king! they grow like Hydra's heads:  
I am the Douglas, fatal to all those  
That wear those colours on them. — What art thou,  
That counterfeit'st the person of a king?

*King.* The King himself; who, Douglas, grieves at heart,  
So many of his shadows thou hast met,  
And not the very King. I have two boys  
Seek Percy and thyself about the field:  
But, seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,  
I will assay thee; so, defend thyself.

*Doug.* I fear thou art another counterfeit,  
And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a king:  
But mine I am sure thou art, whoe'er thou be,  
And thus I win thee.<sup>3</sup> \* [*They fight: the KING being  
in danger, re-enter Prince HENRY.*

*Prince.* Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like  
Never to hold it up again! the spirits  
Of valiant Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arm:  
It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee,  
Who never promiseth, but he means to pay. —

[*They fight; DOUGLAS flies.*

Cheerly, my lord: how fares your Grace?  
Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succour sent,  
And so hath Clifton: I'll to Clifton straight.

*King.* Stay, and breathe awhile:  
Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion,<sup>4</sup>  
And show'd thou mak'st some tender of my life,  
In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.

*Prince.* O God, they did me too much injury  
That ever said I hearken'd for your death!  
If it were so, I might have let alone

<sup>3</sup> The matter is thus delivered by Holinshed: "This battell lasted three long houres, with indifferent fortune on both parts, till at length the king, crying saint George, victorie, brake the arraie of his enemies, and adventured so farre, that (as some write) the earle Dowglas strake him downe, and at that instant slue sir Walter Blunt and three others, apparalled in the kings sute and clothing, saieng, I marvell to see so many kings thus suddenlie arise, one in the necke of an other. The king indeed was raised, and did that daie manie a noble feat of armes; for, as it is written, he slue that daie with his owne hands, six and thirtie persons of his enemies."

<sup>4</sup> *Opinion*, again, for *reputation*. See page 813, note 11.

Th' insulting hand of Douglas over you ;  
Which would have been as speedy in your end  
As all the poisonous potions in the world,  
And sav'd the treacherous labour of your son.

*King.* Make up to Clifton : I'll to Sir Nicholas Gawsey.

[*Exit the KING.*]

*Enter HOTSPUR.*

*Hot.* If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

*Prince.* Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.

*Hot.* My name is Harry Percy.

*Prince.* Why, then I see

A very valiant rebel of that name.

I am the Prince of Wales ; and think not, Percy,

To share with me in glory any more :

Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere ;

Nor can one England brook a double reign

Of Harry Percy and the Prince of Wales.

*Hot.* Nor shall it, Harry, for the hour is come

To end the one of us ; and 'would to God

Thy name in arms were now as great as mine !

*Prince.* I'll make it greater ere I part from thee ;

And all the budding honours on thy crest

I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

*Hot.* I can no longer brook thy vanities.

[*They fight.*]

*Enter FALSTAFF.*

*Fal.* Well said, Hal !<sup>5</sup> to it, Hal ! — Nay, you shall find no boy's play here, I can tell you.

*Enter DOUGLAS : he fights with FALSTAFF, who falls down as if he were dead, and exit DOUGLAS. HOTSPUR is wounded, and falls.*

*Hot.* O Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth !  
I better brook the loss of brittle life  
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me ;  
They wound my thoughts worse than thy sword my flesh : —  
But thought's the slave of life, and life Time's Fool ;  
And Time that takes survey of all the world,  
Must have a stop.<sup>6</sup> O, I could prophesy,

<sup>5</sup> The phrase *well said* was often used in the sense of *well done*. See page 48, note 2.

<sup>6</sup> Hotspur, in his last moments, endeavors to console himself. The glory of the prince wounds his thoughts ; but *thought*, being dependent on *life*, must cease with it, and will soon be at an end. *Life*, on which *thought* depends, is itself of no great value, being the fool and sport of *time* ; of time which, with all its dominion over sublunary things, *must* itself at last be stopped. — *Johnson*.

But that the earthy and cold hand of death  
Lies on my tongue. — No, Percy, thou art dust,  
And food for —

[Dies.

*Prince.* For worms, brave Percy. Fare thee well, great  
heart! —

Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk!  
When that this body did contain a spirit,  
A kingdom for it was too small a bound;  
But now two paces of the vilest earth  
Is room enough. This earth that bears thee dead  
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.  
If thou wert sensible of courtesy,  
I should not make so great a show of zeal:  
But let my favours hide thy mangled face;<sup>7</sup>  
And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself  
For doing these fair rites of tenderness.  
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to Heaven!  
Thy ignomy<sup>8</sup> sleep with thee in the grave,  
But not remember'd in thy epitaph! —

[He sees FALSTAFF on the Ground.

What, old acquaintance! could not all this flesh  
Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!  
I could have better spar'd a better man.  
O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,  
If I were much in love with vanity!  
Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,  
Though many dearer, in this bloody fray.  
Embowell'd will I see thee by-and-by;<sup>9</sup>  
Till then, in blood by noble Percy lie.

[Exit.

*Fal.* [Rising.] Embowell'd! if thou embowel me to-day,  
I'll give you leave to powder me,<sup>10</sup> and eat me too, to-morrow.  
— 'Sblood! 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant  
Scot had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit! I lie; I am  
no counterfeit: to die, is to be a counterfeit; for he is but the  
counterfeit of a man who hath not the life of a man; but to  
counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no  
counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed.  
The better part of valour is discretion; in the which better  
part I have saved my life. — 'Zounds! I am afraid of this

<sup>7</sup> *Favours* refers to the scarf with which he covers Percy's face. Covering the face of a dead person is an old ceremony of reverential tenderness; perhaps connected some way, either as cause or effect, with the ancient belief that the robins were wont to cover the faces of unburied men.

<sup>8</sup> The first two quartos have *ignominy*; the other old copies, *ignomy*, which was a common contraction of *ignominy*.

<sup>9</sup> To *imbowel* was the old term for *embalming* the body, as was usually done to persons of rank.

<sup>10</sup> To *powder* was the old word for to *salt*.

gunpowder Percy, though he be dead. How, if he should counterfeit too, and rise? By my faith, I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make him sure; yea, and I'll swear I kill'd him. Why may not he rise as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me. Therefore, sirrah, with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me. *[Takes HOTSPUR on his Back.]*

*Re-enter Prince HENRY and Prince JOHN.*

*Prince.* Come, brother John; full bravely hast thou flesh'd Thy maiden sword.

*John.* But, soft! whom have we here?  
Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

*Prince.* I did; I saw him dead, breathless and bleeding  
On the ground. —

Art thou alive? or is it phantasy  
That plays upon our eyesight? I pr'ythee, speak;  
We will not trust our eyes without our ears:  
Thou art not what thou seem'st.

*Fal.* No, that's certain; I am not a double man: but if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a Jack.<sup>11</sup> There is Percy! *[Throwing the Body down]* if your father will do me any honour, so; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself. I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you.

*Prince.* Why, Percy I kill'd myself, and saw thee dead.

*Fal.* Didst thou! — Lord, Lord, how this world is given to lying! — I grant you I was down and out of breath, and so was he; but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I may be believed, so; if not, let them that should reward valour bear the sin upon their own heads. I'll take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh: if the man were alive, and would deny it, 'zounds, I would make him eat a piece of my sword.

*John.* This is the strangest tale that e'er I heard.

*Prince.* This is the strangest fellow, brother John. —  
Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back:  
For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,  
I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have. —

*[A Retreat is sounded.]*

The trumpet sounds retreat; the day is ours. —

Come, brother, let's to th' highest of the field,  
To see what friends are living, who are dead.

*[Exeunt Prince HENRY and Prince JOHN.]*

*Fal.* I'll follow, as they say, for reward. He that rewards

<sup>11</sup> *Jack* was used somewhat indefinitely as a term of contempt, like our *jackanapes*.

me, God reward him! If I do grow great again,<sup>12</sup> I'll grow less; for I'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly, as a nobleman should do. *[Exit, bearing off the Body.]*

SCENE V. *Another Part of the Field.*

*The Trumpets sound. Enter the KING, Prince HENRY, Prince JOHN, WESTMORELAND, and Others, with WORCESTER, and VERNON, Prisoners.*

*King.* Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke. —  
Ill-spirited Worcester! did we not send grace,  
Pardon, and terms of love to all of you?  
And would'st thou turn our offers contrary?  
Misuse the tenour of thy kinsman's trust?  
Three knights upon our party slain to-day,  
A noble earl, and many a creature else,  
Had been alive this hour,  
If, like a Christian, thou hadst truly borne  
Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

*Wor.* What I have done my safety urg'd me to;  
And I embrace this fortune patiently,  
Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

*King.* Bear Worcester to the death, and Vernon too:  
Other offenders we will pause upon. —

*[Exeunt WORCESTER and VERNON, guarded.]*

How goes the field?

*Prince.* The noble Scot, Lord Douglas, when he saw  
The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,  
The noble Percy slain, and all his men  
Upon the foot of fear, fled with the rest;  
And falling from a hill he was so bruis'd  
That the pursuers took him.<sup>13</sup> At my tent  
The Douglas is, and I beseech your Grace  
I may dispose of him.

*King.* With all my heart.

*Prince.* Then, brother John of Lancaster, to you  
This honourable bounty shall belong.  
Go to the Douglas, and deliver him  
Up to his pleasure, ransomless and free:

<sup>12</sup> *Again* is found only in the folio. As Mr. White observes, it gives an important addition of meaning, as inferring Falstaff to have been born and bred to a social position which he has forfeited by loose and riotous living. The passage thus agrees with what he says in a previous scene: "Company, villainous company, hath been the spoil of me."

<sup>13</sup> Thus Holinshed: "To conclude, the kings enemies were vanquished and put to flight, in which flight the earle of Dowglas, for hast falling from the crag of an hie mountaine, brake one of his cullions, and was taken, and, for his valliantnesse, of the king franklie and freele delivered."

His valour, shown upon our crests to-day,  
Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds  
Even in the bosom of our adversaries.

*King.* Then this remains, that we divide our power. —  
You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland,  
Towards York shall bend you with your dearest speed,  
To meet Northumberland and the prelate Scroop,  
Who, as we hear, are busily in arms : —  
Myself, and you, son Harry, will towards Wales,  
To fight with Glendower and the Earl of March.  
Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,  
Meeting the check of such another day :  
And since this business so fair is done,<sup>14</sup>  
Let us not leave till all our own be won.

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>14</sup> *Business* is here used as a word of three syllables. The usage was common, and Shakespeare has it in several instances.



# THE SECOND PART OF KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

<b>KING HENRY THE FOURTH.</b>		<b>FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, and a</b>
<b>HENRY, Prince of Wales,</b>	} his	<b>Page.</b>
<b>THOMAS, Duke of Clarence,</b>		<b>POINTZ and PETO, Attendants on Prince</b>
<b>PRINCE JOHN of Lancaster,</b>		<b>Henry.</b>
<b>PRINCE HUMPHREY of Gloster,</b>		<b>SHALLOW and SILENCE, Country Jus-</b>
<b>EARL OF WARWICK,</b>	} of the	<b>ices.</b>
<b>EARL OF WESTMORELAND,</b>		<b>DAVY, Servant to Justice Shallow.</b>
<b>GOWER, HARCOURT,</b>		<b>MOULDY, SHADOW, WART, } Recruits.</b>
<b>SIR WILLIAM GASCOIGNE,</b>		<b>FEEBLE, and BULLCALT, } Recruits.</b>
<b>Justice</b>	<b>Lord Chief</b>	<b>FANG and SNARE, Sheriff's Officers.</b>
<b>A Gentleman attending on him.</b>		<b>RUMOUR, the Presenter.</b>
<b>EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND,</b>	} against	<b>A Porter. A Dancer, Speaker of the Epi-</b>
<b>SCROOP, Archbishop of York,</b>		<b>logue.</b>
<b>LORD MOWBRAY,</b>		<b>LADY NORTHUMBERLAND.</b>
<b>LORD HASTINGS,</b>		<b>LADY PERCY.</b>
<b>LORD BARDOLPH,</b>		<b>Hostess QUICKLY.</b>
<b>SIR JOHN COLEVILLE,</b>		<b>DOLL TEARSHEET.</b>
<b>TRAVERS and MORTON, Retainers of</b>	<b>Northumberland.</b>	

**Lords, and Attendants ; Officers, Soldiers, Messenger, Drawers, Beadles, Grooms, &c.**

**SCENE, England.**

**INDUCTION. Warkworth. Before NORTHUMBERLAND'S  
Castle.**

*Enter RUMOUR, painted full of Tongues.<sup>1</sup>*

**Rum.** OPEN your ears ; for which of you will stop  
The vent of hearing when loud Ramour speaks ?  
I, from the Orient to the drooping West,  
Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold  
The acts commenced on this ball of Earth :  
Upon my tongues continual slanders ride,  
The which in every language I pronounce,  
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.  
I speak of peace while covert enmity,  
Under the smile of safety, wounds the world :

<sup>1</sup> Such was the common way of representing this personage, no unfrequent character in the masques of the Poet's time. In a masque on St. Stephen's Night, 1614, by Thomas Campion, *Rumour* comes on in a skin coat full of winged tongues.

And who but Rumour, who but only I,  
 Make fearful musters and prepar'd defence;  
 Whilst the big year, swol'n with some other grief,  
 Is thought [so made] by the stern tyrant war,  
 And no such matter? Rumour is a pipe  
 Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures;  
 And of so easy and so plain a stop,<sup>2</sup>  
 That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,  
 The still-discordant wavering multitude,  
 Can play upon it. But what need I thus  
 My well-known body to anatomize  
 Among my household? Why is Rumour here?  
 I run before King Harry's victory;  
 Who, in a bloody field by Shrewsbury,  
 Hath beaten down young Hotspur and his troops,  
 Quenching the flame of bold rebellion  
 Even with the rebels' blood. But what mean I  
 To speak so true at first? my office is  
 To noise abroad, that Harry Monmouth fell  
 Under the wrath of noble Hotspur's sword;  
 And that the King before the Douglas' rage  
 Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death.  
 This have I rumour'd through the pleasant towns<sup>3</sup>,  
 Between that royal field of Shrewsbury  
 And this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone,<sup>4</sup>  
 Where Hotspur's father, old Northumberland,  
 Lies crafty-sick: the posts come tiring on,  
 And not a man of them brings other news  
 Than they have learn'd of me: from Rumour's tongues  
 They bring smooth comforts false, worse than true wrongs.  
[Exit.]

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ACT I. SCENE I. *The same.*

*Enter Lord BARDOLPH.*

*Bard.* Who keeps the gate here? ho! —

*Enter Porter, above.*

Where is the Earl?

*Port.* What shall I say you are?

<sup>2</sup> The *stops* are the holes in a flute or pipe.

<sup>3</sup> The old copies have "*peasant towns*." *Pleasant* is Dyce's reading; who asks "why Rumour should mention only the peasant towns, as if she had failed to 'call in' at the more important places."

<sup>4</sup> Warkworth Castle, the residence of Northumberland.

*Bard.* Tell thou the Earl  
That the Lord Bardolph doth attend him here.

*Port.* His lordship is walk'd forth into the orchard:  
Please it your honour, knock but at the gate,  
And he himself will answer. [*Exit Porter, above.*]

*Bard.* Here comes the Earl.

*Enter* NORTHUMBERLAND.

*North.* What news, Lord Bardolph? every minute now  
Should be the father of some stratagem:  
The times are wild; contention, like a horse  
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose,  
And bears down all before him.

*Bard.* Noble Earl,  
I bring you certain news from Shrewsbury.

*North.* Good, an God will!

*Bard.* As good as heart can wish.  
The King is almost wounded to the death;  
And, in the fortune of my lord your son,  
Prince Harry slain outright; and both the Blunts  
Kill'd by the hand of Douglas; young Prince John  
And Westmoreland and Stafford fled the field;  
And Harry Monmouth's brawn, the hulk Sir John,  
Is prisoner to your son. O, such a day,  
So fought, so follow'd, and so fairly won,  
Came not till now to dignify the times,  
Since Cæsar's fortunes!

*North.* How is this deriv'd?  
Saw you the field? came you from Shrewsbury?

*Bard.* I spake with one, my lord, that came from thence;  
A gentleman well bred and of good name,  
That freely render'd me these news for true.

*North.* Here comes my servant Travers, whom I sent  
On Tuesday last to listen after news.

*Bard.* My lord, I over-rode him on the way;  
And he is furnish'd with no certainties  
More than he haply may retail from me.

*Enter* TRAVERS.

*North.* Now, Travers, what good tidings come with you?

*Tra.* My lord, Sir John Umfreville turn'd me back  
With joyful tidings; and, being better hors'd,  
Out-rode me. After him came spurring hard  
A gentleman, almost forspent with speed,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Spent utterly; for being intensive in forspent.

That stopp'd by me to breathe his bloodied horse.  
 He ask'd the way to Chester; and of him  
 I did demand what news from Shrewsbury:  
 He told me that rebellion had ill luck,  
 And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold.  
 With that, he gave his able horse the head,  
 And, bending forward, struck his armed heels  
 Against the panting sides of his poor jade<sup>2</sup>  
 Up to the rowel-head; and, starting so,  
 He seem'd in running to devour the way,<sup>3</sup>  
 Staying no longer question.

*North.* Ha! — Again:  
 Said he young Harry Percy's spur was cold?  
 Of Hotspur, coldspur? that rebellion  
 Had met ill luck?

*Bard.* My lord, I'll tell you what:  
 If my young lord your son have not the day,  
 Upon mine honour, for a silken point<sup>4</sup>  
 I'll give my barony: ne'er talk of it.

*North.* Why should the gentleman that rode by Travers  
 Give, then, such instances of loss?

*Bard.* Who, he?  
 He was some hilding fellow,<sup>5</sup> that had stolen  
 The horse he rode on, and, upon my life,  
 Spoke at a venture. Look, here comes more news.

*Enter MORTON.*

*North.* Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-leaf,<sup>6</sup>  
 Foretells the nature of a tragic volume:  
 So looks the strand whereon th' imperious flood  
 Hath left a witness'd usurpation.<sup>7</sup> —  
 Say, Morton, didst thou come from Shrewsbury?

*Mor.* I ran from Shrewsbury, my noble lord;  
 Where hateful Death put on his ugliest mask  
 To fright our party.

*North.* How doth my son and brother?  
 Thou tremblest; and the whiteness in thy cheek  
 Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.  
 Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,  
 So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,

<sup>2</sup> *Jade* is not used by Shakespeare as a term of contempt: for Richard II. gives this appellation to his favourite horse Roan Barbary, which Henry IV. rode at his coronation: "That *jade* hath eat bread from my royal hand."

<sup>3</sup> So in *Job xxxix. 24*: "He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage."

<sup>4</sup> A *silken point* is a tagged lace. See page 284, note 21.

<sup>5</sup> *Hilding* was a term of contempt for a vile, cowardly person.

<sup>6</sup> Alluding to the title-pages of elegies, which were printed all black.

<sup>7</sup> An attestation of its ravage.

Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,  
 And would have told him half his Troy was burn'd :  
 But Priam found the fire ere he his tongue,  
 And I my Percy's death ere thou report'st it.  
 This thou would'st say, *Your son did thus and thus ;*  
*Your brother thus ; so fought the noble Douglas ;*  
 Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds :  
 But in the end, to stop mine ear indeed,  
 Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise,  
 Ending with *Brother, son, and all are dead.*

*Mor.* Douglas is living, and your brother, yet ;  
 But, for my lord your son, —

*North.* Why, he is dead.  
 See, what a ready tongue suspicion hath !  
 He that but fears the thing he would not know  
 Hath by instinct knowledge from others' eyes  
 That what he fear'd is chanced. Yet speak, Morton :  
 Tell thou thy Earl his divination lies,  
 And I will take it as a sweet disgrace,  
 And make thee rich for doing me such wrong.

*Mor.* You are too great to be by me gainsaid :  
 Your spirit is too true, your fears too certain.

*North.* Yet, for all this, say not that Percy's dead.  
 I see a strange confession in thine eye :  
 Thou shak'st thy head, and hold'st it fear or sin  
 To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so :  
 The tongue offends not that reports his death ;  
 And he doth sin that doth belie the dead,  
 Not he which says the dead is not alive.  
 Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news  
 Hath but a losing office ; and his tongue  
 Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,  
 Remember'd knolling a departing friend.<sup>8</sup>

*Bard.* I cannot think, my lord, your son is dead.

*Mor.* I'm sorry I should force you to believe  
 That which I would to God I had not seen :  
 But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state,  
 Rendering faint quittance,<sup>9</sup> wearied and outbreath'd,  
 To Harry Monmouth ; whose swift wrath beat down  
 The never-daunted Percy to the earth,  
 From whence with life he never more sprung up.  
 In few, his death, (whose spirit lent a fire  
 Even to the dullest peasant in his camp,)

<sup>8</sup> The *bell* was anciently rung while the person was dying, and thence called the *passing bell*.

<sup>9</sup> By *faint quittance* a *faint return* of blows is meant.

Being bruited once,<sup>10</sup> took fire and heat away  
 From the best-temper'd courage in his troops:  
 For from his metal was his party steel'd;  
 Which once in him abated, all the rest  
 Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy lead.  
 And as the thing that's heavy in itself,  
 Upon enforcement flies with greatest speed,  
 So did our men, heavy in Hotspur's loss,  
 Lend to this weight such lightness with their fear,  
 That arrows fly not swifter toward their aim  
 Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety,  
 Fly from the field. Then was the noble Worcester  
 Too soon ta'en prisoner; and that furious Scot,  
 The bloody Douglas, whose well-labouring sword  
 Had three times slain th' appearance of the King,  
 'Gan vail his stomach,<sup>11</sup> and did grace the shame  
 Of those that turn'd their backs; and in his flight,  
 Stumbling in fear, was took. The sum of all  
 Is, that the King hath won; and hath sent out  
 A speedy power t' encounter you, my lord,  
 Under the conduct of young Lancaster  
 And Westmoreland. This is the news at full.

*North.* For this I shall have time enough to mourn.  
 In poison there is physic; and these news,  
 Having been well that would have made me sick,  
 Being sick, have in some measure made me well:  
 And as the wretch, whose fever-weaken'd joints,  
 Like strengthless hinges, buckle under life,<sup>12</sup>  
 Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire  
 Out of his keeper's arms; even so my limbs,  
 Weaken'd with grief, being now enrag'd with grief,<sup>13</sup>  
 Are thrice themselves. Hence, therefore, thou nice crutch!<sup>14</sup>  
 A scaly gauntlet now, with joints of steel,  
 Must glove this hand: and hence, thou sickly quoif!  
 Thou art a guard too wanton for the head  
 Which princes, flesh'd with conquest, aim to hit.  
 Now bind my brows with iron; and approach  
 The ragged'st hour that time and spite dare bring,

<sup>10</sup> *Bruited* is noised abroad, or reported.

<sup>11</sup> Began to fall his courage, to let his spirits sink under his fortune. To *vail* is to lower, to cast down. — *Stomach* was often used for courage, and sometimes for pride.

<sup>12</sup> To *buckle* is to bend; as in our American phrase, "buckle down to it." The word is used as a transitive verb in Bacon's *Advancement of Learning*: "Reason doth buckle and bow the mind to the nature of things."

<sup>13</sup> *Grief*, in the latter part of this line, is used in its present sense, for sorrow; in the former part, for bodily pain.

<sup>14</sup> *Nice* is here used in the sense of effeminate, delicate, tender.

To frown upon th' enrag'd Northumberland!  
 Let Heaven kiss Earth; now let not Nature's hand  
 Keep the wild flood confin'd! let order die!  
 And let this world no longer be a stage  
 To feed contention in a lingering act;  
 But let one spirit of the first-born Cain  
 Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set  
 On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,  
 And darkness be the burier of the dead!

*Tra.* This strained passion doth you wrong, my lord.

*Bard.* Sweet Earl, divorce not wisdom from your honour.

*Mor.* The lives of all your loving complices  
 Lean on your health; the which, if you give o'er  
 To stormy passion, must perforce decay.  
 You cast th' event of war, my noble lord,  
 And summ'd th' account of chance, before you said,  
*Let us make head.* It was your presurmise,  
 That in the dole of blows your son might drop;<sup>15</sup>  
 You knew he walk'd o'er perils on an edge,  
 More likely to fall in than to get o'er;  
 You were advis'd his flesh was capable  
 Of wounds and scars, and that his forward spirit  
 Would lift him where most trade of danger rang'd:  
 Yet did you say, *Go forth*; and none of this,  
 Though strongly apprehended, could restrain  
 The stiff-borne action: What hath, then, befall'n,  
 Or what hath this bold enterprise brought forth,  
 More than that being which was like to be?

*Bard.* We all that are engaged to this loss<sup>16</sup>  
 Knew that we ventur'd on such dangerous seas,  
 That, if we wrought out life, 'twas ten to one;  
 And yet we ventur'd, for the gain propos'd  
 Chok'd the respect of likely peril fear'd;  
 And, since we are o'erset, venture again.  
 Come, we will all put forth, body and goods.

*Mor.* 'Tis more than time: And, my most noble lord,  
 I hear for certain, and do speak the truth,  
 The gentle Archbishop of York is up  
 With well-appointed powers: he is a man  
 Who with a double surety binds his followers.  
 My lord your son had only but the corpse',  
 But shadows and the shows of men, to fight;  
 For that same word *rebellion* did divide

<sup>15</sup> *Dole* is *dealing* or *distribution*.

<sup>16</sup> This mode of expression has before been noticed. Thus in *First Part*,  
 iii. 2: "Hath more worthy interest to the state."

The action of their bodies from their souls ;  
 And they did fight with queasiness, constrain'd,  
 As men drink potions ; that their weapons only  
 Seem'd on our side ; but, for their spirits and souls,  
 This word *rebellion*, it had froze them up,  
 As fish are in a pond. But now the Bishop  
 Turns insurrection to religion :  
 Suppos'd sincere and holy in his thoughts,  
 He's follow'd both with body and with mind ;  
 And doth enlarge his rising with the blood  
 Of fair King Richard, scrap'd from Pomfret stones ;  
 Derives from Heaven his quarrel and his cause ;  
 Tells them he doth bestride a bleeding land,<sup>17</sup>  
 Gasping for life under great Bolingbroke ;  
 And more and less do flock to follow him.<sup>18</sup>

*North.* I knew of this before ; but, to speak truth,  
 This present grief had wip'd it from my mind.  
 Go in with me ; and counsel every man  
 The aptest way for safety and revenge :  
 Get posts and letters, and make friends with speed ;  
 Never so few, nor never yet more need.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *London. A Street.*

*Enter Sir JOHN FALSTAFF, with his Page bearing his Sword and Buckler.*

*Fal.* Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me :<sup>1</sup> the brain of this foolish-compounded clay, man, is not able to invent any thing that tends to laughter, more than I invent or is invented on me : I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men. I do here walk before thee like a sow that hath o'erwhelm'd all her litter but one. If the Prince put thee into my service for any other reason than to set me off, why, then I have no judgment. Thou mandrake, thou art fitter to be worn in my cap than to wait at my heels. I was never mann'd with an agate till now :<sup>2</sup> but I will set

<sup>17</sup> That is, stand over his country, as she lies bleeding and prostrate, to protect her. It was the office of a friend to protect his fallen comrade in battle in this manner. See page 325, note 9.

<sup>18</sup> *More and less* is *great and small* ; that is, *all ranks* of people.

<sup>1</sup> Gifford says that *gird* is but a metathesis of *gride*, meaning, literally, a thrust, a blow ; metaphorically, a smart stroke of wit, a taunt, or sarcastic retort.

<sup>2</sup> The words *mandrake* and *agate* refer to the small size of the Page. The *mandrake* is an herb of narcotic qualities, which, being forked in the root, was said to resemble a human creature, and to utter a cry when pulled up from the earth. *Agates* were often cut into images, to be worn in rings and brooches, and thence came to be used metaphorically for diminutive persons. Thus Florio speaks of "*agath-stones*, cut and graven with some formes and images

you neither in gold nor silver, but in vile apparel, and send you back again to your master, for a jewel; the juvenal,<sup>3</sup> the Prince your master, whose chin is not yet fledg'd. I will sooner have a beard grow in the palm of my hand than he shall get one on his cheek; and yet he will not stick to say his face is a face-royal! God may finish it when He will, 'tis not a hair amiss yet: he may keep it still as a face-royal, for a barber shall never earn sixpence out of it;<sup>4</sup> and yet he'll be crowing as if he had writ man ever since his father was a bachelor. He may keep his own grace, but he's almost out of mine, I can assure him. — What said master Dumbleton about the satin for my short cloak and my slops?<sup>5</sup>

*Page.* He said, sir, you should procure him better assurance than Bardolph: he would not take his bond and yours; he lik'd not the security.

*Fal.* Let him be damn'd, like the glutton! may his tongue be hotter!<sup>6</sup> — A rascally yea-forsooth knave! to bear a gentleman in hand,<sup>7</sup> and then stand upon security! — The smooth-pates do now wear nothing but high shoes, and bunches of keys at their girdles; and if a man is thorough with them in honest taking-up,<sup>8</sup> then they must stand upon security. I had as lief they would put ratsbane in my mouth as offer to stop it with *security*. I look'd he should have sent me two-and-twenty yards of satin, as I am a true knight, and he sends me *security*. Well, he may sleep in security; for he hath the horn of abundance, and the lightness of his wife shines through it: and yet cannot he see, though he have his own lantern to light him. — Where's Bardolph?

*Page.* He's gone into Smithfield to buy your worship a horse.

*Fal.* I bought him in Paul's,<sup>9</sup> and he'll buy me a horse in Smithfield.

on them, namely, of famous men's heads." And in *Romeo and Juliet* Mercutio describes Queen Mab to be "in shape no bigger than an *agate-stone* on the fore-finger of an alderman."

<sup>3</sup> *Juvenal* occurs in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* and in *Love's Labour's Lost*. It is also used in many places by Chaucer for a *young man*.

<sup>4</sup> Johnson says that by a *face-royal* Falstaff means a face exempt from the touch of vulgar hands. As a *stag-royal* is not to be hunted, a *mine-royal* is not to be dug. Steevens imagines that there may be a quibble intended on the coin called a real, or *royal*; that a barber can no more earn sixpence by his face than by the face stamped on the coin, the one requiring as little shaving as the other.

<sup>5</sup> *Slops* is large trousers or breeches.

<sup>6</sup> An allusion to the fate of the rich man who had fared sumptuously every day, when he requested a drop of water to cool his tongue.

<sup>7</sup> To *bear in hand* is to lead or carry along as suitors or expectants.

<sup>8</sup> That is, in their debt, by *taking up* goods on credit.

<sup>9</sup> In the olden time St. Paul's Cathedral was a common resort of politicians, newsmongers, men of business, idlers, gamesters, smashed-up roués, and all such who lived by their wits. Spendthrift debtors also fled thither,

*Page.* Sir, here comes the nobleman that committed the Prince for striking him about Bardolph.

*Fal.* Wait close; I will not see him.

*Enter the Lord Chief Justice and an Attendant.*

*Just.* What's he that goes there?

*Atten.* Falstaff, an't please your lordship.

*Just.* He that was in question for the robbery?

*Atten.* He, my lord: but he hath since done good service at Shrewsbury; and, as I hear, is now going with some charge to the Lord John of Lancaster.

*Just.* What, to York? Call him back again.

*Atten.* Sir John Falstaff!

*Fal.* Boy, tell him I am deaf.

*Page.* You must speak louder; my master is deaf.

*Just.* I am sure he is, to the hearing of any thing good. — Go, pluck him by the elbow; I must speak with him.

*Atten.* Sir John, —

*Fal.* What, a young knave, and begging! Is there not wars? is there not employment? Doth not the King lack subjects? do not the rebels need soldiers? Though it be a shame to be on any side but one, it is worse shame to beg than to be on the worst side, were it worse than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it.

*Atten.* You mistake me, sir.

*Fal.* Why, sir, did I say you were an honest man? setting my knighthood and my soldiership aside, I had lied in my throat, if I had said so.

*Atten.* I pray you, sir, then set your knighthood and your soldiership aside; and give me leave to tell you, you lie in your throat, if you say I am any other than an honest man.

*Fal.* I give thee leave to tell me so! I lay aside that which grows to me! If thou gett'st any leave of me, hang me; if thou tak'st leave, thou wert better be hang'd. You hunt counter; hence! avaunt!<sup>10</sup>

*Atten.* Sir, my lord would speak with you.

*Just.* Sir John Falstaff, a word with you.

*Fal.* My good lord! God give your lordship good time of

a part of the cathedral being privileged from arrest. Tradesmen and masterless serving-men also set up their advertisements there; and such of the latter as had been cast off were to be had there at all times. Which last circumstance is thus referred to in Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*: "He that marries a wife out of a suspected inn or alehouse, buys a horse in Smithfield, and hires a servant in Paul's, as the proverb is, shall likely have a jade to his horse, a knave for his man, an arrant honest woman to his wife."

<sup>10</sup> To *hunt counter* was to hunt the wrong way, to trace the scent backwards; to *hunt it by the heel* is the technical phrase. Falstaff means to tell the man that he is on a wrong scent.

day. I am glad to see your lordship abroad: I heard say your lordship was sick: I hope your lordship goes abroad by advice. Your lordship, though not clean past your youth, hath yet some smack of age in you, some relish of the saltiness of time; and I most humbly beseech your lordship to have a reverend care of your health.

*Just.* Sir John, I sent for you before your expedition to Shrewsbury.

*Fal.* An't please your lordship, I hear his Majesty is return'd with some discomfort from Wales.

*Just.* I talk not of his Majesty. You would not come when I sent for you.

*Fal.* And I hear, moreover, his Highness is fallen into this same [villainous] apoplexy.

*Just.* Well, Heaven mend him! I pray you, let me speak with you.

*Fal.* This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy, an't please your lordship; a kind of sleeping in the blood, a [villainous] tingling.

*Just.* What tell you me of it? be it as it is.

*Fal.* It hath its original from much grief,<sup>11</sup> from study, and perturbation of the brain. I have read the cause of his effects in Galen: it is a kind of deafness.

*Just.* I think you are fall'n into the disease; for you hear not what I say to you.

*Fal.* Very well, my lord, very well: rather, an't please you, it is the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal.

*Just.* To punish you by the heels<sup>12</sup> would amend the attention of your ears; and I care not if I do become your physician.

*Fal.* I am as poor as Job, my lord, but not so patient: your lordship may minister the potion of imprisonment to me, in respect of poverty; but how I should be your patient to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make some dram of a scruple, or indeed a scruple itself.

*Just.* I sent for you, when there were matters against you for your life, to come speak with me.

*Fal.* As I was then advised by my learned counsel in the laws of this land-service, I did not come.<sup>13</sup>

<sup>11</sup> Instead of *its* in this place the old copies have *it*, used possessively; which is rather curious, as showing the Poet's reluctance to let *its* into his text. See *Julius Cæsar*, iv. 3, note 8.

<sup>12</sup> To punish a man by the *heels* is to set him with his feet in the stocks; as Kent is punished in *King Lear*.

<sup>13</sup> The Poet shows some knowledge of the law here; for, in fact, a man employed as Falstaff then was could not be held to answer in a prosecution for an offence of the kind in question.

*Just.* Well, the truth is, Sir John, you live in great infamy.

*Fal.* He that buckles him in my belt cannot live in less.

*Just.* Your means are very slender, and your waste is great.

*Fal.* I would it were otherwise; I would my means were greater, and my waist slenderer.

*Just.* You have misled the youthful Prince.

*Fal.* The young Prince hath misled me: I am the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog.

*Just.* Well, I am loth to gall a new-heal'd wound. Your day's service at Shrewsbury hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on Gads-hill: you may thank the unquiet time for your quiet o'er-posting that action.

*Fal.* My lord, —

*Just.* But since all is well, keep it so: wake not a sleeping wolf.

*Fal.* To wake a wolf is as bad as to smell a fox.

*Just.* What! you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

*Fal.* A wassel candle, my lord; <sup>14</sup> all tallow: if I did say of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

*Just.* There is not a white hair on your face but should have his effect of gravity.

*Fal.* His effect of gravy, gravy, gravy.

*Just.* You follow the young Prince up and down, like his ill angel.

*Fal.* Not so, my lord: your ill angel is light; <sup>15</sup> but I hope he that looks upon me will take me without weighing; and yet, in some respects, I grant, I cannot go, I cannot tell. <sup>16</sup> Virtue is of so little regard in these coster-monger times, <sup>17</sup> that true valour is turn'd bear-herd: pregnancy is made a tapster, <sup>18</sup> and hath his quick wit wasted in giving reckonings: all the other gifts appertinent to man, as the malice of this age shapes them, are not worth a gooseberry. You that are old consider not the capacities of us that are young; you measure the heat of our livers with the bitterness of your galls: <sup>19</sup> and we that

<sup>14</sup> A *wassel candle* is a large candle lighted up at a feast. There is a quibble upon *wax*; referring to the substance that candles are made of, and to what is signified by the verb to *wax*, that is, *grow*.

<sup>15</sup> Falstaff is still punning. He here refers to the coin called *angel*, which of course grew *lighter* as it was clipped or became worn. "As *light* as a clipt *angel*" was a frequent comparison at that time. See *The Merchant of Venice*, p. 128, note 5.

<sup>16</sup> *Cannot go* refers to the *passing* of money; *cannot tell*, to the *counting* or *telling* of it.

<sup>17</sup> *Costard* was the old name for an apple: a *coster-monger* therefore was an *apple-pedler*. Here, however, the word is used to denote a time of petty traffic, or *huckstering*.

<sup>18</sup> *Pregnancy* is fulness of wit and invention.

<sup>19</sup> You look with bilious asperity upon our warm blood; the "hot temper," that "leaps o'er a cold decree."

are in the vaward of our youth,<sup>20</sup> I must confess, are wags too.

*Just.* Do you set down your name in the scroll of youth, that are written down old with all the characters of age? Have you not a moist eye, a dry hand, a yellow cheek, a white beard, a decreasing leg, an increasing belly? Is not your voice broken, your wind short, your chin double, your wit single,<sup>21</sup> and every part about you blasted with antiquity? and will you yet call yourself young? Fie, fie, fie, Sir John!

*Fal.* My lord, I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head and something a round belly. For my voice, — I have lost it with hollaing and singing of anthems. To approve my youth further, I will not: the truth is, I am only old in judgment and understanding; and he that will caper with me for a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him. For the box of the ear that the Prince gave you, he gave it like a rude prince, and you took it like a sensible lord. I have check'd him for it; and the young lion repents; marry, not in ashes and sackcloth, but in new silk and old sack.

*Just.* Well, God send the Prince a better companion!

*Fal.* God send the companion a better prince! I cannot rid my hands of him.

*Just.* Well, the King hath sever'd you and Prince Harry. I hear you are going with Lord John of Lancaster against the Archbishop and the Earl of Northumberland.

*Fal.* Yea; I thank your pretty sweet wit for it. But look you pray, all you that kiss my Lady Peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day; for, by the Lord, I take but two shirts out with me, and I mean not to sweat extraordinarily: if it be a hot day, an I brandish any thing but my bottle, I would I might never spit white again.<sup>22</sup> There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head, but I am thrust upon it: Well, I cannot last ever. But it was always yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common. If you will needs say I am an old man, you should give me rest. I would to God my name

<sup>20</sup> *Vaward* is an old word for *vanguard*. People in the *vaward* of their youth, I suppose, are people *just passing out of* their youth.

<sup>21</sup> *Single* is *simple*, *feeble*. *Single-witted* and *single-souled* were common epithets, to designate *simple persons*. The Justice insensibly catches Falstaff's style, and slides into a tilt of wit with him, having in *single* a sly reference to *double*, just before.

<sup>22</sup> I am not clear as to what Sir John means by invoking upon himself the evil of "never spitting white again." The natural explanation is, that drinking deep of his favourite beverage had or was supposed to have that effect. And such, I believe, is the fact. Heating drinks are apt to render the mouth frothy. And perhaps the humour lies in taking an unpleasant effect of a very pleasant indulgence.

were not so terrible to the enemy as it is: I were better to be eaten to death with rust than to be scour'd to nothing with perpetual motion.

*Just.* Well, be honest, be honest; and God bless your expedition!

*Fal.* Will your lordship lend me a thousand pound to furnish me forth?<sup>23</sup>

*Just.* Not a penny, not a penny; you are too impatient to bear crosses.<sup>24</sup> Fare you well: Commend me to my cousin Westmoreland. [*Exeunt Chief Justice and Attendant.*]

*Fal.* If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle.<sup>25</sup> — Boy!

*Page.* Sir?

*Fal.* What money is in my purse?

*Page.* Seven groats and twopence.

*Fal.* I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse: borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable. — Go bear this letter to my Lord of Lancaster; this to the Prince; this to the Earl of Westmoreland; and this to old Mistress Ursula, whom I have weekly sworn to marry since I perceiv'd the first white hair on my chin. About it: you know where to find me. [*Exit Page.*] A pox of this gout! for it plays the rogue with my great toe. 'Tis no matter, if I do halt; I have the wars for my colour, and my pension shall seem the more reasonable. A good wit will make use of any thing: I will turn diseases to commodity. [*Exit.*]

### SCENE III. *York. A Room in the Archbishop's Palace.*

*Enter the Archbishop, and the Lords HASTINGS, MOWBRAY, and BARDOLPH.*

*Arch.* Thus have you heard our cause and know our means; And, my most noble friends, I pray you all Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes. — And first, Lord Marshal, what say you to it?

<sup>23</sup> The judge has just been exhorting him to honesty: he therefore says, — Will your lordship let me have something to be honest with? If you will lend me a thousand pounds, I will agree not to steal for a while.

<sup>24</sup> The Judge grows more and more facetious, and at last falls to downright punning; thus showing that Falstaff is "not only witty in himself, but the cause that wit is in other men." Crosses were pieces of money. See page 44. note 2.

<sup>25</sup> This alludes to a common but cruel diversion of boys, called *filliping* the toad. They lay a board two or three feet long at right angles over a transverse piece two or three inches thick; then placing the toad at one end of the board, the other end is struck by a bat or large stick, which throws the poor toad forty or fifty feet from the earth; and the fall generally kills it. A *three-man beetle* is a heavy beetle, with three handles, used in driving piles.

*Mowb.* I well allow th' occasion of our arms ;  
But gladly would be better satisfied  
How, in our means, we should advance ourselves  
To look with forehead bold and big enough  
Upon the power and puissance of the King.

*Hast.* Our present musters grow upon the file  
To five-and-twenty thousand men of choice ;  
And our supplies lie largely in the hope  
Of great Northumberland, whose bosom burns  
With an incensed fire of injuries.

*Bard.* The question, then, Lord Hastings, standeth thus :  
Whether our present five-and-twenty thousand  
May hold up head without Northumberland.

*Hast.* With him, we may.

*Bard.* Ay, marry, there's the point :  
But if without him we be thought too feeble,  
My judgment is, we should not step too far  
Till we had his assistance by the hand ;  
For, in a theme so bloody-fac'd as this,  
Conjecture, expectation, and surmise  
Of aids uncertain, should not be admitted.

*Arch.* 'Tis very true, Lord Bardolph ; for, indeed,  
It was young Hotspur's case at Shrewsbury.

*Bard.* It was, my lord ; who lin'd himself with hope,  
Eating the air on promise of supply,  
Flattering himself with project of a power  
Much smaller than the smallest of his thoughts ;<sup>1</sup>  
And so, with great imagination,  
Proper to madmen, led his powers to death,  
And, winking, leap'd into destruction.

*Hast.* But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt  
To lay down likelihoods and forms of hope.

*Bard.* Yes, in this present quality of war :<sup>2</sup>  
Indeed the instant action — a cause on foot —  
Lives so in hope, as in an early Spring  
We see th' appearing buds ; which to prove fruit,  
Hope gives not so much warrant, as despair,  
That frosts will bite them. When we mean to build,

<sup>1</sup> That is, *which turned out to be much smaller*.

<sup>2</sup> The original has *if* instead of *in*, thus making *quality* the subject of *lives*. This makes the passage rather obscure, and hardly in keeping with the speaker's line of argument. "Yes," says his lordship, "it has done hurt to proceed upon mere likelihoods and forms of hope in this business or occupation of war." He then goes on reasoning very soberly and justly from the recent case of Hotspur, and applies the lessons of that miscarriage to the action now pressing upon them. The change of *if* to *in* was made by Johnson, and is generally accepted by the best editors. — The passage is wanting in the quarto.

We first survey the plot, then draw the model ;  
And when we see the figure of the house,  
Then must we rate the cost of the erection ;  
Which if we find outweighs ability,  
What do we then but draw anew the model  
In fewer offices,<sup>3</sup> or at last desist  
To build at all? Much more, in this great work,  
(Which is, almost, to pluck a kingdom down,  
And set another up,) should we survey  
The plot of situation and the model ;  
Consent upon a sure foundation ;  
Question surveyors ; know our own estate,  
How able such a work to undergo,  
To weigh against his opposite ;<sup>4</sup> or else  
We fortify in paper and in figures,  
Using the names of men instead of men :  
Like one that draws the model of a house  
Beyond his power to build it ; who, half through,  
Gives o'er, and leaves his part-created cost  
A naked subject to the weeping clouds,  
And waste for churlish Winter's tyranny.

*Hast.* Grant that our hopes, yet likely of fair birth,  
Should be still-born, and that we now possess'd  
The utmost man of expectation,  
I think we are a body strong enough,  
Even as we are, to equal with the King.

*Bard.* What, is the King but five-and-twenty thousand?

*Hast.* To us no more ; nay, not so much, Lord Bardolph.  
For his divisions, as the times do brawl,  
Are in three heads : one power against the French,<sup>5</sup>  
And one against Glendower ; perforce, a third  
Must take up us : So is the unfirm King  
In three divided, and his coffers sound  
With hollow poverty and emptiness.

*Arch.* That he should draw his several strengths together,  
And come against us in full puissance,  
Need not be dreaded.

*Hast.* If he should do so,  
He leaves his back unarm'd, the French and Welsh

<sup>3</sup> In the old English castles and palaces, certain rooms or apartments were called *offices*.

<sup>4</sup> *His* refers, apparently, to *estate*. The sense is somewhat obscure, but may be given thus: We should know how able our estate is to meet, or balance, the outlay that assails or threatens it. The use of *his* for *its* has been repeatedly noted.

<sup>5</sup> During this rebellion of Northumberland and the Archbishop, a French army of twelve thousand men landed at Milford Haven, in aid of Owen Glendower.

Baying him at the heels: never fear that.

*Bard.* Who, is it like, should lead his forces hither?

*Hast.* The Duke of Lancaster<sup>6</sup> and Westmoreland:  
Against the Welsh, himself and Harry Monmouth;  
But who is substituted 'gainst the French,  
I have no certain notice.

*Arch.* Let us on,  
And publish the occasion of our arms.  
The commonwealth is sick of their own choice;  
Their over-greedy love hath surfeited:  
An habitation giddy and unsure  
Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.  
O thou fond many! with what loud applause  
Didst thou beat heaven with<sup>b</sup> blessing Bolingbroke,  
Before he was what thou would'st have him be!  
And being now trimm'd in thine own desires,  
Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him,  
That thou provok'st thyself to cast him up.  
So, so, thou common dog, didst thou disgorge  
Thy glutton bosom of the royal Richard;  
And now thou would'st eat thy dead vomit up,  
And howl'st to find it. What trust is in these times?  
They that, when Richard liv'd, would have him die,  
Are now become enamour'd on his grave:  
Thou, that threw'st dust upon his goodly head  
When through proud London he came sighing on  
After th' admired heels of Bolingbroke,  
Cry'st now, *O Earth, yield us that King again,*  
*And take thou this!* O, thoughts of men accurst!  
Past and to come seem best; things present, worst.

*Mowb.* Shall we go draw our numbers, and set on?

*Hast.* We are Time's subjects, and Time bids be gone.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I. *London. A Street.*

*Enter Hostess; FANG and his Boy with her; and SNARE following.*

*Host.* Master Fang, have you enter'd the exion?

*Fang.* It is enter'd.

<sup>6</sup> This is an anachronism. Prince John of Lancaster was not created a duke till the second year of the reign of his brother, King Henry V. At this time Prince Henry was actually duke of Lancaster. Shakespeare was misled by Stowe, who, speaking of the first parliament of King Henry IV., says, "His second sonne was there made duke of Lancaster."

*Host.* Where's your yeoman?<sup>1</sup> Is't a lusty yeoman? will 'a stand to't? •

*Fang.* Sirrah, where's Snare?

*Host.* O Lord! ay: good Master Snare.

*Snare.* Here, here.

*Fang.* Snare, we must arrest Sir John Falstaff.

*Host.* Yea, good Master Snare; I have enter'd him and all.

*Snare.* It may chance cost some of us our lives, for he will stab.

*Host.* Alas the day! take heed of him: he stabb'd me in mine own house, and that most beastly. In good faith, 'a cares not what mischief he doth, if his weapon be out: he will foin like any devil;<sup>2</sup> he will spare neither man, woman, nor child.

*Fang.* If I can close with him, I care not for his thrust.

*Host.* No, nor I neither: I'll be at your elbow.

*Fang.* An I but fist him once; an 'a come but within my vice;<sup>3</sup> —

*Host.* I am undone by his going; I warrant you, he's an infinitive thing upon my score. — Good Master Fang, hold him sure: — good Master Snare, let him not 'scape. 'A comes continually to Pie-corner (saving your manhoods) to buy a saddle; and he's indited to dinner to the Lubbar's-head in Lumbert-street,<sup>4</sup> to Master Smooth's the silkman: I pray ye, since my exion is enter'd, and my case so openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his answer. A hundred mark is a long one for a poor lone woman to bear; and I have borne, and borne, and borne; and have been fubb'd off, and fubb'd off, and fubb'd off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing; unless a woman should be made an ass and a beast, to bear every knave's wrong. — Yonder he comes; and that arrant malmsey-nose knave Bardolph with him.<sup>5</sup> Do your offices, do your offices, Master Fang, and Master Snare; do me, do me, do me your offices.

*Enter Sir JOHN FALSTAFF, Page, and BARDOLPH.*

*Fal.* How now! whose mare's dead? what's the matter?

*Fang.* Sir John, I arrest you at the suit of Mistress Quickly.

<sup>1</sup> A bailiff's follower was formerly called a serjeant's *yeoman*.

<sup>2</sup> *Foin* is an old word for *thrust*. The Poet has it repeatedly.

<sup>3</sup> *Vice* is used for *grasp* or *clutch*. The *fist* is vulgarly called the *vice* in the west of England.

<sup>4</sup> *Lubbar* is Mrs. Quickly's version of *libbard*, which is the old form of *leopard*. The pictured heads of various animals were used as signs; as the libbard's by Master Smooth, and the boar's by Mrs. Quickly.

<sup>5</sup> The epithet *malmsey-nose* is probably given to Bardolph because his nose had the colour of malmsey wine.

*Fal.* Away, varlets! — Draw, Bardolph: cut me off the villain's head; throw the quean in the channel.

*Host.* Throw me in the channel! I'll throw thee in the channel. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou bastardy rogue! — Murder, murder! — O, thou honey-suckle villain! wilt thou kill God's officers, and the King's? O, thou honey-seed rogue! thou art a honey-seed; a man-queller, and a woman-queller.<sup>6</sup>

*Fal.* Keep them off, Bardolph.

*Fang.* A rescue! a rescue!

*Host.* Good people, bring a rescue or two. — Thou wilt not? thou wilt not? do, do, thou rogue! do, thou hemp-seed!

*Fal.* Away, you scullion! you rampallian! you fustilarian! I'll tickle your catastrophe.

*Enter the Lord Chief Justice, attended.*

*Just.* What's the matter? keep the peace here, ho!

*Host.* Good my lord, be good to me! I beseech you, stand to me!

*Just.* How now, Sir John! what, are you brawling here? Doth this become your place, your time, and business? You should have been well on your way to York. — Stand from him, fellow: wherefore hang'st upon him?

*Host.* O, my most worshipful lord, an't please your Grace, I am a poor widow of Eastcheap, and he is arrested at my suit.

*Just.* For what sum?

*Host.* It is more than for some, my lord; it is for all, all I have. He hath eaten me out of house and home: he hath put all my substance into that fat [body] of his; — but I will have some of it out again, or I'll ride thee o' nights like the mare.

*Fal.* I think I am as like to ride the mare, if I have any vantage of ground to get up.<sup>7</sup>

*Just.* How comes this, Sir John? Fie! what man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation? Are you not asham'd to enforce a poor widow to so rough a course to come by her own?

*Fal.* What is the gross sum that I owe thee?

*Host.* Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thyself and the money too. Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt goblet,<sup>8</sup> sitting in my Dolphin-chamber, at the round table, by a

<sup>6</sup> To *quell* was anciently used for to *kill*. — *Honey-suckle* and *honey-seed* are Quicklyisms for *homicidal* and *homicide*; as *indicted* and *exion* above are for *invited* and *action*.

<sup>7</sup> The gallows was jocosely called the two-legged, and sometimes the three-legged, *mare*. The hostess means the *nightmare*; but punning and Falstaff are inseparable.

<sup>8</sup> *Parcel-gilt* is *partly gilt*, or gilt only in parts. Laneham, in his *Letter*

sea-coal fire, upon Wednesday in Wheesun-week, when the Prince broke thy head for likening his father to a singing-man of Windsor; thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me, and make me my lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not goodwife Keech, the butcher's wife, come in then, and call me gossip Quickly? coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar; telling us she had a good dish of prawns; whereby thou didst desire to eat some; whereby I told thee they were ill for a green wound? And didst thou not, when she was gone down stairs, desire me to be no more so familiarity with such poor people; saying that ere long they should call me Madam? And didst thou not kiss me, and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath:<sup>9</sup> deny it, if thou canst.

*Fal.* My lord, this is a poor mad soul; and she says, up and down the town, that her eldest son is like you. She hath been in good case, and the truth is, poverty hath distracted her. But for these foolish officers, I beseech you, I may have redress against them.

*Just.* Sir John, Sir John, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cause the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with such more than impudent sauciness from you, can thrust me from a level consideration: you have, as it appears to me, practis'd upon the easy-yielding spirit of this woman, and made her serve your uses.

*Host.* Yea, in troth, my lord.

*Just.* 'Pr'ythee, peace. — Pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villainy you have done her: the one you may do with sterling money, and the other with current repentance.

*Fal.* My lord, I will not undergo this sneap<sup>10</sup> without reply. You call honourable boldness impudent sauciness: if a man will make curtsy,<sup>11</sup> and say nothing, he is virtuous. No, my lord, my humble duty remember'd, I will not be your suitor: I say to you, I do desire deliverance from these officers, being upon hasty employment in the King's affairs.

*Just.* You speak as having power to do wrong: but an-

*from Kenilworth*, describing a bride-cup, says, — "It was formed of a sweet sucket barrel, a faire turn'd foot set to it, all seemly be-sylvered and *parcel-gilt*."

<sup>9</sup> *Book-oath* probably refers to the custom of swearing upon the Bible, or "kissing the book."

<sup>10</sup> *Sneap* is *reproof*, *rebuke*. *Snip*, *snib*, *sneb*, and *snub* are different forms of the same word. To *sneap* was originally to *check* or *pinch* by frost. Shakespeare has *sneaping* frost and *sneaping* winds in other places.

<sup>11</sup> Making *curtsy* is the same as making a *leg*; a form of obeisance much used in former times. See page 288, note 39.

swer in the effect of your reputation, and satisfy the poor woman.

*Fal.* Come hither, Hostess.

[*Taking her aside.*]

*Enter GOWER.*

*Just.* Now, Master Gower! what news?

*Gow.* The King, my lord, and Harry Prince of Wales  
Are near at hand: the rest the paper tells. [*Gives a Letter.*]

*Fal.* — as I am a gentleman.

*Host.* Nay, you said so before.

*Fal.* As I am a gentleman. Come, no more words of it.

*Host.* By this heavenly ground I tread on, I must be fain  
to pawn both my plate and the tapestry of my dining-cham-  
bers.

*Fal.* Glasses, glasses, is the only drinking: and for thy  
walls,—a pretty slight drollery, or the story of the prodigal,  
or the German hunting in water-work,<sup>12</sup> is worth a thousand  
of these bed-hangings and these fly-bitten tapestries. Let it  
be ten pound, if thou canst. Come, an 'twere not for thy  
humours, there is not a better wench in England. Go, wash  
thy face, and draw thy action:<sup>13</sup> Come, thou must not be in  
this humour with me: dost not know me? Come, come, I  
know thou wast set on to this.

*Host.* 'Pray thee, Sir John, let it be but twenty nobles:  
if faith, I am loth to pawn my plate, so God save me, la.

*Fal.* Let it alone; I'll make other shift: you'll be a fool  
still.

*Host.* Well, you shall have it, though I pawn my gown.  
I hope you'll come to supper. You'll pay me altogether?

*Fal.* Will I live?—[*To BARDOLPH.*] Go, with her, with  
her; hook on, hook on.

*Host.* Will you have Doll Tearsheet meet you at supper?

*Fal.* No more words; let's have her.

[*Exeunt Hostess, BARDOLPH, Officers, and Page.*]

*Just.* I have heard better news.

*Fal.* What's the news, my lord?

*Just.* Where lay the King last night?

*Gow.* At Basingstoke, my lord.

*Fal.* I hope, my lord, all's well: What is the news, my  
lord?

<sup>12</sup> *Water-work* is *water-colour paintings* or *hangings*. The painted cloth was generally oil-colour; but a cheaper sort, probably resembling in their execution some modern paper-hangings, was brought from Holland or Germany, executed in water-colour, or distemper. The German hunting, or wild-boar hunt, would consequently be a prevalent subject.—*Drollery* in Shakespeare's time meant a kind of *puppet-show*.

<sup>13</sup> *Draw* has here the force of *withdraw*; referring to the prosecution she had entered against him.

*Just.* Come all his forces back?

*Gow.* No; fifteen hundred Foot, five hundred Horse,  
Are march'd up to my Lord of Lancaster,  
Against Northumberland and the Archbishop.

*Fal.* Comes the King back from Wales, my noble lord?

*Just.* You shall have letters of me presently:  
Come, go along with me, good Master Gower.

*Fal.* My lord!

*Just.* What's the matter?

*Fal.* Master Gower, shall I entreat you with me to dinner?

*Gow.* I must wait upon my good lord here: I thank you,  
good Sir John.

*Just.* Sir John, you loiter here too long, being you are to  
take soldiers up in counties as you go.

*Fal.* Will you sup with me, Master Gower?

*Just.* What foolish master taught you these manners, Sir  
John?

*Fal.* Master Gower, if they become me not, he was a fool  
that taught them me. — This is the right fencing grace, my  
lord; tap for tap, and so part fair.<sup>14</sup>

*Just.* Now the Lord lighten thee! thou art a great Fool.<sup>15</sup>

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. Another Street.*

*Enter Prince HENRY and POINTZ.*

*Prince.* Before God, I am exceeding weary.

*Pointz.* Is't come to that? I had thought weariness durst  
not have attach'd one of so high blood.

*Prince.* 'Faith, it does me; though it discolours the complex-  
ion of my greatness to acknowledge it. Doth it not show  
vilely in me to desire small beer?

*Pointz.* Why, a prince should not be so loosely studied as to  
remember so weak a composition.

*Prince.* Belike, then, my appetite was not princely got; for,  
by my troth, I do now remember the poor creature, small  
beer. But indeed these humble considerations make me out  
of love with my greatness. What a disgrace is it to me to  
remember thy name! or to know thy face to-morrow! or to

<sup>14</sup> *Tap for tap* is equivalent to our phrase *tit for tat*. Falstaff has just been retorting upon the Judge in the Judge's own kind; not heeding his questions, but going right on with his talk, as if no questions had been asked. In saying "he was a fool that taught them me," Sir John refers to the usage he has turned upon the Chief Justice.

<sup>15</sup> I suspect his lordship uses *fool* here in the sense of the "allowed fool," who, like Touchstone, was permitted to take all sorts of liberties with his superiors, and no one but a dunce thought of taking any offence at his jests.

take note how many pair of silk stockings thou hast, *viz.*, these, and those that were thy peach-colour'd ones! or to bear the inventory of thy shirts; as, one for superfluity, and one other for use! — but that the tennis-court-keeper knows better than I; for it is a low ebb of linen with thee when thou keep'st not racket there;<sup>1</sup> as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of thy low-countries have made a shift to eat up thy holland: and God knows whether those that bawl out of the ruins of thy linen shall inherit His kingdom:<sup>2</sup> but the [nurses] say the children are not in the fault; whereupon the world increases, and kindreds are mightily strengthen'd.

*Pointz.* How ill it follows, after you have labour'd so hard, you should talk so idly! Tell me how many good young princes would do so, their fathers being so sick as yours at this time is?

*Prince.* Shall I tell thee one thing, Pointz?

*Pointz.* Yes, faith; and let it be an excellent good thing.

*Prince.* It shall serve among wits of no higher breeding than thine.

*Pointz.* Go to; I stand the push of your one thing that you will tell.

*Prince.* Marry, I tell thee, — it is not meet that I should be sad, now my father is sick; albeit I could tell to thee (as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend) I could be sad, and sad indeed too.

*Pointz.* Very hardly, upon such a subject.

*Prince.* By this hand, thou think'st me as far in the Devil's book as thou and Falstaff for obduracy and persistency: let the end try the man. But I tell thee, my heart bleeds inwardly that my father is so sick; and keeping such vile company as thou art hath in reason taken from me all ostentation of sorrow.

*Pointz.* The reason?

*Prince.* What would'st thou think of me, if I should weep?

*Pointz.* I would think thee a most princely hypocrite.

*Prince.* It would be every man's thought! and thou art a blessed fellow to think as every man thinks: never a man's thought in the world keeps the road-way better than thine: every man would think me a hypocrite indeed. And what accites your most worshipful thought to think so?

*Pointz.* Why, because you have been so lewd, and so much engrafted to Falstaff.

<sup>1</sup> I suspect a quibble is intended on *racket* here, which, in one of its senses, was an instrument used in playing the game of tennis.

<sup>2</sup> The Prince is referring to Pointz' children, who are supposed to have occasion for all the old shirts he can spare. "Bawl out" is the old reading for "bawl out of." I am not sure, however, but it means *wear out* in their bawling age.

*Prince.* And to thee.

*Pointz.* By this light, I am well spoken on; I can hear it with mine own ears: the worst that they can say of me is, that I am a second brother, and that I am a proper fellow of my hands;<sup>3</sup> and those two things, I confess, I cannot help. By the Mass, here comes Bardolph.

*Prince.* And the boy that I gave Falstaff: 'a had him from me Christian; and look, if the fat villain have not transform'd him ape.

*Enter BARDOLPH and Page.*

*Bard.* God save your Grace!

*Prince.* And yours, most noble Bardolph!

*Bard.* [*To the Page.*] Come, you virtuous ass, you bashful fool, must you be blushing? wherefore blush you now? What a maidenly man-at-arms are you become!

*Page.* He call'd me even now, my lord, through a red lattice,<sup>4</sup> and I could discern no part of his face from the window: at last I spied his eyes; and methought he had made two holes in the ale-wife's new petticoat, and so peeped through.

*Prince.* Hath not the boy profited?

*Bard.* Away, you upright rabbit, away!

*Page.* Away, you rascally Althea's dream, away!

*Prince.* Instruct us, boy; what dream, boy?

*Page.* Marry, my lord, Althea dream'd she was deliver'd of a fire-brand; and therefore I call him her dream.<sup>5</sup>

*Prince.* A crown's worth of good interpretation:—There 'tis, boy. [*Gives him Money.*]

*Pointz.* O, that this good blossom could be kept from cankers!—Well, there is sixpence to preserve thee. [*Gives him Money.*]

*Bard.* An you do not make him be hang'd among you, the gallows shall be wrong'd.

*Prince.* And how doth thy master, Bardolph?

*Bard.* Well, my lord. He heard of your Grace's coming to town: there's a letter for you. [*Hands a Letter.*]

*Pointz.* Deliver'd with good respect.—And how doth the martlemas, your master?<sup>6</sup>

<sup>3</sup> "A proper fellow of my hands" probably means a man of valour and execution. "A tall man," and "a tall man of his hands," were used in the same sense. See page 179, note 3.

<sup>4</sup> *Red lattice* was a common term for an ale-house window. The fashion of red lattices in such houses is often alluded to by the old writers.

<sup>5</sup> The Poet stumbles here in his mythology, confounding Althea's fire-brand with Hecuba's. Hecuba, before the birth of Paris, dreamed that she was the mother of a fire-brand that consumed Troy. Althea's fire-brand was a reality, not a dream.

<sup>6</sup> Falstaff is before called *latter spring*, *all-hallow summer*, and Pointz now calls him *martlemas*, a corruption of *martinmas*, which means the

*Bard.* In bodily health, sir.

*Pointz.* Marry, the immortal part needs a physician; but that moves not him: though that be sick, it dies not.

*Prince.* I do allow this wen to be as familiar with me as my dog; and he holds his place, for look you, how he writes.

*Pointz.* [Reads.] *John Falstaff, Knight*, — Every man must know that, as oft as he has occasion to name himself: even like those that are kin to the King; for they never prick their finger but they say, *There's some of the King's blood spilt. How comes that?* says he, that takes upon him not to conceive. The answer is as ready as a borrower's cap; *I am the King's poor cousin, sir.*

*Prince.* Nay, they will be kin to us, or they will fetch it from Japhet. But to the letter: —

*Pointz.* [Reads.] *Sir John Falstaff, Knight, to the son of the King, nearest his father, Harry, Prince of Wales, greeting.* — Why, this is a certificate.

*Prince.* Peace!

*Pointz.* [Reads.] *I will imitate the honourable Roman<sup>7</sup> in brevity:—sure he means brevity in breath, short-winded.—I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with Pointz; for he misuses thy favours so much, that he swears thou art to marry his sister Nell. Repent at idle times as thou may'st, and so farewell.*

*Thine, by yea and no, (which is as much as to say, as thou usest him,) JACK FALSTAFF, with my familiars; JOHN, with my brothers and sisters; and SIR JOHN with all Europe. —*

My lord, I'll steep this letter in sack, and make him eat it.

*Prince.* That's to make him eat twenty of his words. But do you use me thus, Ned? must I marry your sister?

*Pointz.* God send the wench no worse fortune! but I never said so.

*Prince.* Well, thus we play the Fools with the time; and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds, and mock us. — Is your master here in London?

*Bard.* Yes, my lord.

*Prince.* Where sups he? doth the old boar feed in the old frank?<sup>8</sup>

same thing, the feast of St. Martin being considered the latter end of autumn. It means therefore an old fellow with juvenile passions.

<sup>7</sup> Alluding to the celebrated bulletin, *veni, vidi, vici*, with which Julius Cæsar is said to have announced his victory at Zela.

<sup>8</sup> A place to fatten a boar in. Thus, in Holland's *Pliny*: "Swine will be well fat and well larded in sixtie daies; and the rather, if before you begin to *franke* them up, they be kept altogether from meat three daies."

*Bard.* At the old place, my lord, in Eastcheap.

*Prince.* What company?

*Page.* Ephesians, my lord, — of the old church.<sup>9</sup>

*Prince.* Sup any women with him?

*Page.* None, my lord, but old Mistress Quickly and Mistress Doll Tearsheet.

*Prince.* What pagan may that be?

*Page.* A proper gentlewoman, sir, and a kinswoman of my master's.

*Prince.* Shall we steal upon them, Ned, at supper?

*Pointz.* I am your shadow, my lord; I'll follow you.

*Prince.* Sirrah, you boy, — and Bardolph, — no word to your master that I am yet come to town: There's for your silence.  
[*Giving Money.*]

*Bard.* I have no tongue, sir.

*Page.* And for mine, sir, I will govern it.

*Prince.* Fare ye well; go. [*Exeunt BARDOLPH and Page.*]  
— How might we see Falstaff bestow himself to-night in his true colours,<sup>10</sup> and not ourselves be seen?

*Pointz.* Put on two leathern jerkins and aprons, and wait upon him at his table as drawers.

*Prince.* From a god to a bull? a heavy descension! it was Jove's case. From a prince to a prentice? a low transformation! that shall be mine; for in every thing the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me, Ned.  
[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III. *Warkworth. Before the Castle.*

*Enter* NORTHUMBERLAND, *Lady* NORTHUMBERLAND, *and*  
*Lady* PERCY.

*North.* I pray thee, loving wife, and gentle daughter,  
Give even way unto my rough affairs:  
Put not you on the visage of the times,  
And be, like them, to Percy troublesome.

*Lady N.* I have given over, I will speak no more:  
Do what you will; your wisdom be your guide.

*North.* Alas, sweet wife, my honour is at pawn;  
And, but my going, nothing can redeem it.

*Lady P.* O, yet, for God's sake, go not to these wars!  
The time was, father, that you broke your word,  
When you were more endear'd to it than now;

<sup>9</sup> A slang phrase probably signifying *topers*, or *jolly companions of the old sort*.

<sup>10</sup> That is, *bear*, or *behave* himself. So, in *As You Like It*, iv. 3: "The boy bestows himself like a ripe sister."

When your own Percy, when my heart's dear Harry  
 Threw many a northward look to see his father  
 Bring up his powers; but he did long in vain.  
 Who then persuaded you to stay at home?  
 There were two honours lost, yours and your son's:  
 For yours, — may heavenly glory brighten it!  
 For his, — it stuck upon him, as the Sun  
 In the gray vault of heaven; and by his light  
 Did all the chivalry of England move  
 To do brave acts: he was indeed the glass  
 Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves:  
 He had no legs that practis'd not his gait;  
 And speaking thick,<sup>11</sup> which Nature made his blemish,  
 Became the accents of the valiant;  
 For those that could speak low and tardily  
 Would turn their own perfection to abuse,  
 To seem like him: So that, in speech, in gait,  
 In diet, in affections of delight,  
 In military rules, humours of blood,  
 He was the mark and glass, copy and book,  
 That fashion'd others. And him, — O, wondrous him!  
 O, miracle of men! — him did you leave  
 (Second to none, unseconded by you)  
 To look upon the hideous god of war  
 In disadvantage; to abide a field,  
 Where nothing but the sound of Hotspur's name  
 Did seem defensible! — so you left him.  
 Never, O, never do his ghost the wrong  
 To hold your honour more precise and nice  
 With others than with him! let them alone.  
 The Marshal and the Archbishop are strong:  
 Had my sweet Harry had but half their numbers,  
 To-day might I, hanging on Hotspur's neck,  
 Have talk'd of Monmouth's grave.

*North.* Beshrew your heart,  
 Fair daughter! you do draw my spirits from me  
 With new lamenting ancient oversights.  
 But I must go, and meet with danger there,  
 Or it will seek me in another place,  
 And find me worse provided.

*Lady N.* O, fly to Scotland,  
 Till that the nobles and the armed Commons  
 Have of their puissance made a little taste.

<sup>11</sup> Speaking *thick* is speaking *quick*, rapidity of utterance. So, in *Cymbeline*: "Say, and *speak thick*: love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing."

*Lady P.* If they get ground and vantage of the King,  
Then join you with them, like a rib of steel,  
To make strength stronger; but, for all our loves,  
First let them try themselves. So did your son;  
He was so suffer'd: so came I a widow;  
And never shall have length of life enough  
To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes,<sup>12</sup>  
That it may grow and sprout as high as Heaven,  
For recordation to my noble husband.

*North.* Come, come, go in with me. 'Tis with my mind  
As with the tide swell'd up unto his height,  
That makes a still-stand, running neither way:  
Fain would I go to meet the Archbishop,  
But many thousand reasons hold me back.  
I will resolve for Scotland: there am I,  
Till time and vantage crave my company. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *London. A Room in the Boar's-Head Tavern, Eastcheap.*

*Enter two Drawers.*

1 *Draw.* What the Devil hast thou brought there? apple-Johns? thou know'st Sir John cannot endure an apple-John.<sup>1</sup>

2 *Draw.* Mass, thou say'st true. The Prince once set a dish of apple-Johns before him, and told him there were five more Sir Johns; and, putting off his hat, said, *I will now take my leave of these six dry, round, old, wither'd knights.* It anger'd him to the heart;<sup>2</sup> but he hath forgot that.

1 *Draw.* Why, then, cover, and set them down: and see if thou canst find out Sneak's noise;<sup>3</sup> Mistress Tearsheet would fain hear some music. Despatch:—The room where they supp'd is too hot; they'll come in straight.

2 *Draw.* Sirrah, here will be the Prince and Master Pointz anon; and they will put on two of our jerkins and aprons, and Sir John must not know of it: Bardolph hath brought word.

<sup>12</sup> Alluding to the plant *rosemary*, so called because it was the symbol of remembrance, and therefore used at weddings and funerals.

<sup>1</sup> This apple, which was said to keep two years, is well described by Philips in a passage quoted page 305, note 1. Falstaff has already said of himself, "I am *withered* like an old *apple-john*."

<sup>2</sup> *Anger* was sometimes used for simple *grief* or *distress*, without implying any desire to *punish*. Thus, in *St. Mark* iii. 5, speaking of our Saviour: "And when he had looked round about on them with *anger*, being *grieved* for the hardness of their heart."

<sup>3</sup> A *noise*, or a *consort*, was used for a *set* or *company* of musicians. Sneak was a street minstrel, and therefore the drawer goes out to listen for his band.

1 *Draw*. By the Mass, here will be old utis:<sup>4</sup> it will be an excellent stratagem.

2 *Draw*. I'll see if I can find out Sneak. [Exit.]

*Enter Hostess and DOLL TEARSHEET.*

*Host*. I' faith, sweetheart, methinks now you are in an excellent good temperality; your pulsidge beats as extraordinarily as heart would desire, and your colour, I warrant you, is as red as any rose: but, i' faith, you have drunk too much canaries; and that's a marvellous searching wine, and it perfumes the blood ere one can say, *What's this?* How do you now?

*Dol*. Better than I was. Hem.

*Host*. Why, that's well said; a good heart's worth gold. Lo, here comes Sir John.

*Enter FALSTAFF, singing.*

*Fal*. *When Arthur first in Court — And was a worthy king.*<sup>5</sup> [Exit Drawer.] — How now, Mistress Doll!

*Host*. Sick of a calm;<sup>6</sup> yea, good faith.

*Fal*. So is all her sect; an they be once in a calm, they are sick.

*Dol*. You muddy rascal, is that all the comfort you give me?

*Host*. By my troth, this is the old fashion: you two never meet, but you fall to some discord. You are both, in good truth, as rheumatic<sup>7</sup> as two dry toasts; you cannot one bear with another's confirmities. What the good-year!<sup>8</sup> one must

<sup>4</sup> *Old* was often used as an augmentative, something as *huge* is used now. — *Utis*, sometimes spelt *utas*, and derived by Skinner from the French *huit*, properly meant the octave of a saint's day, and hence was applied generally to sport-making and festivity. Thus, in *A Contention between Liberality and Prodigality*, 1602: "With some roysting harmony let us begin the *utas* of our jollitie." The word, it is said, is still used in Warwickshire for what is called a *row*. So that *old utis* is a *grand frolic*.

<sup>5</sup> The ballad from which this is taken is entitled *Sir Launcelot du Lake*, and is printed entire in Book ii. Series i. of Percy's *Reliques*. The first stanza as there given runs thus:

"When Arthur first in court began,  
And was approved king,  
By force of armes great victorys wonne,  
And conquest home did bring."

<sup>6</sup> *Calm* is a Quicklyism for *qualm*. Falstaff seizes the occasion to perpetrate a pun.

<sup>7</sup> Mrs. Quickly means *splenetic*. It should be remarked, however, that *rheum* seems to have been a cant word for *spleen*.

<sup>8</sup> The origin and meaning of this term have not been satisfactorily explained. The most likely account makes it a corruption of *gougere*, which was used of a certain French disease. It was sometimes spelt *good-ger*. It came to be used as an unmeaning expletive.

bear, [*To DOLL*] and that must be you: you are the weaker vessel, as they say; the emptier vessel.

*Dol.* Can a weak empty vessel bear such a huge full hogs-head? there's a whole merchant's venture of Bourdeaux stuff in him; you have not seen a hulk better stuff'd in the hold. — Come, I'll be friends with thee, Jack: thou art going to the wars; and whether I shall ever see thee again or no, there is nobody cares.<sup>9</sup>

*Re-enter Drawer.*

*Draw.* Sir, Ancient Pistol's below,<sup>10</sup> and would speak with you.

*Dol.* Hang him, swaggering rascal! let him not come hither: it is the foul-mouth'dst rogue in England.

*Host.* If he swagger, let him not come here: no, by my faith; I must live amongst my neighbours; I'll no swaggerers: I am in good name and fame with the very best. — Shut the door; — there comes no swaggerers here: I have not liv'd all this while, to have swaggering now: — shut the door, I pray you.

*Fal.* Dost thou hear, Hostess? —

*Host.* 'Pray you, pacify yourself, Sir John: there comes no swaggerers here.

*Fal.* Dost thou hear? it is mine ancient.

*Host.* Tilly-vally,<sup>11</sup> Sir John, ne'er tell me: your ancient swaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before Master Tisick,<sup>12</sup> the deputy, t'other day; and, as he said to me, — it was no longer ago than Wednesday last, — *Neighbour Quickly*, says he; — Master Dumb, our minister, was by then; — *Neighbour Quickly*, says he, *receive those that are civil; for, saith he, you are in an ill name: — now he said so, I can tell whereupon; for, says he, you are an honest woman, and well thought on; therefore take heed what guests you receive: Re-*

<sup>9</sup> It has been aptly suggested that Mistress Doll, as if inspired by the present visitation, grows poetical here, and improvisatress a little in the lyric vein. The close of her speech, if set to the eye as it sounds to the ear, would stand something thus:

“Come, I'll be friends with thee, Jack:  
Thou art going to the wars;  
And whether I shall ever see thee again,  
Or no, there is nobody cares.”

<sup>10</sup> *Ancient* is an old corruption of *ensign*. See page 316, note 7.

<sup>11</sup> An old exclamation equivalent to our *fiddle-faddle*. See page 197, note 14.

<sup>12</sup> The names of Master *Tisick* and Master *Dumb* are intended to denote that the deputy was puffy and short-winded; the minister one of those who preached only the homilies set forth by authority. The Puritans nicknamed them Dumb-dogs.

*ceive*, says he, *no swaggering companions*. — There comes none here: — you would bless you to hear what he said. — No, I'll no swaggerers.

*Fal.* He's no swaggerer, Hostess; a tame cheater, i' faith; you may stroke him as gently as a puppy greyhound: he'll not swagger with a Barbary hen, if her feathers turn back in any show of resistance. — Call him up, drawer. [*Exit Drawer.*]

*Host.* Cheater, call you him? I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater:<sup>13</sup> but I do not love swaggering; by my troth, I am the worse when one says *swagger*. Feel, masters, how I shake; look you, I warrant you.

*Dol.* So you do, Hostess.

*Host.* Do I? yea, in very truth, do I, an 'twere an aspen leaf: I cannot abide swaggerers.

*Enter* PISTOL, BARDOLPH, and Page.

*Pist.* God save you, Sir John!

*Fal.* Welcome, Ancient Pistol. Here, Pistol, I charge you with a cup of sack: do you discharge upon mine hostess.

*Pist.* I will discharge upon her, Sir John, with two bullets.

*Fal.* She is pistol-proof, sir; you shall hardly offend her.

*Host.* Come, I'll drink no proofs nor no bullets: I'll drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleasure, I.

*Pist.* Then to you, Mistress Dorothy; I will charge you.

*Dol.* Charge me! I scorn you, scurvy companion. What! you poor, base, rascally, cheating, lack-linen mate! Away, you mouldy rogue, away!

*Pist.* I know you, Mistress Dorothy.

*Dol.* Away, you cut-purse rascal! you filthy bung,<sup>14</sup> away! by this wine, I'll thrust my knife in your mouldy chaps, an you play the saucy cuttle with me. Away, you bottle-ale rascal! you basket-hilt stale juggler, you! — Since when, I pray you, sir? — God's light! with two points on your shoulder? much!<sup>15</sup>

*Pist.* God let me not live, but I will murder your ruff for this.

*Fal.* No more, Pistol; I would not have you go off here: discharge yourself of our company, Pistol.

*Host.* No, good Captain Pistol; not here, sweet Captain.

<sup>13</sup> The humour consists in Mrs. Quickly's mistaking a *cheater* for an *es-cheator*, or officer of the Exchequer.

<sup>14</sup> To *nip a bung*, in the cant of thievery, was to *cut a purse*. Doll means to call him *pickpocket*. *Cuttle* and *cuttle-bung* were also cant terms for the knife used by cutpurses. These terms are therefore used by metonymy for a thief.

<sup>15</sup> These *two points* were laces, marks of his commission. — *Much!* was a common expression of scorn.

*Dol.* Captain! thou abominable damn'd cheater, art thou not asham'd to be call'd captain? If captains were of my mind, they would truncheon you out, for taking their names upon you before you have earn'd them. — He a captain! Hang him, rogue! He lives upon mouldy stew'd prunes and dried cakes. A captain! these villains will make the word as odious as the word *occupy*; <sup>16</sup> which was an excellent good word before it was ill-sorted: therefore captains had need look to't.

*Bard.* 'Pray thee, go down, good Ancient.

*Fal.* Hark thee hither, Mistress Doll.

*Pist.* Not I: I tell thee what, Corporal Bardolph, I could tear her. — I'll be reveng'd of her.

*Page.* 'Pray thee, go down.

*Pist.* I'll see her damn'd first; — to Pluto's damned lake, by this hand, to the infernal deep, with Erebus and tortures vile also. Hold hook and line, say I. Down! down, dogs! down, faitors! Have we not Hiren here? <sup>17</sup>

*Host.* Good Captain Peesel, be quiet; 'tis very late, i' faith: I beseech you now, aggravate your choler.

*Pist.* These be good humours indeed! Shall packhorses, And hollow pamper'd jades of Asia, Which cannot go but thirty miles a day, <sup>18</sup> Compare with Cæsars, and with Cannibals, <sup>19</sup> And Trojan Greeks? nay, rather damn them with King Cerberus, and let the welkin roar. Shall we fall foul for toys?

*Host.* By my troth, Captain, these are very bitter words.

*Bard.* Be gone, good Ancient: this will grow to a brawl anon.

*Pist.* Die men, like dogs! give crowns like pins! Have we not Hiren here?

*Host.* O' my word, Captain, there's none such here. What the good-year! do you think I would deny her? for God's sake, be quiet.

*Pist.* Then, feed and be fat, my fair Calipolis. <sup>20</sup> Come, give's some sack.

<sup>16</sup> This word had been perverted to a bad meaning. Ben Jonson, in his *Discoveries*, says, — "Many, out of their own obscene apprehensions, refuse proper and fit words, as *occupy*, nature."

<sup>17</sup> Shakespeare has put into the mouth of Pistol a tissue of absurd and fustian passages from many ridiculous old plays. *Have we not Hiren here*, is probably a line from a play of George Peele's, called *The Turkish Mahomet and Hiren the Fair Greek*. *Hiren*, from its resemblance to *siren*, was used for a seducing woman. Pistol, in his rants, twice brings in the same words, but apparently meaning to give his sword the name of *Hiren*. Mrs. Quickly, with admirable simplicity, supposes him to ask for a woman.

<sup>18</sup> This is a parody of the lines addressed by Tamburlaine to the captive princes who draw his chariot, in Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, 1590.

<sup>19</sup> A Pistolian blunder for *Hannibals*.

<sup>20</sup> In *The Battle of Alcazar*, a play which Mr. Dyce assigns to Peele, we

*Si fortune, me tormente, sperato me contente.*<sup>21</sup> —

Fear we broadsides? no, let the fiend give fire:

Give me some sack; and, sweetheart, lie thou there.

[*Laying down his Sword.*

Come we to full points here, and are *et-ceteras* nothing? <sup>22</sup>

*Fal.* Pistol, I would be quiet.

*Pist.* Sweet Knight, I kiss thy neif.<sup>23</sup> What! we have seen the seven stars.

*Dol.* For God's sake, thrust him down stairs: I cannot endure such a fustian rascal.

*Pist.* Thrust him down stairs! know we not Galloway nags? <sup>24</sup>

*Fal.* Quoit him down,<sup>25</sup> Bardolph, like a shove-groat shilling: nay, an 'a do nothing but speak nothing, 'a shall be nothing here.

*Bard.* Come, get you down stairs.

*Pist.* What! shall we have incision? shall we imbrue? —

[*Snatching up his Sword.*

Then death rock me asleep, abridge my doleful days!

Why, then let grievous, ghastly, gaping wounds

Untwine the Sisters Three! Come, Atropos, I say! <sup>26</sup>

*Host.* Here's goodly stuff toward!

*Fal.* Give me my rapier, boy.

*Dol.* I pray thee, Jack, I pray thee, do not draw.

*Fal.* Get you down stairs.

[*Drawing, and driving PISTOL out.*

*Host.* Here's a goodly tumult! I'll forswear keeping house, afore I'll be in these tirrits and frights. So; murder, I war-

meet with the line, "Feed, then, and faint not, *my fair Calipolis.*" And again: "*Feed and be fat*, that we may meet the foe." Pistol is supposed to have haunted the pit, and there got charged with these bits of theatrical ammunition.

<sup>21</sup> This, no doubt, is Pistol's reading or repeating of the motto on his sword; the same which he has already called *Hiren*, and which he calls *sweet-heart* a little after. Some editors have corrected his repetition into grammatical Italian: but why not as well correct his *Cannibals* and *Trojan Greeks*? As his sword was probably a Toledo blade, the motto on it would naturally be in Spanish, and so would read thus: "*Se fortuna mi tormenta, lo sperare mi contenta.*" But I see no good reason for attempting to *de-Pistolize* the text, and therefore leave it as it is in the folio.

<sup>22</sup> That is, shall we stop here, and have no more sport?

<sup>23</sup> *Neif* is used by Shakespeare for *fist*. It is a north country word, to be found in Ray's *Collection*.

<sup>24</sup> Common hackneys.

<sup>25</sup> That is, *pitch* him down. The *shove-groat shillings* were broad shillings of King Edward VI. In *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, i. 1, they are spoken of as *Edward shovel-boards*.

<sup>26</sup> Pistol scatters out fragments of old ballads as well as of old plays. "O death, rock me on slepe, bring me on quiet rest," is from an ancient song attributed to Anne Boleyn. There is another in the *Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions*, 1578, which has furnished him with some of his *rhodomontade*.

rant, now. — Alas, alas! put up your naked weapons, put up your naked weapons. [*Exeunt* PISTOL and BARDOLPH.]

*Dol.* I pray thee, Jack, be quiet; the rascal's gone. Ah, you little valiant villain, you!

*Host.* Are you not hurt i' the groin? methought 'a made a shrewd thrust at you.

*Re-enter* BARDOLPH.

*Fal.* Have you turn'd him out o' doors?

*Bard.* Yes, sir. The rascal's drunk; you have hurt him, sir, in the shoulder.

*Fal.* A rascal! to brave me!

*Dol.* Ah, you sweet little rogue, you! Alas, poor ape, how thou sweat'st! Come, let me wipe thy face; — come on, you chops: — ah, rogue! i' faith, I love thee: thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon, and ten times better than the Nine Worthies: ah, villain!

*Fal.* A rascally slave! I will toss the rogue in a blanket.

*Dol.* Do, an thou dar'st, for thy heart.

*Enter* Musicians.

*Page.* The music is come, sir.

*Fal.* Let them play: — Play, sirs. — [*Music.*] A rascal bragging slave! the rogue fled from me like quicksilver.

*Dol.* I' faith, and thou follow'dst him like a church. Thou little tidy Bartholomew boar-pig,<sup>27</sup> when wilt thou leave fighting o' days, and begin to patch up thine old body for Heaven?

*Enter, behind, Prince* HENRY *and* POINTZ, *disguised as* Drawers.

*Fal.* Peace, good Doll! do not speak like a death's-head; do not bid me remember mine end.

*Dol.* Sirrah, what humour 's the Prince of?

*Fal.* A good shallow young fellow: 'a would have made a good pantler; 'a would ha' chipp'd bread well.

*Dol.* They say Pointz has a good wit.

*Fal.* He a good wit? hang him, baboon! his wit 's thick as Tewksbury mustard; there's no more conceit in him than is in a mallet.

*Dol.* Why does the Prince love him so, then?

<sup>27</sup> Doll says this in coaxing playful ridicule of Falstaff's enormous bulk. Roasted pigs were formerly among the chief attractions of Bartholomew fair; they were sold, piping hot, in booths and on stalls, and were ostentatiously displayed to excite the appetite of passengers. It was a common subject of allusion.

*Fal.* Because their legs are both of a bigness; and 'a plays at quoits well; and eats conger and fennel;<sup>28</sup> and drinks off candles' ends for flap-dragons; and rides the wild-mare with the boys;<sup>29</sup> and jumps upon joint-stools; and swears with a good grace; and wears his boot very smooth, like unto the sign of the leg; and breeds no bate with telling of discreet stories; and such other gambol faculties 'a has, that show a weak mind and an able body, for the which the Prince admits him: for the Prince himself is such another; the weight of a hair will turn the scales between their avoirdupois.

*Prince.* Would not this nave of a wheel have his ears cut off?<sup>30</sup>

*Pointz.* Let's beat him.

*Prince.* Look, if the wither'd elder hath not his poll claw'd like a parrot.

*Fal.* Kiss me, Doll.

*Prince.* Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction!<sup>31</sup> what says the almanac to that?

*Pointz.* And look, whether the fiery Trigon, his man, be not lipping to his master's old tables, his note-book, his counsel-keeper.<sup>32</sup>

*Fal.* Thou dost give me flattering busses.

*Dol.* By my troth, I kiss thee with a most constant heart.

*Fal.* I am old, I am old.

*Dol.* I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy young boy of them all.

*Fal.* What stuff wilt have a kirtle of?<sup>33</sup> I shall receive money 'o Thursday; shalt have a cap to-morrow. A merry

<sup>28</sup> *Conger* is a species of eel, and is spoken of in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Philaster*, ii. 2, as a "duller of the vital spirits." *Fennel* is an aromatic herb, used in flavouring meats. Why the eating of them together is thus mentioned, does not well appear. Perhaps the Poet had some reason, now not known, for setting it down as a favourite dish with the Prince.

<sup>29</sup> A *flap-dragon* was some small combustible body set on fire and put afloat in a glass of liquor. It was an act of dexterity in the toper to swallow it without burning his mouth. — *Riding the wild-mare* is another name for the childish sport of see-saw.

<sup>30</sup> Falstaff is humorously called *nave of a wheel*, from his rotundity of figure. The equivocal between *nave* and *knave* is obvious.

<sup>31</sup> This was indeed a prodigy. The astrologers, says Ficinus, remark that *Saturn and Venus* are never conjoined.

<sup>32</sup> *Trigon* or triangle, a term in the old judicial astrology. They called it a *fiery trigon* when the three upper planets met in a fiery sign; which was thought to denote rage and contention. Pointz refers to Bardolph, who is supposed to be whispering to the Hostess, Sir John's *counsel-keeper*.

<sup>33</sup> Few words have occasioned such controversy as *kirtle*. The most familiar terms are often the most baffling to the antiquary; for, being in general use, they were clearly understood by our ancestors, and therefore are not accurately defined in the dictionaries. A *kirtle*, from the Saxon *cyrte*, to *gird*, was undoubtedly a *petticoat*, which sometimes had a body without sleeves attached to it.

song! come; it grows late. Thou'lt forget me, when I am gone.

*Dol.* By my troth, thou'lt set me a-weeping, an thou say'st so: prove that ever I dress myself handsome till thy return. — Well, hearken the end.

*Fal.* Some sack, Francis!

*Prince and Pointz.* [*Advancing.*] Anon, anon, sir.

*Fal.* Ha! a bastard son of the King's? — And art not thou Pointz his brother?<sup>84</sup>

*Prince.* Why, thou globe of sinful continents, what a life dost thou lead!

*Fal.* A better than thou: I am a gentleman; thou art a drawer.

*Prince.* Very true, sir; and I come to draw you out by the ears.

*Host.* O, the Lord preserve thy good Grace! by my troth, welcome to London. Now the Lord bless that sweet face of thine! O Jesu! are you come from Wales?

*Fal.* Thou mad compound of majesty, — by this light flesh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome.

[*Leaning his hand upon DOLL.*]

*Dol.* How, you fat fool! I scorn you.

*Pointz.* My lord, he will drive you out of your revenge, and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.

*Prince.* You candle-mine,<sup>85</sup> you, how vilely did you speak of me even now, before this honest, virtuous, civil gentlewoman!

*Host.* God's blessing of your good heart! and so she is, by my troth.

*Fal.* Didst thou hear me?

*Prince.* Yes; and you knew me, as you did when you ran away by Gads-hill: you knew I was at your back, and spoke it on purpose to try my patience.

*Fal.* No, no, no; not so; I did not think thou wast within hearing.

*Prince.* I shall drive you, then, to confess the wilful abuse; and then I know how to handle you.

*Fal.* No abuse, Hal, o' mine honour; no abuse.

*Prince.* Not, — to dispraise me, and call me pantler, and bread-chipper, and I know not what?

*Fal.* No abuse, Hal.

*Pointz.* No abuse!

<sup>84</sup> *Pointz his* is the old form of the possessive, which was going out of use in the Poet's time. It would now be written *Pointz's* or *Pointz'*.

<sup>85</sup> Alluding to the fat, or *candle-timber* wrapped up in Sir John's establishment.

*Fal.* No abuse, Ned, i' the world; honest Ned, ~~none~~. I disprais'd him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with him; — in which doing, I have done the part of a careful friend and a true subject, and thy father is to give me thanks for it. No abuse, Hal; — none, Ned, none; — no, 'faith, boys, none.

*Prince.* See now, whether pure fear and entire cowardice doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman to close with us. Is she of the wicked? is thine hostess here of the wicked? or is the boy of the wicked? or honest Bardolph, whose zeal burns in his nose, of the wicked?

*Pointz.* Answer, thou dead elm, answer.

*Fal.* The fiend hath prick'd down Bardolph irrecoverable; and his face is Lucifer's privy-kitchen, where he doth nothing but roast malt-worms. For the boy, — there is a good angel about him; but the Devil outbids him too.

*Prince.* You, gentlewoman, —

*Dol.* What says your Grace?

*Fal.* His grace says that which his flesh rebels against.<sup>86</sup>

[*Knocking heard.*]

*Host.* Who knocks so loud at door? — Look to the door there, Francis.

*Enter* PETO.

*Prince.* Peto, how now! what news?

*Peto.* The King your father is at Westminster; And there are twenty weak and wearied posts Come from the North: and, as I came along, I met and overtook a dozen captains, Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns, And asking every one for Sir John Falstaff.

*Prince.* By Heaven, Pointz, I feel me much to blame, So idly to profane the precious time; When tempest of commotion, like the South Borne with black vapour, doth begin to melt, And drop upon our bare unarmed heads. Give me my sword and cloak. — Falstaff, good night.

[*Exeunt* Prince HENRY, POINTZ, PETO, and BARDOLPH.]

*Fal.* Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the night, and we must hence. [*Knocking heard.*] More knocking at the door?

*Re-enter* BARDOLPH.

— How now! what's the matter?

*Bard.* You must away to Court, sir, presently: A dozen captains stay at door for you.

<sup>86</sup> A quibble is here intended, I think, between *Grace* as a title and *grace* in the theological sense; alluding, probably, to St. Paul's antagonism between the Spirit and the flesh. *Galatians* v. 17.

*Fal.* [*To the Page.*] Pay the musicians, sirrah. — Farewell, Hostess ; — farewell, Doll. — You see, my good wenches, how men of merit are sought after : the undeserver may sleep, when the man of action is call'd on. Farewell, good wenches : if I be not sent away post, I will see you again ere I go.

*Dol.* I cannot speak ; — if my heart be not ready to burst ! — Well, sweet Jack, have a care of thyself.

*Fal.* Farewell, farewell.

[*Exeunt FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.*]

*Host.* Well, fare thee well : I have known thee these twenty-nine years, come peascod-time ; but an honest and truer-hearted man, — Well, fare thee well.

*Bard.* [*Within.*] Mistress Tearsheet !

*Host.* What's the matter ?

*Bard.* [*Within.*] Bid Mistress Tearsheet come to my master.

*Host.* O, run, Doll, run ; run, good Doll ! [*Exeunt.*]

### ACT III. SCENE I. *Westminster. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter the KING in his Night-gown, with a Page.*

*King.* Go call the Earls of Surrey and of Warwick ;  
But, ere they come, bid them o'er-read these letters,  
And well consider of them : make good speed. —

[*Exit Page.*]

How many thousand of my poorest subjects  
Are at this hour asleep ! — O Sleep ! O gentle Sleep !  
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,  
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,  
And steep my senses in forgetfulness ?  
Why rather, Sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,  
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,  
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,  
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,  
Under the canopies of costly state,  
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody ?  
O, thou dull god ! why liest thou with the vile  
In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch  
A watch-case or a common 'larum bell ?<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The most probable meaning of this obscure passage is, that the *kingly couch*, when *sleep* has left it, is as the case or box which shelters the *watch-man* ; or as the *common bell* that is to sound the *alarm* and rouse the sleeping people at the coming of danger.

Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast  
 Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains  
 In cradle of the rude imperious surge,  
 And in the visitation of the winds,  
 Who take the ruffian billows by the top,  
 Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them  
 With deafening clamour in the slippery shrouds,  
 That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?<sup>2</sup>  
 Canst thou, O partial Sleep! give thy repose  
 To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;  
 And in the calmest and most stillest night,  
 With all appliances and means to boot,  
 Deny it to a king? Then, happy lowly clown!<sup>3</sup>  
 Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

*Enter WARWICK and SURREY.*

*War.* Many good morrows to your Majesty.

*King.* Is it good-morrow, lords?

*War.* 'Tis one o'clock, and past.

*King.* Why, then, good morrow to you all, my lords.  
 Have you read o'er the letters that I sent you?

*War.* We have, my liege.

*King.* Then you perceive the body of our kingdom  
 How foul it is; what rank diseases grow,  
 And with what danger, near the heart of it.

*War.* It is but as a body yet distemper'd,  
 Which to his former strength may be restor'd  
 With good advice and little medicine.  
 My Lord Northumberland will soon be cool'd.

*King.* O God! that one might read the book of fate,  
 And see the revolution of the times  
 Make mountains level, and the continent  
 Weary of solid firmness, melt itself  
 Into the sea! and, other times, to see  
 The beachy girdle of the ocean  
 Too wide for Neptune's hips; how chances mock,  
 And changes fill the cup of alteration  
 With divers liquors! O, if this were seen,  
 The happiest youth, viewing his progress through, —

<sup>2</sup> *Hurly* is a noise or tumult, as *hurly-burly* in the first scene of *Macbeth*.

<sup>3</sup> The exact reading of the first folio here is, "Then happy Lowe, lye Jowne." Warburton thought the Poet might have written "happy lowlie clowne;" and Gilbert Wakefield, in a note on *Lucretius*, tells us the same had occurred to him. Dr. Johnson adopted the correction, and Mr. Dyce gives some arguments in favour of it, but does not recommend its adoption into the text. The reader will scarce need to be told how easy it were for a printer or transcriber to mistake *cl* for *d*, and several instances have been pointed out where this mistake has been made.

What perils past, what crosses to ensue,<sup>4</sup> —  
 Would shut the book, and sit him down and die.  
 'Tis not ten years gone,  
 Since Richard and Northumberland, great friends,  
 Did feast together, and in two years after  
 Were they at wars: it is but eight years since  
 This Percy was the man nearest my soul;  
 Who like a brother toil'd in my affairs,  
 And laid his love and life under my foot;  
 Yea, for my sake, even to the eyes of Richard,  
 Gave him defiance. But which of you was by,<sup>5</sup> —  
 [To WAR.] You, cousin Neville, as I may remember, —  
 When Richard, with his eye brimfull of tears,  
 Then check'd and rated by Northumberland,  
 Did speak these words, now prov'd a prophecy?  
*Northumberland, thou ladder by the which*  
*My cousin Bolingbroke ascends my throne; —*  
 Though then, God knows, I had no such intent,  
 But that necessity so bow'd the State,  
 That I and greatness were compell'd to kiss; —  
*The time shall come, thus did he follow it,*  
*The time will come, that foul sin, gathering head,*  
*Shall break into corruption: —* so went on,  
 Foretelling this same time's condition,  
 And the division of our amity.

War. There is a history in all men's lives,  
 Figuring the nature of the times deceas'd;  
 The which observ'd, a man may prophesy,  
 With a near aim, of the main chance of things  
 As yet not come to life; which in their seeds  
 And weak beginnings lie intreasur'd.  
 Such things become the hatch and brood of time;  
 And, by the necessary form of this,  
 King Richard might create a perfect guess,  
 That great Northumberland, then false to him,

<sup>4</sup> The sense of this whole line is evidently future. "What perils *being* past, what crosses are to ensue;" that is, what crosses will still await us, when we shall have passed through how great perils.

<sup>5</sup> The reference here is to Act v. scene 1 of *King Richard II.*, where Northumberland visits Richard in the Tower, to order his removal to Pomfret. The Poet had probably forgotten that Bolingbroke had already mounted the throne, and that neither he nor Warwick was present at the interview referred to, unless the latter was among the attendants of Northumberland, as he is not named among the *Dramatis Personæ*. In the next line, also, there is some confusion. *Ralph Neville* was at that time earl of *Westmoreland*, and the name of the Earl of *Warwick* was *Beauchamp*. The latter earldom did not come into the Neville family till many years after, when Anne, the heiress of that earldom was married to Richard Neville, son to the Earl of Salisbury.

Would of that seed grow to a greater falseness ;  
Which should not find a ground to root upon,  
Unless on you.

*King.* Are these things, then, necessities ?  
Then let us meet them like necessities ;  
And that same word even now cries out on us.  
They say the Bishop and Northumberland  
Are fifty thousand strong.

*War.* It cannot be, my lord :  
Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo,  
The numbers of the fear'd. Please it your Grace  
To go to bed. Upon my soul, my lord,  
The powers that you already have sent forth  
Shall bring this prize in very easily.  
To comfort you the more, I have receiv'd  
A certain instance that Glendower is dead.<sup>6</sup>  
Your Majesty hath been this fortnight ill ;  
And these unseason'd hours perforce must add  
Unto your sickness.

*King.* I will take your counsel :  
And, were these inward wars once out of hand,  
We would, dear lords, unto the Holy Land. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *Court before Justice SHALLOW's House in  
Glostershire.*

*Enter SHALLOW and SILENCE meeting ; MOULDY, SHADOW,  
WART, FEEBLE, BULL-CALF, and Servants, behind.*

*Shal.* Come on, come on, come on, sir ; give me your hand,  
sir, give me your hand, sir : an early stirrer, by the rood.<sup>1</sup>  
And how doth my good cousin Silence ?

*Sil.* Good morrow, good cousin Shallow.

*Shal.* And how doth my cousin, your bedfellow ? and your  
fairest daughter, and mine, my god-daughter Ellen ?

*Sil.* Alas ! a black ouzel, cousin Shallow.

*Shal.* By yea and nay, sir, I dare say my cousin William  
is become a good scholar. He is at Oxford still, is he not ?

*Sil.* Indeed, sir ; to my cost.

*Shal.* He must then to the Inns-o'-Court shortly :<sup>2</sup> I was  
once of Clement's-Inn ; where, I think, they will talk of mad  
Shallow yet.

<sup>6</sup> Glendower did not die till after King Henry IV. Shakespeare was led into this error by Holinshed.

<sup>1</sup> The rood is the cross or crucifix.

<sup>2</sup> Inns-of-Court are colleges where the younger "limbs of the law" pursue their legal studies and have their lodgings. Of this sort are Gray's-Inn, Lincoln's-Inn, the Inner Temple, and Middle Temple.

*Sil.* You were call'd lusty Shallow then, cousin.

*Shal.* By the Mass, I was call'd any thing; and I would have done any thing indeed, and roundly too. There was I, and little John Doit of Staffordshire, and black George Bare, and Francis Pickbone, and Will Squele a Cotswold man;<sup>3</sup> you had not four such swinge-bucklers in all the Inns-o'-Court again. Then was Jack Falstaff, now Sir John, a boy, and page to Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk.<sup>4</sup>

*Sil.* This Sir John, cousin, that comes hither anon about soldiers?

*Shal.* The same Sir John, the very same. I saw him break Skogan's head at the court-gate, when 'a was a crack not thus high:<sup>5</sup> and the very same day did I fight with one Sampson Stockfish, a fruiterer, behind Gray's-Inn. Jesu, Jesu, the mad days that I have spent! and to see how many of mine old acquaintance are dead!

*Sil.* We shall all follow, cousin.

*Shal.* Certain, 'tis certain; very sure, very sure: death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all; all shall die.—How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair?

*Sil.* Truly, cousin, I was not there.

*Shal.* Death is certain.—Is old Double of your town living yet?

*Sil.* Dead, sir.

*Shal.* Jesu, Jesu, Dead!—'a drew a good bow;—and dead!—'a shot a fine shoot:—John o' Gaunt loved him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead!—'a would have clapp'd in the clout at twelve score;<sup>6</sup> and carried you a fore-hand shaft a fourteen and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a man's heart good to see.—How a score of ewes now?

*Sil.* Thereafter as they be: a score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.

*Shal.* And is old Double dead?

<sup>3</sup> The Cotswold Hills, in Gloucestershire, were famous for rural sports of all kinds; by distinguishing Will Squele as a Cotswold man, Shallow meant to have understood it that he was well versed in manly exercises, and consequently of a daring spirit and athletic constitution.—*Swinge-bucklers* and *swash-bucklers* were terms implying *rakes* and *rioters*, in the time of Shakespeare.

<sup>4</sup> Mr. Halliwell has ascertained that Sir John Oldcastle, "the good Lord Cobham," was, in fact, in his youth, page to Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk; and from this he justly argues that Oldcastle was the original name of Falstaff.

<sup>5</sup> A *crack* is a forward *boy*.

<sup>6</sup> Hit the white mark at twelve score yards. By the statute 33 Hen. VIII. c. 9, every person turned of seventeen years of age, who shoots at a less distance than twelve score, is to forfeit six shillings and eight pence. A *fore-hand shaft* is an arrow specially formed for shooting straight forward. To carry such an arrow fourteen score yards was doing well.

*Sil.* Here come two of Sir John Falstaff's men, as I think.

*Enter BARDOLPH and One with him.*

*Bard.* Good morrow, honest gentlemen: I beseech you, which is Justice Shallow?

*Shal.* I am Robert Shallow, sir; a poor esquire of this county, and one of the King's justices of the peace. What is your good pleasure with me?

*Bard.* My captain, sir, commends him to you; my captain, Sir John Falstaff; a tall gentleman, by Heaven, and a most gallant leader.

*Shal.* He greets me well, sir: I knew him a good back-sword man. How doth the good knight? may I ask how my lady his wife doth?

*Bard.* Sir, pardon; a soldier is better accommodated than with a wife.

*Shal.* It is well said, in faith, sir; and it is well said indeed too. Better accommodated!—it is good; yea, indeed, is it: good phrases are surely, and ever were, very commendable. Accommodated:—it comes of *accomodo*: very good; a good phrase.<sup>7</sup>

*Bard.* Pardon me, sir; I have heard the word. Phrase, call you it? By this good day, I know not the phrase;<sup>8</sup> but I will maintain the word with my sword to be a soldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command. Accommodated; that is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated; or, when a man is,—being,—whereby,—'a may be thought to be accommodated; which is an excellent thing.

*Shal.* It is very just.—Look, here comes good Sir John.

*Enter FALSTAFF.*

—Give me your good hand, give me your worship's good hand. By my troth, you like well,<sup>9</sup> and bear your years very well: welcome, good Sir John.

*Fal.* I am glad to see you well, good Master Robert Shallow.—Master Surecard, as I think.

*Shal.* No, Sir John; it is my cousin Silence, in commission with me.

*Fal.* Good Master Silence, it well befits you should be of the peace.

*Sil.* Your good worship is welcome.

<sup>7</sup> It appears to have been fashionable in the Poet's time to introduce this word *accommodate* upon all occasions. Ben Jonson, in his *Discoveries*, calls it one of the perfumed terms of the time.

<sup>8</sup> Bardolph means that he does not understand the word *phrase*.

<sup>9</sup> So the quarto; the folio, "you *look* well." To *like well* is to be in good liking; that is, *fat*. See page 805, note 2.

*Fal.* Fie! this is hot weather. — Gentlemen, have you provided me here half a dozen sufficient men?

*Shal.* Marry, have we, sir. Will you sit?

*Fal.* Let me see them, I beseech you.

*Shal.* Where's the roll? where's the roll? where's the roll?  
— Let me see, let me see, let me see: so, so, so, so. Yea, marry, sir: — Ralph Mouldy! — Let them appear as I call; let them do so, let them do so. — Let me see; where is Mouldy?

*Moul.* Here, an 't please you.

*Shal.* What think you, Sir John? a good-limb'd fellow; young, strong, and of good friends.

*Fal.* Is thy name Mouldy?

*Moul.* Yea, an 't please you.

*Fal.* 'Tis the more time thou wert us'd.

*Shal.* Ha, ha, ha! most excellent, i' faith! things that are mouldy lack use: very singular good! — In faith, well said, Sir John; very well said.

*Fal.* [*To SHALLOW.*] Prick him.<sup>10</sup>

*Moul.* I was prick'd well enough before, an you could have let me alone: my old dame will be undone now, for one to do her husbandry and her drudgery. You need not to have prick'd me; there are other men fitter to go out than I.

*Fal.* Go to; peace, Mouldy! you shall go: Mouldy, it is time you were spent.

*Moul.* Spent!

*Shal.* Peace, fellow, peace! stand aside: know you where you are? — For the others, Sir John: — let me see; — Simon Shadow!

*Fal.* Yea, marry, let me have him to sit under: he's like to be a cold soldier.

*Shal.* Where's Shadow?

*Shad.* Here, sir.

*Fal.* Shadow, whose son art thou?

*Shad.* My mother's son, sir.

*Fal.* Thy mother's son! like enough; and thy father's shadow. It is often so, indeed.

*Shal.* Do you like him, Sir John?

*Fal.* Shadow will serve for Summer; prick him; for we have a number of shadows to fill up the muster-book.

*Shal.* Thomas Wart!

*Fal.* Where's he.

*Wart.* Here, sir.

*Fal.* Is thy name Wart?

*Wart.* Yea, sir.

<sup>10</sup> *Prick him* is *mark him*; set a mark against his name.

*Fal.* Thou art a very ragged wart.

*Shal.* Shall I prick him, Sir John?

*Fal.* It were superfluous; for his apparel is built upon his back, and the whole frame stands upon pins: prick him no more.

*Shal.* Ha, ha, ha! — you can do it, sir; you can do it:<sup>11</sup> I commend you well. — Francis Feeble!

*Fee.* Here, sir.

*Fal.* What trade art thou, Feeble?

*Fee.* A woman's tailor, sir.

*Shal.* Shall I prick him, sir?

*Fal.* You may; but if he had been a man's tailor, he'd ha' prick'd you. — Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battle as thou hast done in a woman's petticoat?

*Fee.* I will do my good will, sir; you can have no more.

*Fal.* Well said, good woman's tailor! well said, courageous Feeble! Thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove or most magnanimous mouse. — Prick the woman's tailor well, Master Shallow; deep, Master Shallow.

*Fee.* I would Wart might have gone, sir.

*Fal.* I would thou wert a man's tailor, that thou might'st mend him, and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to a private soldier, that is the leader of so many thousands:<sup>12</sup> let that suffice, most forcible Feeble.

*Fee.* It shall suffice, sir.

*Fal.* I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble. — Who is next?

*Shal.* Peter Bullcalf of the Green!

*Fal.* Yea, marry, let us see Bullcalf.

*Bull.* Here, sir.

*Fal.* 'Fore God, a likely fellow! — Come, prick me Bullcalf till he roar again.

*Bull.* O Lord! good my lord Captain, —

*Fal.* What, dost thou roar before thou art prick'd?

*Bull.* O Lord, sir! I am a diseased man.

*Fal.* What disease hast thou?

*Bull.* A [villainous] cold, sir; a cough, sir; which I caught with ringing in the King's affairs upon his coronation-day, sir.

*Fal.* Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a gown: we will have away thy cold; and I will take such order, that thy friends shall ring for thee. — Is here all?

*Shal.* Here is two more call'd than your number; you must

<sup>11</sup> Can do what? I am not sure as to that; but I suspect it means about the same as our phrase, "You are up to it;" that is, the business in hand, whatever it may be.

<sup>12</sup> Falstaff means, perhaps, that Wart commands an army of parasites.

have but four here, sir: and so, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.

*Fal.* Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you, by my troth, Master Shallow.

*Shal.* O, Sir John, do you remember since we lay all night in the windmill in Saint George's Field? <sup>13</sup>

*Fal.* No more of that, good Master Shallow; no more of that.

*Shal.* Ha, 'twas a merry night. And is Jane Nightwork alive?

*Fal.* She lives, master Shallow.

*Shal.* She never could away with me. <sup>14</sup>

*Fal.* Never, never; she would always say she could not abide Master Shallow.

*Shal.* By the Mass, I could anger her to the heart. Doth she hold her own well?

*Fal.* Old, old, Master Shallow.

*Shal.* Nay, she must be old; she cannot choose but be old; certain, she's old; and had Robin Nightwork by old Nightwork before I came to Clement's-Inn.

*Sil.* That's fifty-five years ago.

*Shal.* Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen that that this knight and I have seen! — Ha, Sir John, said I well?

*Fal.* We have heard the chimes at midnight, Master Shallow.

*Shal.* That we have, that we have, that we have; in faith, Sir John, we have: our watch-word was, *Hem, boys!* — Come, let's to dinner; come, let's to dinner. — O, the days that we have seen! — Come, come.

[*Exeunt* FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, and SILENCE.]

*Bull.* Good Master Corporate Bardolph, stand my friend; and here's four Harry ten shillings <sup>15</sup> in French crowns for you. In very truth, sir, I had as lief be hang'd, sir, as go: and yet, for mine own part, sir, I do not care; but rather, because I am unwilling, and, for mine own part, have a desire to stay with my friends: else, sir, I did not care, for mine own part, so much.

*Bard.* Go to; stand aside.

*Moul.* And, good Master Corporal Captain, for my old dame's sake, stand my friend: she has nobody to do any

<sup>13</sup> It appears that *since* was sometimes used in the sense of *when*. So, in the famous passage in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, ii. 1: "Thou remember'st *since* once I sat upon a promontory, and heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back," &c.

<sup>14</sup> This phrase, — equivalent to cannot *endure*, or cannot *abide*, — was quite common in Shakespeare's time, and is scarce obsolete yet.

<sup>15</sup> There were no coins of ten shillings' value in Henry the Fourth's time. Shakespeare's *Harry ten shillings* were those of Henry VII. or Henry VIII.

thing about her, when I am gone ; and she is old, and cannot help herself. You shall have forty, sir.

*Bard.* Go to ; stand aside.

*Fee.* By my troth, I care not ; a man can die but once ; — we owe God a death. I'll ne'er bear a base mind ; — an't be my destiny, so ; an't be not, so. No man's too good to serve his prince ; and, let it go which way it will, he that dies this year is quit for the next.

*Bard.* Well said ; thou'rt a good fellow.

*Fee.* 'Faith I'll bear no base mind.

*Re-enter FALSTAFF and the Justices.*

*Fal.* Come, sir, which men shall I have ?

*Shal.* Four of which you please.

*Bard.* Sir, a word with you : — I have three pound to free Mouldy and Bullcalf.<sup>16</sup>

*Fal.* Go to ; well.

*Shal.* Come, Sir John, which four will you have ?

*Fal.* Do you choose for me.

*Shal.* Marry, then, — Mouldy, Bullcalf, Feeble, and Shadow.

*Fal.* Mouldy and Bullcalf : — For you, Mouldy, stay at home till you are past service ; — and, for your part, Bullcalf, grow till you come unto it : — I will none of you.

*Shal.* Sir John, Sir John, do not yourself wrong : they are your likeliest men, and I would have you serv'd with the best.

*Fal.* Will you tell me, Master Shallow, how to choose a man ? Care I for the limb, the thews,<sup>17</sup> the stature, bulk, and big assemblance of a man ? Give me the spirit, Master Shallow. — Here's Wart ; — you see what a ragged appearance it is ; 'a shall charge you, and discharge you, with the motion of a pewterer's hammer ; come off, and on, swifter than he that gibbets-on the brewer's bucket.<sup>18</sup> And this same half-fac'd fellow, Shadow, — give me this man : he presents no mark to the enemy ; the foeman may with as great aim level at the edge of a penknife. And, for a retreat, — how swiftly will this Feeble, the woman's tailor, run off ! O, give me the

<sup>16</sup> Bardolph was to have *four* pound : perhaps he means to conceal part of his profit.

<sup>17</sup> Shakespeare uses *thews* in a sense almost peculiar to himself, for *muscular strength* or *sinews*. In ancient writers, *thews* generally signifies *manners, behaviour, or qualities of the mind or disposition* : in which sense it is used by Chaucer, Spenser, Ben Jonson, and others.

<sup>18</sup> Dr. Johnson explains this from a personal acquaintance with the terms of the brewery, "Swifter than he who puts the buckets on the beam, or gibbet, that passes across his shoulders, in order to carry the beer from the vat to the barrel."

spare men, and spare me the great ones. — Put me a caliver into Wart's hand, Bardolph.<sup>19</sup>

*Bard.* Hold, Wart, traverse;<sup>20</sup> thus, thus, thus.

*Fal.* Come, manage me your caliver. So: — very well: — go to: — very good: — exceeding good. — O, give me always a little, lean, old, chapp'd, bald shot.<sup>21</sup> — Well said, i' faith, Wart: thou'rt a good scab; hold, there's a tester for thee.

*Shal.* He is not his craft's master; he doth not do it right. I remember at Mile-end green,<sup>22</sup> when I lay at Clement's-Inn, (I was then Sir Dagonet in Arthur's show,<sup>23</sup>) there was a little quiver fellow, and 'a would manage you his piece thus; and 'a would about and about, and come you in and come you in: *rah, tah, tah*, would 'a say; *bounce*, would 'a say; and away again would 'a go, and again would 'a come. — I shall ne'er see such a fellow.

*Fal.* These fellows will do well, Master Shallow. — God keep you, Master Silence: I will not use many words with you. — Fare you well, gentlemen both: I thank you. I must a dozen mile to-night. — Bardolph, give the soldiers coats.

*Shal.* Sir John, the Lord bless you! God prosper your affairs, and send us peace! At your return, visit our house; let our old acquaintance be renewed: Peradventure I will with you to the Court.

*Fal.* 'Fore God, I would you would, Master Shallow.

*Shal.* Go to; I have spoke at a word. Fare you well.

[*Exeunt* SHALLOW and SILENCE.]

*Fal.* Fare you well, gentle gentlemen. — On, Bardolph; lead the men away. [*Exeunt* BARDOLPH, *Recruits, &c.*] — As I return, I will fetch off these justices. I do see the bottom of Justice Shallow. Lord, Lord, how subject we old men are to this vice of lying! This same starv'd justice hath done

<sup>19</sup> A *caliver* was lighter than a musket, and was fired without a rest.

<sup>20</sup> *Traverse* was an ancient military term for *march*. "*Traverse*," says Bullokar, "to march up and down, or to move the feet with proportion, as in dancing."

<sup>21</sup> *Shot*, for *shooter*. So, in the *Exercise of Arms*, 1609: "First of all is in this figure showed to every *shot* how he shall stand and march, and carry his *caliver*." — *Well said* was used where we should say "*well done*."

<sup>22</sup> *Mile-End Green* was the place for public sports and exercises. Stowe mentions that, in 1585, four thousand citizens were trained and exercised there.

<sup>23</sup> *Arthur's show* was an exhibition of archers, styling themselves "the Auncient Order, Society and Unitie laudable of Prince Arthure and his Knightly Armory of the Round Table." The members were fifty-eight in number, taking the names of the knights in the romantic history of that chivalric worthy. This society was established by charter under King Henry the Eighth, who, "when he saw a good archer indeede, chose him and ordained such a one for a knight of this order." Shakespeare has heightened the ridicule of Shallow's vanity and folly, by making him boast that he was *Sir Dagonet*, who is represented in the romance as King Arthur's fool. — *Quiver* is *nimble, active*.

nothing but prate to me of the wildness of his youth, and the feats he hath done about Turnbull-street;<sup>24</sup> and every third word a lie, duer paid to the hearer than the Turk's tribute. I do remember him at Clement's-Inn, like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring: when 'a was naked, he was, for all the world, like a fork'd radish, with a head fantastically carv'd upon it with a knife: 'a was so forlorn, that his dimensions to any thick sight were invincible;<sup>25</sup> 'a was the very Genius of Famine: 'a came ever in the rear-ward of the fashion; and sung those tunes to the overscutch'd huswives<sup>26</sup> that he heard the carmen whistle, and sware they were his Fancies or his Good-nights. And now is this Vice's dagger<sup>27</sup> become a squire; and talks as familiarly of John of Gaunt as if he had been sworn brother to him; and I'll be sworn 'a ne'er saw him but once in the Tilt-yard, and then he burst his head for crowding among the Marshal's men.<sup>28</sup> I saw it, and told John o' Gaunt he beat his own name;<sup>29</sup> for you might have thrust him and all his apparel into an eel-skin; the case of a treble hautboy was a mansion for him, a court: and now has he land and beeves. Well, I'll be acquainted with him, if I return; and it shall go hard but I'll make him a philosopher's two stones to me.<sup>30</sup> If the young dace be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason in the law of nature but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and there an end. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I. *Gaultree Forest in Yorkshire.*

*Enter the Archbishop, MOWBRAY, HASTINGS, and Others.*

*Arch.* What is this forest call'd?

*Hast.* 'Tis Gaultree Forest, an't shall please your Grace.

<sup>24</sup> *Turnbull-street*, or *Turnball-street*, is a corruption of *Turnmill-street*, near Clerkenwell; anciently the resort of bullies, rogues, and other dissolute persons.

<sup>25</sup> *Invincible* seems to be used metaphorically for *not to be mastered or taken in*.

<sup>26</sup> The old copies have "*over-scutch'd huswives*." *Scutch'd* is commonly explained to mean the same as *switched* or *whipped*. — The passage aptly hits off a perpetual sort of people who never find out what the fashion is, till it has passed away. Antony gives a like character to Lepidus: *Julius Caesar*, iv. 1, note 8.

<sup>27</sup> There is something excessively ludicrous in the comparison of Shallow to this powerless weapon of that droll personage, the old Vice or Fool. See page 283, note 15.

<sup>28</sup> *Burst*, *brast*, and *broken* were formerly synonymous.

<sup>29</sup> That he was gaunter than *Gaunt*.

<sup>30</sup> This is only a humorous exaggerative way of expressing, He shall be more than the philosopher's stone to me, or *twice as good*. "*It shall go hard but I will make*" means "*I will try mighty hard rather than fail to make*." See page 184, note 8.

*Arch.* Here stand, my lords ; and send discoverers forth  
To know the numbers of our enemies.

*Hast.* We have sent forth already.

*Arch.*

'Tis well done. —

My friends and brethren in these great affairs,  
I must acquaint you that I have receiv'd  
New-dated letters from Northumberland ;  
Their cold intent, tenour, and substance, thus :  
Here doth he wish his person, with such powers  
As might hold sortance with his quality,  
The which he could not levy ; whereupon  
He is retir'd, to ripe his growing fortunes,  
To Scotland ; and concludes in hearty prayers  
That your attempts may overlive the hazard  
And fearful meeting of their opposite.

*Mowb.* Thus do the hopes we have in him touch ground,  
And dash themselves to pieces.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Hast.*

Now, what news ?

*Mess.* West of this forest, scarcely off a mile,  
In goodly form comes on the enemy ;  
And, by the ground they hide, I judge their number  
Upon or near the rate of thirty thousand.

*Mowb.* The just proportion that we gave them out.  
Let us sway on, and face them in the field. <sup>1</sup>

*Arch.* What well-appointed leader fronts us here ? <sup>2</sup>

*Mowb.* I think it is my Lord of Westmoreland.

*Enter WESTMORELAND.*

*West.* Health and fair greeting from our General,  
The Prince, Lord John and Duke of Lancaster.

*Arch.* Say on, my Lord of Westmoreland, in peace,  
What doth concern your coming.

*West.*

Then, my lord,

Unto your Grace do I in chief address  
The substance of my speech. If that rebellion  
Came like itself, in base and abject routs,  
Led on by heady youth, guarded with rags, <sup>3</sup>  
And countenanc'd by boys and beggary, —  
I say, if damn'd commotion so appear'd,

<sup>1</sup> To *sway* was sometimes used for a rushing, hasty movement. Thus Holinshed, — "The left side of the enemy was compelled to *sway* a good way back and give ground."

<sup>2</sup> *Well-appointed* is the same as *well-furnished*, or *well-equipped*.

<sup>3</sup> *Guarded* is a term of dress; to *guard* being to ornament with guards or facings. See page 119, note 18.

In his true, native, and most proper shape,  
 You, Reverend Father, and these noble lords,  
 Had not been here, to dress the ugly form  
 Of bare and bloody insurrection  
 With your fair honours. You, Lord Archbishop, —  
 Whose see is by a civil peace maintain'd;  
 Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath touch'd;  
 Whose learning and good letters peace hath tutor'd;  
 Whose white investments figure innocence,<sup>4</sup>  
 The dove and very blessed spirit of peace, —  
 Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself  
 Out of the speech of peace, that bears such grace,  
 Into the harsh and boisterous tongue of war?  
 Turning your books to greaves,<sup>5</sup> your ink to blood,  
 Your pens to lances, and your tongue divine  
 To a loud trumpet, and a point of war?

*Arch.* Wherefore do I this? — so the question stands.  
 Briefly to this end: We are all diseas'd;  
 And with our surfeiting and wanton hours  
 Have brought ourselves into a burning fever,  
 And we must bleed for it: of which disease  
 Our late king, Richard, being infected, died.  
 But, my most noble Lord of Westmoreland,  
 I take not on me here as a physician;  
 Nor do I, as an enemy to peace,  
 Troop in the throngs of military men;  
 But, rather, show awhile like fearful war,  
 To diet rank minds sick of happiness,  
 And purge th' obstructions which begin to stop  
 Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly:  
 I have in equal balance justly weigh'd  
 What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we suffer,  
 And find our griefs heavier than our offences.  
 We see which way the stream of time doth run,  
 And are enforc'd from our most quiet sphere  
 By the rough torrent of occasion;  
 And have the summary of all our griefs,  
 When time shall serve, to show in articles;  
 Which long ere this we offer'd to the King,  
 And might by no suit gain our audience.

<sup>4</sup> Formerly all bishops wore white, even when they travelled. This white investment was the episcopal rochet.

<sup>5</sup> Instead of *greaves* the old copies have *graves*, which cannot be right. It appears, however, that *greaves* was pronounced *graves*, and the text is probably an instance of phonetic spelling. Greaves were leg-armour, and were sometimes made of leather; and as books were covered with leather, the figure of turning mind-armour into leg-armour was natural and apt.

When we are wrong'd, and would unfold our griefs,  
 We are denied access unto 'Ms person,  
 Even by those men that most have done us wrong.  
 The dangers of the days but newly gone,  
 Whose memory is written on the earth  
 With yet-appearing blood, and the examples  
 Of every minute's instance,<sup>6</sup> present now,  
 Have put us in these ill-beseeming arms ;  
 Not to break peace, or any branch of it,  
 But to establish here a peace indeed,  
 Concurring both in name and quality.

*West.* When ever yet was your appeal denied ;  
 Wherein have you been galled by the King ;  
 What peer hath been suborn'd to grate on you ;  
 That you should seal this lawless bloody book  
 Of forg'd rebellion with a seal divine,  
 And consecrate commotion's bitter edge ?

*Arch.* My brother-general, the commonwealth ;  
 To brother born an household cruelty,  
 I make my quarrel in particular.<sup>7</sup>

*West.* There is no need of any such redress ;  
 Or, if there were, it not belongs to you.

*Mowb.* Why not to him in part, and to us all  
 That feel the bruises of the days before,  
 And suffer the condition of these times  
 To lay a heavy and unequal hand  
 Upon our honours ?

*West.* O, my good Lord Mowbray,  
 Construe the times to their necessities,  
 And you shall say indeed, it is the time,  
 And not the King, that doth you injuries.  
 Yet, for your part, it not appears to me,  
 Either from the King, or in the present time,  
 That you should have an inch of any ground  
 To build a grief on. Were you not restor'd  
 To all the Duke of Norfolk's signiories,  
 Your noble and right well-remember'd father's ?

*Mowb.* What thing in honour had my father lost,

<sup>6</sup> "Examples of every minute's instance" are examples which every minute *instances* or supplies.

<sup>7</sup> This passage is hopelessly impracticable; the commentators having toiled much over it, but with no satisfactory result. It is, no doubt, mutilated, and there seems no likelihood of the missing part being supplied. The most likely meaning of it as it stands may be given something thus: The commonwealth, which is my general brother, I make my public, and the cruel death inflicted on my natural brother, I make my private or particular cause of quarrel. In *The First Part*, i. 8, Worcester speaks of the Archbishop as "bearing hard his brother's death at Bristol, the Lord Scroop."

That need to be reviv'd and breath'd in me?  
 The King, that lov'd him, as the State stood then,  
 Was forc'd, perforce compell'd, to banish him :  
 And when that Henry Bolingbroke and he  
 Being mounted and both roused in their seats,  
 Their neighing coursers daring of the spur,  
 Their armed staves in charge,<sup>8</sup> their beavers down,<sup>9</sup>  
 Their eyes of fire sparkling through sights of steel,<sup>10</sup>  
 And the loud trumpet blowing them together ;  
 Then, then, when there was nothing could have stay'd  
 My father from the breast of Bolingbroke, —  
 O, when the King did throw his warder down,<sup>11</sup>  
 His own life hung upon the staff he threw :  
 Then threw he down himself, and all their lives,  
 That by indictment and by dint of sword  
 Have since miscarried under Bolingbroke.

*West.* You speak, Lord Mowbray, now you know not what.  
 The Earl of Hereford<sup>12</sup> was reputed then  
 In England the most valiant gentleman :  
 Who knows, on whom Fortune would then have smil'd?  
 But if your father had been victor there,  
 He ne'er had borne it out of Coventry ;  
 For all the country, in a general voice,  
 Cried hate upon him ; and all their prayers and love  
 Were set on Hereford, whom they doted on,  
 And bless'd and grac'd indeed, more than the King.  
 But this is mere digression from my purpose.  
 Here come I from our princely General  
 To know your griefs ; to tell you from his Grace  
 That he will give you audience ; and wherein  
 It shall appear that your demands are just,  
 You shall enjoy them ; every thing set off  
 That might so much as hint you enemies.

*Mowb.* But he hath forc'd us to compel this offer ;  
 And it proceeds from policy, not love.

*West.* Mowbray, you overween, to take it so.  
 This offer comes from mercy, not from fear ;  
 For, lo ! within a ken our army lies,

<sup>8</sup> That is, their *lances* fixed in the rest for the encounter.

<sup>9</sup> It has been already observed that the *beaver* was a movable piece of the helmet, which lifted up or down, to enable the bearer to drink or breathe more freely.

<sup>10</sup> The holes in their helmets, through which they could see to direct their aim.

<sup>11</sup> This refers to the act of Richard in arresting the duel between Bolingbroke and the Duke of Norfolk, and ordering them both into exile. The matter is represented at length in the third scene of *King Richard II.*

<sup>12</sup> This is a mistake ; he was *Duke* of Hereford.

Upon mine honour, all too confident  
To give admittance to a thought of fear.  
Our battle is more full of names than yours,  
Our men more perfect in the use of arms,  
Our armour all as strong, our cause the best;  
Then reason wills our hearts should be as good:  
Say you not, then, our offer is compell'd.

*Mowb.* Well, by my will we shall admit no parley.

*West.* That argues but the shame of your offence:  
A rotten case abides no handling.

*Hast.* Hath the Prince John a full commission,  
In very ample virtue of his father,  
To hear and absolutely to determine  
Of what conditions we shall stand upon?

*West.* That is intended in the General's name:  
I muse you make so slight a question.<sup>13</sup>

*Arch.* Then take, my Lord of Westmoreland, this schedule;  
For this contains our general grievances:  
Each several article herein redress'd;  
All members of our cause, both here and hence,  
That are insinew'd to this action,  
Acquitted by a true substantial form;  
And present execution of our wills  
To us and to our purposes confirm'd;  
We come within our awful banks again,<sup>14</sup>  
And knit our powers to the arm of peace.

*West.* This will I show the General. Please you, lords,  
In sight of both our battles we may meet;  
And either end in peace,—which God so frame!—  
Or to the place of difference call the swords  
Which must decide it.

*Arch.* My lord, we will do so. [*Exit West.*]

*Mowb.* There is a thing within my bosom tells me  
That no conditions of our peace can stand.

*Hast.* Fear you not that: if we can make our peace  
Upon such large terms and so absolute  
As our conditions shall consist upon,  
Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains.

*Mowb.* Ay, but our valuation shall be such,  
That every slight and false-derived cause,  
Yea, every idle, nice, and wanton reason,

<sup>13</sup> To *muse* was sometimes used in the sense of to *wonder* or *marvel*.

<sup>14</sup> That is, banks full of awe or respect for authority and law. The image of a river is suggested; human life being compared to a stream that ought to flow in reverential obedience to the order and institutions of the State. Keeping itself within the proper bounds, it moves in reverence and awe; in overflowing them it renounces this.

Shall to the King taste of this action ;  
 That, were our royal faiths martyrs in love,<sup>15</sup>  
 We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind,  
 That even our corn shall seem as light as chaff,  
 And good from bad find no partition.

*Arch.* No, no, my lord : Note this, — the King is weary  
 Of dainty and such picking grievances ;<sup>16</sup>  
 For he hath found, to end one doubt by death  
 Revives two greater in the heirs of life :  
 And therefore will he wipe his tables clean,<sup>17</sup>  
 And keep no tell-tale to his memory,  
 That may repeat and history his loss  
 To new remembrance. For full well he knows  
 He cannot so precisely weed this land  
 As his misdoubts present occasion :  
 His foes are so enrooted with his friends,  
 That, plucking to unfix an enemy,  
 He doth unfasten so and shake a friend.  
 So that this land, like an offensive wife  
 That hath enrag'd him on to offer strokes,  
 As he is striking, holds his infant up,  
 And hangs resolv'd correction in the arm  
 That was uprear'd to execution.<sup>18</sup>

*Hast.* Besides, the King hath wasted all his rods  
 On late offenders, that he now doth lack  
 The very instruments of chastisement ;  
 So that his power, like to a fangless lion,  
 May offer, but not hold.

*Arch.* 'Tis very true ; —  
 And therefore be assur'd, my good Lord Marshal,  
 If we do now make our atonement well,  
 Our peace will, like a broken limb united,  
 Grow stronger for the breaking.

*Mowb.* Be it so.  
 Here is return'd my Lord of Westmoreland.

*Re-enter WESTMORELAND.*

*West.* The Prince is here at hand. Pleaseth your lordship  
 To meet his Grace just distance 'tween our armies.

<sup>15</sup> *Our royal faiths* means *our good faith, or fidelity, to the King.*

<sup>16</sup> *Picking* is *petty, trifling, insignificant.*

<sup>17</sup> Alluding to the table-books of slate, ivory, &c., used for keeping memoranda.

<sup>18</sup> The meaning is rather obscure. The antithesis is between *correction* and *execution*. *Resolv'd* has the sense of *assured*, a frequent use of the word in *Shakespeare*. In the case supposed, the arm upreared to strike is *sure* to be arrested.

*Mowb.* Your Grace of York, in God's name then set forward.

*Arch.* Before, and greet his Grace, my lord : we come.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Another Part of the Forest.*

*Enter, from one side, MOWBRAY, the Archbishop, HASTINGS, and Others : from the other side, Prince JOHN, WESTMORELAND, Officers, and Attendants.*

*John.* You're well encounter'd here, my cousin Mowbray. —  
 Good day to you, gentle Lord Archbishop ; —  
 And so to you, Lord Hastings, — and to all. —  
 My Lord of York, it better show'd with you,  
 When that your flock, assembled by the bell,  
 Encircled you to hear with reverence  
 Your exposition on the holy text,  
 Than now to see you here an iron man,<sup>1</sup>  
 Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,  
 Turning the word to sword, and life to death.  
 That man that sits within a monarch's heart,  
 And ripens in the sunshine of his favour,  
 Would he abuse the countenance of the King,  
 Alack, what mischiefs might he set abroad,  
 In shadow of such greatness ! With you, Lord Bishop,  
 It is even so. Who hath not heard it spoken,  
 How deep you were within the books of God ?  
 To us the Speaker in His Parliament ;  
 To us th' imagin'd voice of God himself ;  
 The very opener and intelligencer  
 Between the grace, the sanctities of Heaven,  
 And our dull workings. O, who shall believe  
 But you misuse the reverence of your place ;  
 Employ the countenance and grace of Heaven,  
 As a false favourite doth his prince's name,  
 In deeds dishonourable ? You have ta'en up,  
 Under the counterfeited seal of God,  
 The subjects of His substitute, my father ;  
 And both against the peace of Heaven and him  
 Have here up-swarm'd them.

*Arch.* Good my Lord of Lancaster,  
 I am not here against your father's peace ;

<sup>1</sup> Holinshed says of the Archbishop, that, "coming forth amongst them clad in armour, he encouraged and pricked them forth to take the enterprise in hand."

But, as I told my Lord of Westmoreland,  
The time misorder'd doth, in common sense,  
Crowd us and crush us to this monstrous form,  
To hold our safety up. I sent your Grace  
The parcels and particulars of our grief, —  
The which hath been with scorn shov'd from the Court, —  
Whereon this Hydra son of war is born;  
Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd asleep  
With grant of our most just and right desires;  
And true obedience, of this madness cur'd,  
Stoop tamely to the foot of Majesty.

*Mowb.* If not, we ready are to try our fortunes  
To the last man.

*Hast.* And, though we here fall down,  
We have supplies to second our attempt;  
If they miscarry, theirs shall second them;  
And so success of mischief shall be born,<sup>2</sup>  
And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up,  
Whiles England shall have generation.

*John.* You are too shallow, Hastings, much too shallow,  
To sound the bottom of the after-times.

*West.* Pleaseth your Grace to answer them directly,  
How far-forth you do like their articles?

*John.* I like them all, and do allow them well;  
And swear here, by the honour of my blood,  
My father's purposes have been mistook;  
And some about him have too lavishly  
Wrested his meaning and authority. —  
My lord, these griefs shall be with speed redress'd;  
Upon my soul, they shall. If this may please you,  
Discharge your powers unto their several counties,  
As we will ours; and here, between the armies,  
Let's drink together friendly and embrace,  
That all their eyes may bear those tokens home  
Of our restored love and amity.

*Arch.* I take your princely word for these redresses.

*John.* I give it you, and will maintain my word;  
And thereupon I drink unto your Grace.

*Hast.* [*To an Officer.*] Go, Captain, and deliver to the army  
This news of peace: let them have pay, and part.  
I know it will well please them: hie thee, Captain.

[*Exit Officer.*]

*Arch.* To you, my noble Lord of Westmoreland. [*Drinks.*]

*West.* I pledge your Grace; and, if you knew what pains  
I have bestow'd to breed this present peace,

<sup>2</sup> Success is here used for succession.

You would drink freely ; but my love to ye  
Shall show itself more openly hereafter.

*Arch.* I do not doubt you.

*West.* I am glad of it. —

Health to my lord and gentle cousin, Mowbray.

*Mowb.* You wish me health in very happy season ;  
For I am, on the sudden, something ill.

*Arch.* Against ill chances men are ever merry ;  
But heaviness foreruns the good event.

*West.* Therefore be merry, coz ; since sudden sorrow  
Seems to say thus, *Some good thing comes to-morrow.*

*Arch.* Believe me, I am passing light in spirit.

*Mowb.* So much the worse, if your own rule be true.

[*Shouts within.*

*John.* The word of peace is render'd : Hark, how they shout !

*Mowb.* This had been cheerful after victory.

*Arch.* A peace is of the nature of a conquest ;  
For then both parties nobly are subdu'd,  
And neither party loser.

*John.* Go, my lord,

And let our army be discharged too. —

[*Exit WEST.*

And, good my lord, so please you, let your trains  
March by us, that we may peruse the men  
We should have cop'd withal.

*Arch.* Go, good Lord Hastings ;

And, ere they be dismiss'd, let them march by. [*Exit HAST.*

*John.* I trust, lords, we shall lie to-night together. —

*Re-enter WESTMORELAND.*

Now, cousin, wherefore stands our army still ?

*West.* The leaders, having charge from you to stand,  
Will not go off until they hear you speak.

*John.* They know their duties.

*Re-enter HASTINGS.*

*Hast.* My lord, our army is dispers'd already :  
Like youthful steers unyok'd, they take their courses  
East, West, North, South ; or, like a school broke up,  
Each hurries toward his home and sporting-place.

*West.* Good tidings, my Lord Hastings ; for the which  
I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason : —

And you, Lord Archbishop, — and you, Lord Mowbray, —  
Of capital treason I attach you both.

*Mowb.* Is this proceeding just and honourable ?

*West.* Is your assembly so ?

*Arch.* Will you thus break your faith?

*John.*

I pawn'd thee none:

I promis'd you redress of these same grievances,  
Whereof you did complain; which, by mine honour,  
I will perform with a most Christian care.  
But, for you, rebels, look to taste the due  
Meet for rebellion and such acts as yours.  
Most shallowly did you these arms commence,  
Fondly brought here, and foolishly sent hence. —  
Strike up our drums, pursue the scatter'd stray;  
Heaven, and not we, hath safely fought to-day. —  
Some guard these traitors to the block of death,  
Treason's true bed and yielder-up of breath.<sup>3</sup>

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Another Part of the Forest.*

*Alarums: Excursions. Enter FALSTAFF and COLEVILLE, meeting.*

*Fal.* What's your name, sir? of what condition are you, and of what place, I pray?

*Cole.* I am a knight, sir; and my name is Coleville of the Dale.

*Fal.* Well, then, Coleville is your name, a knight is your degree, and your place, the Dale: Coleville shall still be your name, a traitor your degree, and the dungeon your place, — a dale deep enough; so shall you be still Coleville of the Dale.

*Cole.* Are not you Sir John Falstaff?

*Fal.* As good a man as he, sir, whoe'er I am. Do ye yield, sir, or shall I sweat for you? If I do sweat, they are the drops of thy lovers, and they weep for thy death: therefore rouse up fear and trembling, and do observance to my mercy.

*Cole.* I think you are Sir John Falstaff, and in that thought yield me.

*Fal.* I have a whole school of tongues in this [body] of mine, and not a tongue of them all speaks any other word

<sup>3</sup> Johnson and other critics have been indignant that the Poet did not put into the mouth of some character a strain of indignation against this instance of treachery. In answer to which Mr. Verplanck very aptly quotes a remark said to have been made by Chief Justice Marshall. The counsel, it seems, had been boring the court a long time with trying to prove points that nobody doubted; and the judge, after bearing it as long as he well could, very quietly informed him that "there were some things which the court might safely be presumed to know." Perhaps the critics in question did not duly consider, that the surest way in such cases, to keep down right feeling, is to take for granted that men don't know how to feel, and so go about to school them up to it.

but my name. An I had but a [body] of any indifferency, I were simply the most active fellow in Europe. — Here comes our General.

*Enter Prince JOHN, WESTMORELAND, BLUNT, and Others.*

*John.* The heat is past; follow no further now: —  
Call in the powers, good cousin Westmoreland. —

[*Exit WEST.*

Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this while?

When every thing is ended, then you come:

These tardy tricks of yours will, on my life,

One time or other break some gallows' back.

*Fal.* I would be sorry, my lord, but it should be thus: I never knew yet but rebuke and check was the reward of valour. Do you think me a swallow, an arrow, or a bullet? have I, in my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought? I have speeded hither with the very extremest inch of possibility: I have founder'd nine-score and odd posts; and here, travel-tainted as I am, have, in my pure and immaculate valour, taken Sir John Coleville of the Dale, a most furious knight and valorous enemy. But what of that? he saw me, and yielded; that I may justly say with the hook-nos'd fellow of Rome,<sup>1</sup> *I came, saw, and overcame.*

*John.* It was more of his courtesy than your deserving.

*Fal.* I know not: here he is, and here I yield him; and I beseech your Grace, let it be book'd with the rest of this day's deeds; or, by the Lord, I will have it in a particular ballad else, with mine own picture on the top of it, Coleville kissing my foot. To the which course if I be enforc'd, if you do not all show like gilt two-pences to me, and I, in the clear sky of fame, o'ershine you as much as the full Moon doth the cinders of the element,<sup>2</sup> which show like pins' heads to her, believe not the word of the noble: Therefore let me have right, and let desert mount.

*John.* Thine's too heavy to mount.

*Fal.* Let it shine then.

*John.* Thine's too thick to shine.

*Fal.* Let it do something, my good lord, that may do me good, and call it what you will.

*John.* Is thy name Coleville?

<sup>1</sup> I cannot tell whence the Poet got his hint for this epithet *hook-nos'd*; perhaps from some of the Dictator's coins, engravings of which were doubtless printed in his time. In his earlier years, Julius Cæsar was eminently handsome in face and person; but it is said that, what with his disease, and his continual rapture of administrative energy, he was in his later years worn thin, and his nose had a *hooked* appearance, sure enough.

<sup>2</sup> A ludicrous term for the stars.

*Cole.* It is, my lord.

*John.* A famous rebel art thou, Coleville.

*Fal.* And a famous true subject took him.

*Col.* I am, my lord, but as my betters are,  
That led me hither: had they been rul'd by me,  
You should have won them dearer than you have.

*Fal.* I know not how they sold themselves; but thou, like a  
kind fellow, gavest thyself away gratis; and I thank thee for  
thee.

*Re-enter WESTMORELAND.*

*John.* Now, have you left pursuit?

*West.* Retreat is made, and execution stay'd.

*John.* Send Coleville, with his confederates,  
To York, to present execution. —

Blunt, lead him hence, and see you guard him sure. —

[*Exeunt BLUNT and Others with COLEVILLE.*

And now despatch we toward the Court, my lords.

I hear the King my father is sore sick:

Our news shall go before us to his Majesty, —

Which, cousin, you shall bear, — to comfort him;

And we with sober speed will follow you.

*Fal.* My lord, I beseech you, give me leave to go through  
Glostershire; and, when you come to Court, stand my good  
lord,<sup>3</sup> pray, in your good report.

*John.* Fare you well, Falstaff: I, in my condition,<sup>4</sup>  
Shall better speak of you than you deserve.

[*Exeunt all but FALSTAFF.*

*Fal.* I would you had but the wit: 'twere better than your  
dukedom. — Good faith, this same young sober-blooded boy  
doth not love me, nor a man cannot make him laugh; — but  
that's no marvel, he drinks no wine.<sup>5</sup> There's never any of  
these demure boys come to any proof; for thin drink doth so  
over-cool their blood, and making many fish-meals, that they  
fall into a kind of male green-sickness. They are generally  
fools and cowards; — which some of us should be too, but for

<sup>3</sup> *Stand my good lord, or be my good lord, means stand my friend, be my patron or benefactor, report well of me.*

<sup>4</sup> *Condition is often used for nature, disposition.* So the Prince may mean, "I shall in my good nature speak better of you than you deserve."

<sup>5</sup> Falstaff's pride of wit is shrewdly manifested here. He sees that the brain of this sober-blooded boy has nothing for him to get hold of or work upon; and he is vexed and mortified that his wit fails upon him. And the Poet meant no doubt to have it understood that Prince Henry was drawn and held to Falstaff by virtue of something that raised him immeasurably above his brother; and that the frozen regularity, which was proof against all the batteries of wit and humour, was all of a piece with the moral hardness which would not flinch from such an abominable act of perfidy as that towards the Archbishop and his party.

inflammation. A good sherris sack hath a two-fold operation in it. It ascends me into the brain ; dries me there all the foolish and dull and crudy vapours which environ it ; makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes ; which, deliver'd o'er to the voice, (the tongue,) which is the birth, becomes excellent wit.<sup>6</sup> The second property of your excellent sherris is the warming of the blood ; which, before cold and settled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice ; but the sherris warms it, and makes it course from the inwards to the parts extreme. It illumineth the face, which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, Man, to arm ; and then the vital commoners and inland petty spirits muster me all to their captain, the heart, who, great and puff'd up with his retinue, doth any deed of courage : and this valour comes of sherris. So that skill in the weapon is nothing without sack, for that sets it a-work ; and learning, a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil,<sup>7</sup> till sack commences it, and sets it in act and use.<sup>8</sup> Hereof comes it that Prince Harry is valiant ; for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, steril, and bare land, manured, husbanded, and till'd, with excellent endeavour of drinking good, and good store of fertile sherris ; that he is become very hot and valiant. If I had a thousand sons, the first human principle I would teach them should be, to forswear thin potations, and addict themselves to sack. —

*Enter BARDOLPH.*

How now, Bardolph !

*Bard.* The army is discharged all, and gone.

<sup>6</sup> Concerning this first "property of your excellent sherris," some curious matter has been quoted from an unpublished Diary of Ben Jonson preserved at Dulwich College. One memorandum runs thus: "I laid the plot of my *Volpone*, and wrote most of it, after a present of ten doz. of *Palm sack*, from my very good lord T——; that play, I am positive, will last to posterity, when I and Envy are friends with Applause." Again, speaking of his *Catiline*, he thinks one of its scenes is flat, and therefore resolves to drink no more water with his wine. And he describes *The Alchemist* and *The Silent Woman* as the product of much and good wine, adding, withal, that *The Devil is an Ass* "was written when I and my boys drank bad wine." Doubtless Shakespeare and rare Ben had discussed the virtues of sack, in more senses than one, in some of their wit-combats at the Mermaid; though which of them was the master, and which the pupil, in this deep science, cannot now be ascertained. Both their establishments, no doubt, were pretty good at converting wine into wit.

<sup>7</sup> It was anciently supposed that all the mines of gold, &c., were guarded by evil spirits.

<sup>8</sup> Alluding to the *Commencement* and the *Act* of the Universities, where those terms were used, to denote the occasion when students received full authority to use those *hoards of learning* which entitled them to their several degrees.

*Fal.* Let them go. I'll through Glostershire; and there will I visit Master Robert Shallow, Esquire: I have him already tempering between my finger and my thumb,<sup>9</sup> and shortly will I seal with him. Come away. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Westminster. The Jerusalem Chamber in the Palace.*

*Enter the KING, CLARENCE, Prince HUMPHREY, WARWICK, and Others.*

*King.* Now, Lords, if God doth give successful end  
To this debate that bleedeth at our doors,  
We will our youth lead on to higher fields,  
And draw no swords but what are sanctified.  
Our navy is address'd,<sup>1</sup> our power collected,  
Our substitutes in absence well invested,  
And every thing lies level to our wish:  
Only, we want a little personal strength,  
And pause us, till these rebels, now afoot,  
Come underneath the yoke of government.

*War.* Both which we doubt not but your Majesty  
Shall soon enjoy.

*King.* Humphrey, my son of Gloster,  
Where is the Prince your brother?

*Humph.* I think he's gone to hunt, my lord, at Windsor.

*King.* And how accompanied?

*Humph.* I do not know, my lord.

*King.* Is not his brother, Thomas of Clarence, with him?

*Humph.* No, my good lord; he is in presence here.

*Cla.* What would my lord and father?

*King.* Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Clarence.  
How chance thou art not with the Prince thy brother?  
He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him, Thomas.  
Thou hast a better place in his affection  
Than all thy brothers: cherish it, my boy;  
And noble offices thou may'st effect  
Of mediation, after I am dead,  
Between his greatness and thy other brethren:  
Therefore omit him not; blunt not his love,  
Nor lose the good advantage of his grace,  
By seeming cold, or careless of his will;  
For he is gracious, if he be observ'd.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>9</sup> A pleasant allusion to the old use of *soft wax* for sealing.

<sup>1</sup> The use of *address'd* for *ready* or *prepared* has been noted before.

<sup>2</sup> That is, if he have *respectful attention shown him*.

He hath a tear for pity, and a hand  
 Open as day for melting charity ;  
 Yet, notwithstanding, being incens'd, he's flint ;  
 As humorous as Winter, and as sudden  
 As flaws congealed in the spring of day.<sup>3</sup>  
 His temper, therefore, must be well observ'd :  
 Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,  
 When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth ;  
 But, being moody, give him line and scope,  
 Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,  
 Confound themselves with working. Learn this, Thomas,  
 And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends ;  
 A hoop of gold, to bind thy brothers in ;  
 That the united vessel of their blood,  
 Mingled with venom of suggestion,<sup>4</sup>  
 (As, force perforce, the age will pour it in,)  
 Shall never leak, though it do work as strong  
 As aconitum or rash gunpowder.<sup>5</sup>

*Cla.* I shall observe him with all care and love.

*King.* Why art thou not at Windsor with him, Thomas ?

*Cla.* He is not there to day : he dines in London.

*King.* And how accompanied ? canst thou tell that ?

*Cla.* With Pointz, and other his continual followers.

*King.* Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds ;  
 And ~~he~~, the noble image of my youth,  
 Is overspread with them : therefore my grief  
 Stretches itself beyond the hour of death :  
 The blood weeps from my heart, when I do shape,  
 In forms imaginary, th' unguided days  
 And rotten times that you shall look upon  
 When I am sleeping with my ancestors.  
 For when his headstrong riot hath no curb,  
 When rage and hot blood are his counsellors,  
 When means and lavish manners meet together,  
 O, with what wings shall his affections fly<sup>6</sup>  
 Towards fronting peril and oppos'd decay !

<sup>3</sup> Edwards says, in explanation of this passage, that he has heard *flaws* used for "the small blades of ice which are struck on the edges of water, in winter mornings." This explanation is endorsed by Mr. Dyce, who adds, "I have myself heard the word used to signify both *thin cakes of ice* and *the bursting of those cakes*." The more usual meaning of *flaws* is sudden gusts or starts of wind, such as are apt to spring up in the morning. But in this sense *flaws* evidently will not cohere with *congealed*, unless the latter be taken for *congealing*, the passive for the active ; an usage quite common with the Poet and other writers of his time.

<sup>4</sup> Though their blood be inflamed by the *temptations*.

<sup>5</sup> *Aconitum*, or aconite, *wolfs-bane*, a poisonous herb. — *Rash* is sudden, hasty, violent.

<sup>6</sup> *Affections*, in the language of Shakespeare's time, are *passions, desires*. *Appetitus animi*.

*War.* My gracious lord, you look beyond him quite.  
 The Prince but studies his companions,  
 Like a strange tongue: wherein, to gain the language,  
 'Tis needful that the most immodest word  
 Be look'd upon and learn'd; which once attain'd,  
 Your highness knows, comes to no further use  
 But to be known and hated. So, like gross terms,  
 The Prince will, in the perfectness of time,  
 Cast off his followers; and their memory  
 Shall as a pattern or a measure live,  
 By which his Grace must mete the lives of others,  
 Turning past evils to advantages.

*King.* 'Tis seldom-when the bee doth leave her comb  
 In the dead carrion.<sup>7</sup> —

*Enter WESTMORELAND.*

Who's here? Westmoreland?

*West.* Health to my Sovereign! and new happiness  
 Added to that that I am to deliver!  
 Prince John, your son, doth kiss your Grace's hand:  
 Mowbray, the Bishop Scroop, Hastings, and all,  
 Are brought to the correction of your law:  
 There is not now a rebel's sword unsheath'd,  
 But Peace puts forth her olive everywhere.  
 The manner how this action hath been borne,  
 Here at more leisure may your Highness read,  
 With every course in his particular. [*Gives a Packet.*]

*King.* O Westmoreland, thou art a summer bird,  
 Which ever in the haunch of Winter sings  
 The lifting-up of day. —

*Enter HARCOURT.*

Look! here's more news.

*Har.* From enemies Heaven keep your Majesty!  
 And, when they stand against you, may they fall  
 As those that I am come to tell you of!  
 The Earl Northumberland and the Lord Bardolph,  
 With a great power of English and of Scots,  
 Are by the Sheriff of Yorkshire overthrown:  
 The manner and true order of the fight,  
 This packet, please it you, contains at large. [*Gives a Packet.*]

*King.* And wherefore should these good news make me sick?  
 Will Fortune never come with both hands full,  
 But write her fair words still in foulest letters?

<sup>7</sup> As the bee, having once placed her comb in a carcass, stays by her honey, so he that has once taken pleasure in bad company will continue to associate with those that have the art of pleasing him.

She either gives a stomach, and no food, —  
 Such are the poor, in health ; or else a feast,  
 And takes away the stomach, — such are the rich,  
 That have abundance, and enjoy it not.  
 I should rejoice now at this happy news ;  
 And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy. —  
 O me ! come near me ; now I am much ill.

[*Swoons.*

*Humph.* Comfort, your Majesty !

*Cla.* O, my royal father !

*West.* My Sovereign Lord, cheer up yourself ; look up !

*War.* Be patient, Princes : you do know, these fits  
 Are with his Highness very ordinary.<sup>9</sup>  
 Stand from him, give him air ; he'll straight be well.

*Cla.* No, no ; he cannot long hold out these pangs :  
 Th' incessant care and labour of his mind  
 Hath wrought the mure,<sup>10</sup> that should confine it in,  
 So thin, that life looks through, and will break out.

*Humph.* The people fear me ;<sup>11</sup> for they do observe  
 Unfather'd heirs and loathly births of nature :  
 The seasons change their manners, as the year<sup>12</sup>  
 Had found some months asleep, and leap'd them over.

*Cla.* The river hath thrice flow'd, no ebb between ;  
 And the old folk, time's doting chronicles,  
 Say it did so a little time before  
 That our great-grandsire, Edward, sick'd and died.

*War.* Speak lower, Princes, for the King recovers.

*Humph.* This apoplex will certain be his end.

*King.* I pray you, take me up, and bear me hence  
 Into some other chamber : softly, 'pray.

[*They convey the KING into an inner Room, and place  
 him on a Bed.*

Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends ;  
 Unless some dull and favourable hand  
 Will whisper music to my weary spirit.<sup>13</sup>

<sup>9</sup> We have had Falstaff describing the King's disease as *Apoplexy*. I believe he was in fact subject, in his later years, to what we call *epileptic fits*. But *apoplexy* was used in the Poet's time as a common term for both diseases ; at least by "laymen."

<sup>10</sup> *Mure* for *wall* is another of Shakespeare's Latinisms. It was not in frequent use by his contemporaries. — *Wrought it thin is made it thin by gradual wearing.*

<sup>11</sup> *Fear* is here used transitively, in the sense of *make afraid*. The Prince means that he is frightened at the strange freaks of Nature which the people observe, and which were thought to be ominous of some public calamity. — *Unfathered heirs* probably means *monstrous births*.

<sup>12</sup> The Poet often uses *as* with the force of *as if*.

<sup>13</sup> *Dull* and *slow* were synonymous. "*Dullness*, slowness ; *tarditas*, *tardivete*. Somewhat *dull* or *slowe* ; *tardiusculus*, *tardelet* ;" says Baret. And

*War.* Call for the music in the other room.

*King.* Set me the crown upon my pillow here.

*Cla.* His eye is hollow, and he changes much.

*War.* Less noise, less noise!

*Enter Prince HENRY.*

*Prince.* Who saw the Duke of Clarence?

*Cla.* I am here, brother, full of heaviness.

*Prince.* How now! rain within doors, and none abroad!  
How doth the King?

*Humph.* Exceeding ill.

*Prince.* Heard he the good news yet? Tell it him.

*Humph.* He alter'd much upon the hearing it.

*Prince.* If he be sick with joy, he will recover without  
physic.

*War.* Not so much noise, my lords. — Sweet Prince, speak  
low;

The King your father is dispos'd to sleep.

*Cla.* Let us withdraw into the other room.

*War.* Will't please your Grace to go along with us?

*Prince.* No; I will sit and watch here by the King. —

[*Exeunt all but Prince HENRY.*

Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,  
Being so troublesome a bedfellow?

O, polish'd perturbation! golden care!

That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide

To many a watchful night! — sleep with it now!

Yet not so sound and half so deeply sweet

As he whose brow with homely biggin bound

Snores out the watch of night.<sup>14</sup> O majesty! ✓

When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit

Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,

That scalds with safety. By his gates of breath

There lies a downy feather which stirs not:

Baret has also this sense: "Slow, *dull*, asleepe, drousie, astonied, heavie; *torpidus*." It has always been thought that *slow* music induces sleep. Ariel enters playing *solemn music* to produce this effect, in *The Tempest*. The notion is not peculiar to our Poet, as the following exquisite lines, from *Wit Restored*, 1653, may witness:

"O, lull me, lull me, charming air,  
My senses rock'd with wonder sweet;  
Like snow on wool thy fallings are,  
Soft like a spirit are thy feet.  
Grief who need fear that hath an ear?  
Down let him lie, and slumbering die,  
And change his soul for harmony."

<sup>14</sup> A *biggin* was a head-band of coarse cloth; so called because such a forehead-cloth was worn by the Beguines, an order of nuns.

Did he suspire, that light and weightless down  
 Perforce must move. — My gracious lord! my father! —  
 This sleep is sound indeed; this is a sleep,  
 That from this golden rigol hath divorc'd  
 So many English kings.<sup>15</sup> — Thy due from me  
 Is tears and heavy sorrows of the blood,  
 Which nature, love, and filial tenderness,  
 Shall, O dear father! pay thee plenteously:  
 My due from thee is this imperial crown,  
 Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,  
 Derives itself to me. — Lo! here it sits, —

[*Putting it on his Head.*

Which God shall guard: and put the world's whole strength  
 Into one giant arm, it shall not force  
 This lineal honour from me: this from thee  
 Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me.

[*Exit.*

*King.* Warwick! Gloster! Clarence!

*Re-enter WARWICK and the Rest.*

*Cla.* Doth the King call?

*War.* What would your Majesty? How fares your Grace?

*King.* Why did you leave me here alone, my lords?

*Cla.* We left the Prince my brother here, my liege,  
 Who undertook to sit and watch by you.

*King.* The Prince of Wales! Where is he? let me see him:  
 He is not here.

*War.* This door is open; he is gone this way.

*Humph.* He came not through the chamber where we stay'd.

*King.* Where is the crown? who took it from my pillow?

*War.* When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.

*King.* The Prince hath ta'en it hence: — go, seek him out.  
 Is he so hasty, that he doth suppose  
 My sleep my death? —

Find him, my Lord of Warwick; chide him hither. —

[*Exit WARWICK.*

This part of his conjoins with my disease,  
 And helps to end me. — See, sons, what things you are!  
 How quickly nature falls into revolt  
 When gold becomes her object!  
 For this the foolish over-careful fathers  
 Have broke their sleeps with thought,  
 Their brains with care, their bones with industry;

<sup>15</sup> *Rigol* is circle; probably from the old Italian *rigolo*, a small wheel. Shakespeare has it again in *Lucrece*:

“About the mourning and congealed face  
 Of that black blood, a watery *rigol* goes.”

For this they have engrossed and pil'd up  
 The canker'd heaps of strange-achieved gold;  
 For this they have been thoughtful to invest  
 Their sons with arts and martial exercises:  
 When, like the bee, culling from every flower  
 The virtuous sweets,  
 Our thighs with wax, our mouths with honey pack'd,  
 We bring it to the hive; and, like the bees,  
 Are murder'd for our pains. This bitter taste  
 Yield his engrossments to the ending father. —

*Re-enter WARWICK.*

Now, where is he that will not stay so long  
 Till his friend sickness hath determin'd me? <sup>16</sup>

*War.* My lord, I found the Prince in the next room,  
 Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks;  
 With such a deep demeanour in great sorrow,  
 That tyranny, which never quaff'd but blood,  
 Would, by beholding him, have wash'd his knife  
 With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.

*King.* But wherefore did he take away the crown?

*Re-enter PRINCE HENRY.*

Lo, where he comes! — Come hither to me, Harry. —  
 Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.

[*Exeunt CLARENCE, Prince HUMPHREY, Lords, &c.*]

*Prince.* I never thought to hear you speak again.

*King.* Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought:  
 I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.  
 Dost thou so hunger for my empty chair,  
 That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine honours  
 Before thy hour be ripe? O, foolish youth!  
 Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee.  
 Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity  
 Is held from falling with so weak a wind,  
 That it will quickly drop: my day is dim.  
 Thou hast stol'n that which, after some few hours,  
 Were thine without offence; and at my death  
 Thou hast seal'd up my expectation:  
 Thy life did manifest thou lov'dst me not,  
 And thou wilt have me die assur'd of it.  
 Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,  
 Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,

<sup>16</sup> *Determin'd* is ended. It is still used in that sense in legal conveyances.

To stab at half an hour of my life.

What! canst thou not forbear me half an hour?

Then get thee gone, and dig my grave thyself;

And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear,

That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.

Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse

Be drops of balm, to sanctify thy head:

Only compound me with forgotten dust;

Give that which gave thee life unto the worms.

Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;

For now a time is come to mock at form.

Harry the Fifth is crown'd! — Up, vanity!

Down, royal state! all you sage counsellors, hence!

And to the English Court assemble now,

From every region, apes of idleness!

Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your scum:

Have you a ruffian that will swear, drink, dance,

Revel the night, rob, murder, and commit

The oldest sins the newest kind of ways?

Be happy, he will trouble you no more:

England shall double-gild his treble guilt;

England shall give him office, honour, might;

For the Fifth Harry from curb'd license plucks

The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog

Shall flesh his tooth in every innocent.

O, my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!

When that my care could not withhold thy riots,

What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?

O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,

Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants!

*Prince. [Kneeling.]* O, pardon me, my liege! but for my  
tears,

The moist impediments unto my speech,

I had forestall'd this dear and deep rebuke,

Ere you with grief had spoke, and I had heard

The course of it so far. (There is your crown;

And He that wears the crown immortally

Long guard it yours! If I affect it more

Than as your honour and as your renown,

Let me no more from this obedience rise,

Which my most inward-true and duteous spirit

Teacheth, — this prostrate and exterior bending!)

Heaven witness with me, when I here came in,

And found no course of breath within your Majesty,

How cold it struck my heart! if I do feign,

O, let me in my present wildness die,

And never live to show th' incredulous world  
 The noble change that I have purposed !  
 Coming to look on you, thinking you dead, —  
 And dead almost, my liege, to think you were, —  
 I spake unto the crown as having sense,  
 And thus upbraided it: *The care on thee depending*  
*Hath fed upon the body of my father ;*  
*Therefore, thou, best of gold, art worst of gold :*  
*Other, less fine in carat, is more precious,*  
*Preserving life in medicine potable ;*<sup>17</sup>  
*But thou, most fine, most honour'd, most renown'd,*  
*Hast eat thy bearer up.* Thus, my most royal liege,  
 Accusing it, I put it on my head,  
 To try with it — as with an enemy  
 That had before my face murder'd my father —  
 The quarrel of a true inheritor.  
 But if it did infect my blood with joy,  
 Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride ;  
 If any rebel or vain spirit of mine  
 Did with the least affection of a welcome  
 Give entertainment to the might of it,  
 Let God forever keep it from my head,  
 And make me as the poorest vassal is,  
 That doth with awe and terror kneel to it ! )

*King.* O my son,  
 God put it in thy mind to take it hence,  
 That thou might'st win the more thy father's love,  
 Pleading so wisely in excuse of it !  
 Come hither, Harry ; sit thou by my bed,  
 And hear, I think, the very latest counsel  
 That ever I shall breathe. God knows, my son,  
 By what by-paths and indirect crook'd ways  
 I met this crown ; and I myself know well  
 How troublesome it sat upon my head :  
 To thee it shall descend with better quiet,  
 Better opinion, better confirmation ;  
 For all the soil of the achievement goes  
 With me into the earth. It seem'd in me  
 But as an honour snatch'd with boisterous hand ;  
 And I had many living to upbraid  
 My gain of it by their assistances ;  
 Which daily grew to quarrel and to bloodshed,

<sup>17</sup> It was long a prevailing opinion that a solution of gold had great medicinal virtues ; and that the incorruptibility of the metal might be communicated to the body impregnated with it. *Potable gold* was one of the panacea of ancient quacks.

Wounding supposed peace. All these bold fears,<sup>18</sup>  
 Thou seest, with peril I have answered;  
 For all my reign hath been but as a scene  
 Acting that argument: and now my death  
 Changes the mode; for what in me was purchas'd,<sup>19</sup>  
 Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort;  
 So thou the garland wear'st successively.<sup>20</sup>  
 Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than I could do,  
 Thou art not firm enough; since griefs are green,  
 And all my foes, which thou must make thy friends,  
 Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out;  
 By whose fell working I was first advanc'd,  
 And by whose power I well might lodge a fear  
 To be again displac'd: which to avoid,  
 I cut some off;<sup>21</sup> and had a purpose now.  
 To lead out many to the Holy Land,  
 Lest rest and lying still might make them look  
 Too near unto my state. Therefore, my Harry,  
 Be it thy course to busy giddy minds  
 With foreign quarrels; that action, hence borne out,  
 May waste the memory of the former days.  
 More would I, but my lungs are wasted so,  
 That strength of speech is utterly denied me.  
 How I came by the crown, O God, forgive,  
 And grant it may with thee in true peace live!

*Prince.* My gracious liege,  
 You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;  
 Then plain and right must my possession be:  
 Which I, with more than with a common pain,  
 'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

*Enter Prince JOHN, WARWICK, Lords, and Others.*

*King.* Look, look, here comes my John of Lancaster.

*John.* Health, peace, and happiness, to my royal father!

<sup>18</sup> *Fears* are objects of fear; terrors. See page 268, note 9.

<sup>19</sup> The *mode* is the *state* or *form* of things. — *Purchas'd* here signifies obtained by eager pursuit. It is from the French *pourchas*, and was sometimes so spelled when used to signify the obtaining of lands or honours by any other means than by title or descent.

<sup>20</sup> That is, *by order of succession*. Johnson observes that "every usurper snatches a claim of hereditary right as soon as he can."

<sup>21</sup> The old copies read, "I cut *them* off;" which does not cohere at all with what the King has just said. It was proposed long ago to read "cut *some* off;" and as this was historically true, and as *some* tells in right order with *many* in the following clause, I think there need be no scruple of adopting it. — In the fifth line before, the old copies have "all *thy* friends," instead of "all *my* foes." The change is made or adopted by Mr. Dyce, and is plainly justified by the context. The occurrence of *thy* friends at the end of the line probably caused it to be misprinted there.

*King.* Thou bring'st me happiness and peace, son John;  
But health, alack! with youthful wings is flown  
From this bare wither'd trunk: upon thy sight,  
My worldly business makes a period. —  
Where is my Lord of Warwick?

*Prince.* My Lord of Warwick!

*King.* Doth any name particular belong  
Unto the lodging where I first did swoon?

*War.* 'Tis called Jerusalem, my noble lord.

*King.* Laud be to God! — even there my life must end.  
It hath been prophesied to me many years,  
I should not die but in Jerusalem,  
Which vainly I suppos'd the Holy Land. —  
But bear me to that chamber; there I'll lie:  
In that Jerusalem shall Harry die.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I. *Glostershire. A Hall in SHALLOW'S House.*

*Enter SHALLOW, FALLSTAFF, BARDOLPH, and Page.*

*Shal.* By cock and pie,<sup>1</sup> sir, you shall not away to-night. —  
What, Davy, I say!

*Fal.* You must excuse me, Master Robert Shallow.

*Shal.* I will not excuse you; you shall not be excus'd;  
excuses shall not be admitted; there is no excuse shall serve;  
you shall not be excus'd. — Why, Davy!

*Enter DAVY.*

*Davy.* Here, sir.

*Shal.* Davy, Davy, Davy, Davy, — let me see, Davy; let  
me see, Davy: let me see: — yea, marry, William cook,<sup>2</sup> bid  
him come hither. — Sir John, you shall not be excus'd.

*Davy.* Marry, sir, thus: Those precepts cannot be serv'd;<sup>3</sup>  
and, again, sir, — shall we sow the headland with wheat?

*Shal.* With red wheat, Davy. But for William cook: —  
are there no young pigeons?

<sup>1</sup> This adjuration seems to have been a popular substitute for profane swearing. In the days of chivalry, knights used to have feasts at which roasted peacocks were served up; and probably the oath sprang from the solemn vows made on such occasions.

<sup>2</sup> William the cook; servants being then often thus distinguished by the quality of their service.

<sup>3</sup> Precepts are warrants. Davy has almost as many employments as Scrub in *The Beaux Stratagem*.

*Davy.* Yes, sir. — Here is now the smith's note for shoeing and plough-irons.

*Shal.* Let it be cast and paid. — Sir John, you shall not be excus'd.

*Davy.* Now, sir, a new link to the bucket must needs be had; — and, sir, do you mean to stop any of William's wages, about the sack he lost the other day at Hinckley fair?

*Shal.* 'A shall answer it. — Some pigeons, Davy; a couple of short-legged hens, a joint of mutton, and any pretty little tiny kickshaws, tell William cook.

*Davy.* Doth the man of war stay all night, sir?

*Shal.* Yea, Davy. I will use him well: A friend i' the Court is better than a penny in purse.<sup>4</sup> Use his men well, Davy, for they are arrant knaves, and will backbite.

*Davy.* No worse than they are back-bitten, sir; for they have marvellous foul linen.

*Shal.* Well conceited, Davy. About thy business, Davy.

*Davy.* I beseech you, sir, to countenance William Visor of Wincot against Clement Perkes of the Hill.<sup>5</sup>

*Shal.* There are many complaints, Davy, against that Visor: that Visor is an arrant knave, on my knowledge.

*Davy.* I grant your worship that he is a knave, sir; but yet God forbid, sir, but a knave should have some countenance at his friend's request. An honest man, sir, is able to speak for himself, when a knave is not. I have serv'd your worship truly, sir, this eight years; and if I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out a knave against an honest man, I have but a very little credit with your worship. The knave is mine honest friend, sir; therefore, I beseech your worship, let him be countenanc'd.<sup>6</sup>

*Shal.* Go to; I say he shall have no wrong. Look about, Davy. [*Exit DAVY.*] — Where are you, Sir John? Come, come, come; off with your boots. — Give me your hand, Master Bardolph.

*Bard.* I am glad to see your worship.

*Shal.* I thank thee with all my heart, kind Master Bardolph. — [*To the Page.*] And welcome, my tall fellow. — Come, Sir John. [*Exit SHALLOW.*]

<sup>4</sup> "A friend in court is worth a penny in purse" is one of Camden's proverbial sentences.

<sup>5</sup> *Wilnecote*, or *Wincot*, is a village in Warwickshire, near Stratford.

<sup>6</sup> This is no exaggerated picture of the course of justice in Shakespeare's time. Sir Nicholas Bacon, in a speech to Parliament, 1559, says, "Is it not a monstrous disguising to have a justice a maintainer, acquitting some for gain, enditing others for malice, bearing with him as his servant, overthrowing the other as his enemy?" A member of the house of commons, in 1601, says, "A justice of peace is a living creature, that for half a dozen chickens will dispense with a dozen of penal statutes."

*Fal.* I'll follow you, good Master Robert Shallow. — Bardolph, look to our horses. [*Exeunt BARDOLPH and Page.*] — If I were saw'd into quantities, I should make four dozen of such bearded hermit's-staves as Master Shallow. It is a wonderful thing to see the semblable coherence of his men's spirits and his: they, by observing him, do bear themselves like foolish justices; he, by conversing with them, is turn'd into a justice-like serving-man: their spirits are so married in conjunction with the participation of society, that they flock together in consent, like so many wild-geese. If I had a suit to Master Shallow, I would humour his men with the imputation of being near their master; if to his men, I would curry with Master Shallow, that no man could better command his servants. It is certain that either wise bearing or ignorant carriage is caught, as men take diseases one of another; therefore let men take heed of their company. I will devise matter enough out of this Shallow to keep Prince Harry in continual laughter the wearing-out of six fashions, (which is four terms,<sup>7</sup> or two actions); and 'a shall laugh without *intervallums*. O, it is much that a lie with a slight oath, and a jest with a sad brow, will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his shoulders! O, you shall see him laugh till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up!

*Shal.* [*Within.*] Sir John!

*Fal.* I come, Master Shallow; I come, Master Shallow.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II. • *Westminster. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter severally, WARWICK and the Lord Chief Justice.*

*War.* How now, my Lord Chief Justice! whither away?

*Just.* How doth the King?

*War.* Exceeding well; his cares are now all ended.

*Just.* I hope, not dead.

*War.* He's walk'd the way of nature;  
And to our purposes he lives no more.

*Just.* I would his Majesty had call'd me with him:  
The service that I truly did his life  
Hath left me open to all injuries.

*War.* Indeed I think the young King loves you not.

*Just.* I know he doth not, and do arm myself

<sup>7</sup> These *terms* were the terms or sittings of the courts, by which the seasons were then commonly reckoned. During the law *terms*, many people went up from the country into the city, to transact business, and learn the *fashions*, and do sundry other things. Some one has justly remarked upon the humour of making a spendthrift thus compute time by those periods which a hard-up debtor would be apt to remember.

To welcome the condition of the time ;  
Which cannot look more hideously upon me  
Than I have drawn it in my fantasy.

*War.* Here come the heavy issue of dead Harry :  
O, that the living Harry had the temper  
Of him, the worst of these three gentlemen !  
How many nobles then should hold their places,  
That must strike sail to spirits of vile sort !

*Just.* O God, I fear all will be overturn'd !

*Enter Prince JOHN, Prince HUMPHREY, CLARENCE, WEST-MORELAND, and Others.*

*John.* Good morrow, cousin Warwick, good morrow.

*Humph. and Cla.* Good morrow, cousin.

*John.* We meet like men that had forgot to speak.

*War.* We do remember ; but our argument  
Is all too heavy to admit much talk.

*John.* Well, peace be with him that hath made us heavy !

*Just.* Peace be with us, lest we be heavier !

*Humph.* O, good my lord ! you've lost a friend indeed ;  
And I dare swear you borrow not that face  
Of seeming sorrow ; it is sure your own.

*John.* Though no man be assur'd what grace to find,  
You stand in coldest expectation :  
I am the sorrier ; would 'twere otherwise.

*Cla.* Well, you must now speak Sir John Falstaff fair ;  
Which swims against your stream of quality.

*Just.* Sweet Princes, what I did, I did in honour,  
Led by th' impartial conduct of my soul ;  
And never shall you see that I will beg  
A ragged and forestall'd remission.<sup>1</sup>  
If truth and upright innocency fail me,  
I'll to the King my master that is dead,  
And tell him who hath sent me after him.

*War.* Here comes the Prince.

*Enter Prince HENRY, as KING.*

*Just.* Good morrow, and God save your Majesty !

*King.* This new and gorgeous garment, majesty,  
Sits not so easy on me as you think. —  
Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear :  
This is the English, not the Turkish Court ;

<sup>1</sup> "A ragged and forestall'd remission" is a remission or pardon obtained by base supplication ; a pardon begged before it is offered ; which were indeed a beggarly act in the Judge, since it would be for doing what he knows was right.

Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,<sup>2</sup>  
 But Harry Harry. Yet be sad, good brothers,  
 For, to speak truth, it very well becomes you :  
 Sorrow so royally in you appears,  
 That I will deeply put the fashion on,  
 And wear it in my heart. Why, then be sad ;  
 But entertain no more of it, good brothers,  
 Than a joint burden laid upon us all.  
 For me, by Heaven, I bid you be assur'd,  
 I'll be your father and your brother too ;  
 Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares.  
 Yet weep, that Harry's dead, and so will I ;  
 But Harry lives, that shall convert those tears,  
 By number, into hours of happiness.

*John, &c.* We hope no other from your Majesty.

*King.* You all look strangely on me ; — and you most :

[*To the Chief Justice.*

You are, I think, assur'd I love you not.

*Just.* I am assur'd, if I be measur'd rightly,  
 Your Majesty hath no just cause to hate me.

*King.* No !

How might a prince of my great hopes forget  
 So great indignities you laid upon me ?  
 What ! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison  
 Th' immediate heir of England ! Was this easy ?  
 May this be wash'd in Lethe and forgotten ?

*Just.* I then did use the person of your father ;  
 The image of his power lay then in me :  
 And, in th' administration of his law,  
 Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth,  
 Your Highness pleased to forget my place,  
 The majesty and power of law and justice,  
 The image of the King whom I presented,  
 And struck me in my very seat of judgment ;  
 Whereon, as an offender to your father,  
 I gave bold way to my authority,  
 And did commit you.<sup>3</sup> If the deed were ill,

<sup>2</sup> Amurath IV., emperor of the Turks, died in 1596: his second son, Amurath, who succeeded him, had all his brothers strangled at a feast, to which he invited them, while yet ignorant of their father's death. It is highly probable that Shakespeare alludes to this transaction.

<sup>3</sup> While Sir William Gascoigne was at the bar, Henry of Bolingbroke was his client, and appointed him his attorney to sue out his livery in the Court of Wards; but Richard II. defeated his purpose. When Bolingbroke became Henry IV. he appointed Gascoigne chief justice. In that station he acquired the character of a learned, upright, wise, and intrepid judge. The story of his committing the Prince is told by Sir Thomas Elyot, in his book entitled *The Governour*; but Shakespeare followed the Chronicles.

Be you contented, wearing now the garland,  
 To have a son set your decrees at nought;  
 To pluck down justice from your awful bench;  
 To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword  
 That guards the peace and safety of your person;  
 Nay, more, to spurn at your most royal image,  
 And mock your workings in a second body.  
 Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours;  
 Be now the father, and propose a son;  
 Hear your own dignity so much profan'd,  
 See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,  
 Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd;  
 And then imagine me taking your part,  
 And in your power so silencing your son.  
 After this cold considerance, sentence me;  
 And, as you are a king, speak in your state,  
 What I have done that misbecame my place,  
 My person, or my liege's sovereignty.

*King.* You are right, Justice, and you weigh this well;  
 Therefore still bear the balance and the sword:  
 And I do wish your honours may increase,  
 Till you do live to see a son of mine  
 Offend you, and obey you, as I did.  
 So shall I live to speak my father's words:  
*Happy am I, that have a man so bold  
 That dares do justice on my proper son;  
 And not less happy, having such a son  
 That would deliver up his greatness so  
 Into the hands of justice.* — You did commit me;  
 For which I do commit into your hand  
 Th' unstained sword that you have us'd to bear;  
 With this remembrance, — that you use the same  
 With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit  
 As you have done 'gainst me. There is my hand.  
 You shall be as a father to my youth;  
 My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear;  
 And I will stoop and humble my intents  
 To your well-practis'd, wise directions. <sup>4</sup> —

<sup>4</sup> This retaining of Gascoigne in office after the death of Henry IV. has been commonly set down as a breach of history, justifiable, perhaps, dramatically, but untrue in point of fact, he having died before the King. It has been found, however, that among the persons summoned to the first parliament of Henry V. was "Sir William Gascoigne, Knight, Chief Justice of our Lord the King." A royal warrant has also come to light, dated November 28, 1414, granting to "our dear and well-beloved William Gascoigne, Knt., an allowance, during the term of his natural life, of four bucks and four does every year out of our forest of Pontifract." And Mr. Tyler has put the matter beyond question by discovering his last will and testament, which was made December 15, 1419. From all which Lord Campbell, in his

And, Princes all, believe me, I beseech you :  
 My father is gone wild into his grave,<sup>5</sup>  
 For in his tomb lie my affections ;  
 And with his spirit sadly I survive,  
 To mock the expectation of the world,  
 To frustrate prophecies, and to raze out  
 Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down  
 After my seeming. The tide of blood in me  
 Hath proudly flow'd in vanity till now :  
 Now doth it turn, and ebb back to the sea,  
 Where it shall mingle with the state of floods,  
 And flow henceforth in formal majesty.  
 Now call we our High Court of Parliament ;  
 And let us choose such limbs of noble counsel,  
 That the great body of our State may go  
 In equal rank with the best-govern'd nation ;  
 That war or peace, or both at once, may be  
 As things acquainted and familiar to us ; —

[*To the Chief Justice.*

In which you, Father, shall have foremost hand. —

Our coronation done, we will accite,  
 As I before remember'd, all our State :  
 And, God consigning to my good intents,  
 No prince nor peer shall have just cause to say,  
 God shorten Harry's happy life one day !

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Glostershire. The Garden of SHALLOW'S House.*

*Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, SILENCE, BARDOLPH, the Page and DAVY.*

*Shal.* Nay, you shall see mine orchard ; where, in an arbour, we will eat a last year's pippin of my own graffing, with a dish of caraways, and so forth ;<sup>1</sup> — come, cousin Silence ; — and then to bed.

*Fal.* 'Fore God, you have here a goodly dwelling and a rich.

*Shal.* Barren, barren, barren ; beggars all, beggars all, Sir

*Lives of the Chief Justices*, concludes it certain that he did survive Henry IV., who died March 20, 1413, and was reappointed to the King's Bench by Henry V. So that we can take the Poet's noble lesson of magnanimity without any abatement or drawback on the score of history.

<sup>5</sup> The meaning is, My *wild* dispositions have ceased on my father's death, and are now buried in his tomb.

<sup>1</sup> Carraway seeds used to be much eaten with apples as a carminative, to relieve the flatulency generated by the fruit. Cogan's *Haven of Health*, 1594, strongly recommends them for that purpose.

John:—marry, good air.—Spread, Davy; spread, Davy: well said, Davy.<sup>2</sup>

Fal. This Davy serves you for good uses; he is your serving-man and your husband.<sup>3</sup>

Shal. A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet, Sir John:—By the Mass, I have drunk too much sack at supper:—A good varlet. Now sit down, now sit down.—Come, cousin.

Sil. Ah, sirrah! quoth-a,—we shall

[Sings.] *Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer,  
And praise God for the merry year;  
When flesh is cheap and females dear,  
And lusty lads roam here and there  
So merrily,  
And ever-among so merrily.*<sup>4</sup>

Fal. There's a merry heart!—Good Master Silence, I'll give you a health for that anon.

Shal. Give Master Bardolph some wine, Davy.

Davy. Sweet sir, sit; I'll be with you anon; most sweet sir, sit.—Master page, good master page, sit. [BARD. and Page sit at another Table.]—Proface!<sup>5</sup> What you want in meat, we'll have in drink. But you must bear; the heart's all.<sup>6</sup> [Exit.

Shal. Be merry, Master Bardolph;—and my little soldier there, be merry.

Sil. [Sings.] *Be merry, be merry, my wife has all;  
For women are shrews, both short and tall:  
'Tis merry in hall when beards wag all,  
And welcome merry Shrove-tide.  
Be merry, be merry, &c.*

Fal. I did not think Master Silence had been a man of this mettle.

Sil. Who, I? I have been merry twice and once ere now.

<sup>2</sup> "Well said" is here used for "well done." The usage has been several times noted. See page 333, note 2.—*Spread* has reference to making ready for eating and drinking.

<sup>3</sup> Meaning "your husbandman;" the one who *husbands* your affairs.

<sup>4</sup> *Ever-among* is an ancient idiomatic phrase, used by Chaucer and others. It means about the same as *always*.—No traces have been found of the old songs with which Silence overflows so eloquently in his mellowness.

<sup>5</sup> A phrase of welcome, equivalent to "Much good may it do you." It is thus explained by old Heywood: "Reader, reade this thus: for preface, *proface*, much good may it do you." It occurs also in Cavendish's *Life of Wolsey*: "Before the second course, my Lord Cardinal came in among them, booted and spurred, all suddenly, and bade them *proface*."

<sup>6</sup> That is, you must put up with plain fare, and take the will for the deed in regard to better.

*Re-enter DAVY.*

*Davy.* There is a dish of leather-coats for you.<sup>7</sup>

[*Setting them before BARDOLPH.*

*Shal.* Davy, —

*Davy.* Your worship? — [*To BARDOLPH.*] I'll be with you straight. — A cup of wine, sir?

*Sil.* [*Sings.*] *A cup of wine that's brisk and fine,  
And drink unto the leman mine;  
And a merry heart lives long-a.*

*Fal.* Well said, Master Silence.

*Sil.* And we shall be merry; — now comes in the sweet of the night.

*Fal.* Health and long life to you, Master Silence!

*Sil.* [*Sings.*] *Fill the cup, and let it come;  
I'll pledge you a mile to the bottom.*

*Shal.* Honest Bardolph, welcome: if thou wantest any thing, and wilt not call, beshrew thy heart. — [*To the Page.*] Welcome, my little tiny thief; and welcome indeed too. — I'll drink to Master Bardolph, and to all the cavalieroes about London.

*Davy.* I hope to see London once ere I die.

*Bard.* An I might see you there, Davy, —

*Shal.* By the Mass, you'll crack a quart together, — ha! will you not, Master Bardolph?

*Bard.* Yea, sir, in a pottle-pot.

*Shal.* By God's liggins, I thank thee: the knave will stick by thee, I can assure thee that: 'a will not out; he is true-bred.

*Bard.* And I'll stick by him, sir.

*Shal.* Why, there spoke a king. Lack nothing: be merry. [*Knocking heard.*] Look who's at door there, ho! who knocks? [*Exit DAVY.*

*Fal.* Why, now you have done me right.

[*To SILENCE who has just drunk a Bumper.*

*Sil.* [*Sings.*] *Do me right, and dub me knight,  
Sa'mingo.<sup>8</sup>*

Is't not so?

<sup>7</sup> Apples commonly called russetines.

<sup>8</sup> To *do a man right* and to *do him reason* were formerly the usual expressions in pledging healths; he who drank a bumper expected that a bumper should be drunk to his toast. To this Bishop Hall alludes in his *Quo Vadis*: "Those formes of ceremonious quaffing, in which men have learned to make gods of others and beasts of themselves; and lose their reason, whiles they pretend to *do reason*." — He who drank a bumper on his knees to the health of his mistress was dubbed a knight for the evening. — In Rowland's *Epigrams*, 1600, Monsieur *Domingo* is celebrated as a toper. Whether the change to *Sa'mingo* was a blunder of Silence in his cups, or was a real contraction of *San Domingo*, is uncertain. Why St. Dominick should be the patron of topers does not appear.

*Fal.* 'Tis so.

*Sil.* Is't so? Why, then say an old man can do somewhat.

*Re-enter DAVY.*

*Davy.* An't please your worship, there's one Pistol come from the Court with news.

*Fal.* From the Court! let him come in. —

*Enter PISTOL.*

How now, Pistol!

*Pist.* Sir John, God save you!

*Fal.* What wind blew you hither, Pistol?

*Pist.* Not the ill wind which blows no man to good. Sweet Knight, thou art now one of the greatest men in the realm.

*Sil.* By'r Lady, I think 'a be, but goodman Puff of Barson.<sup>9</sup>

*Pist.* Puff!

Puff in thy teeth, most recreant coward base! —

Sir John, I am thy Pistol and thy friend,

And helter-skelter have I rode to thee;

And tidings do I bring, and lucky joys,

And golden times, and happy news of price.

*Fal.* I prythee, now, deliver them like a man of this world.

*Pist.* A foutra for the world, and worldlings base! I speak of Africa and golden joys.

*Fal.* O, base Assyrian Knight, what is thy news? Let King Cophetua know the truth thereof.

*Sil.* [Sings.] *And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John.*

*Pist.* Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons? And shall good news be baffled?

Then, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies' lap.

*Shal.* Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding.

*Pist.* Why, then, lament therefore.

*Shal.* Give me pardon, sir: — If, sir, you come with news from the Court, I take it there's but two ways, — either to utter them, or to conceal them. I am, sir, under the King in some authority.

*Pist.* Under which king, Besonian?<sup>10</sup> speak, or die.

<sup>9</sup> *Barston* is a village in Warwickshire, lying between Coventry and Solihull.

<sup>10</sup> *Besonian*, according to Florio a *bisogno*, is "a new levied souldier, such as comes needy to the wars." Cotgrave, in *bisongne*, says "a filthie knave, or clowne, a raskall, a *bisonian*, base humoured scoundrel." Its original sense is a beggar, a needy person; it is often met with very differently spelt in the old comedies.

*Shal.* Under King Harry.

*Pist.* Harry the Fourth? or Fifth?

*Shal.* Harry the Fourth.

*Pist.* A foutra for thine office!—

Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is King;  
Harry the Fifth's the man. I speak the truth:  
When Pistol lies, do this; and fig me,<sup>11</sup> like  
The bragging Spaniard.

*Fal.* What, is the old King dead?

*Pist.* As nail in door:<sup>12</sup> the things I speak are just.

*Fal.* Away, Bardolph! saddle my horse.—Master Robert Shallow, choose what office thou wilt in the land, 'tis thine.—Pistol, I will double-charge thee with dignities.

*Bard.* O, joyful day!—I would not take a knighthood for my fortune.

*Pist.* What, I do bring good news?

*Fal.* Carry Master Silence to bed.—Master Shallow, my Lord Shallow, be what thou wilt; I am Fortune's steward. Get on thy boots: we'll ride all night.—O, sweet Pistol!—Away, Bardolph. [*Exit BARD.*]—Come, Pistol, utter more to me; and, withal, devise something to do thyself good.—Boot, boot, Master Shallow: I know the young King is sick for me. Let us take any man's horses; the laws of England are at my commandment. Happy are they that have been my friends, and woe to my Lord Chief Justice!

*Pist.* Let vultures vile seize on his lungs also!

*Where is the life that late I led?* say they:

Why, here it is: welcome this pleasant day! [*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV. *London. A Street.*

*Enter Beadles, dragging in Hostess QUICKLY and DOLL TEARSHEET.*

*Host.* No, thou arrant knave; I would to God I might die, that I might have thee hang'd: thou hast drawn my shoulder out of joint.

1 *Bead.* The constables have deliver'd her over to me; and she shall have whipping-cheer enough, I warrant her. There hath been a man or two lately kill'd about her.

<sup>11</sup> An expression of contempt or insult by putting the thumb between the fore and middle finger, and forming a coarse representation of a disease to which the name of *figus* has always been given. Pistol seems to accompany the phrase with an appropriate gesture. In explaining the *higas dar* of the Spaniards, Minshew says, after describing it, "a manner as they use in England to bore the nose with the finger, as in disgrace."

<sup>12</sup> The *door nail* is the *nail* in ancient doors on which the knocker strikes. It is therefore used as a comparison for one who has fallen under such a death as reiterated strokes on the head would produce.

*Dol.* Nut-hook, nut-hook, you lie.<sup>1</sup> Come on: I'll tell thee what, thou tripe-visag'd rascal.

*Host.* O the Lord, that Sir John were come! he would make this a bloody day to somebody.

1 *Bead.* Come, I charge you both go with me; for the man is dead that you and Pistol beat among you.

*Dol.* I'll tell thee what, thou thin man in a censer,<sup>2</sup> I will have you as soundly swing'd for this, — you blue-bottle rogue!<sup>3</sup> you filthy famish'd correctioner! — if you be not swing'd, I'll forswear half-kirtles.<sup>4</sup>

1 *Bead.* Come, come, you she knight-errant, come.

*Host.* O God, that right should thus overcome might! Well, of sufferance comes ease.

*Dol.* Come, you rogue, come; bring me to a Justice.

*Host.* Ay, come, you starv'd bloodhound.

*Dol.* Goodman Death! goodman Bones!

*Host.* Thou atomy, thou!<sup>5</sup>

*Dol.* Come, you thin thing; come, you rascal!

1 *Bead.* Very well. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *A public Place near Westminster Abbey.*

*Enter three Grooms, strewing Rushes.*

1 *Groom.* More rushes, more rushes!

2 *Groom.* The trumpets have sounded twice.

3 *Groom.* It will be two o'clock ere they come from the coronation. Despatch, despatch! [*Exeunt Grooms.*]

*Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, PISTOL, BARDOLPH, and the Page.*

*Fal.* Stand here by me, Master Robert Shallow; I will make the King do you grace: I will leer upon him as 'a comes by; and do but mark the countenance that he will give me.

*Pist.* God bless thy lungs, good Knight.

*Fal.* Come here, Pistol; stand behind me. — [*To SHALLOW.*] O, if I had had time to have made new liveries, I would have bestowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you. But 'tis no matter; this poor show doth better: this doth infer the zeal I had to see him; —

<sup>1</sup> *Nut-hook* was a term of reproach for a bailiff or constable. Cleveland says of a committee-man: "He is the devil's *nut-hook*; the sign with him is always in the clutches."

<sup>2</sup> Alluding, probably, to the cap worn by the Beadle; the official cap.

<sup>3</sup> Beadles usually wore a blue livery.

<sup>4</sup> A *half-kirtle* was a kind of apron or fore part of the dress of a woman.

<sup>5</sup> *Atomy* is a Quicklysism for *anatomy*.

*Shal.* It doth so.

*Fal.* — it shows my earnestness of affection, —

*Shal.* It doth so.

*Fal.* — my devotion ; —

*Shal.* It doth, it doth, it doth.

*Fal.* — as it were, to ride day and night ; and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift me ; —

*Shal.* It is most certain.

*Fal.* — but to stand stained with travel, and sweating with desire to see him ; thinking of nothing else ; putting all affairs else in oblivion, as if there were nothing else to be done but to see him.

*Pist.* 'Tis *semper idem*, for *absque hoc nihil est* : 'tis all in every part.

*Shal.* 'Tis so, indeed.

*Pist.* My Knight, I will inflame thy noble liver, and make thee rage. Thy doll, and Helen of thy noble thoughts, is in base durance and contagious prison ; hal'd thither by most mechanical and dirty hand : Rouse up revenge from ebon den with fell Alecto's snake, for Doll is in : Pistol speaks nought but truth.

*Fal.* I will deliver her.

[*Shouts within, and the Trumpets sound.*]

*Pist.* There roar'd the sea, and trumpet-clangor sounds.

*Enter the KING and his Train ; the Chief Justice among them.*

*Fal.* God save thy Grace, King Hal ! my royal Hal !

*Pist.* The Heavens thee guard and keep, most royal imp of fame !<sup>1</sup>

*Fal.* God save thee, my sweet boy !

*King.* My Lord Chief Justice, speak to that vain man.

*Just.* Have you your wits ? know you what 'tis you speak ?

*Fal.* My King ! my Jove ! I speak to thee, my heart !

*King.* I know thee not, old man : fall to thy prayers ;  
How ill white hairs become a fool and jester !  
I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,  
So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so profane ;  
But, being awake, I do despise my dream.  
Make less thy body, hence, and more thy grace ;

<sup>1</sup> *Imp* literally means a graff, scion, or shoot of a tree ; hence formerly used in a good sense for *offspring* or *child*. It occurs repeatedly so in *The Faerie Queene*. How it came to be used only for a wicked or mischievous being, a child of the Devil, does not appear.

Leave gormandizing ; know the grave doth gape  
 For thee thrice wider than for other men.  
 Reply not to me with a fool-born jest :  
 Presume not that I am the thing I was ;  
 For God doth know, so shall the world perceive,  
 That I have turn'd away my former self ;  
 So will I those that kept me company.  
 When thou dost hear I am as I have been,  
 Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou wast,  
 The tutor and the feeder of my riots :  
 Till then, I banish thee, on pain of death, —  
 As I have done the rest of my misleaders, —  
 Not to come near our person by ten mile.  
 For competence of life I will allow you,  
 That lack of means enforce you not to evil ;  
 And, as we hear you do reform yourselves,  
 We will, according to your strength and qualities,  
 Give you advancement.<sup>2</sup> — Be't your charge, my lord,  
 To see perform'd the tenour of our word. —  
 Set on.

[*Exeunt the King and his Train.*]

*Fal.* Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.

*Shal.* Ay, marry, Sir John ; which I beseech you to let me have home with me.

*Fal.* That can hardly be, Master Shallow. Do not you grieve at this : I shall be sent for in private to him. Look you, he must seem thus to the world. Fear not your advancement : I will be the man yet that shall make you great.

*Shal.* I cannot perceive how, unless you give me your doublet, and stuff me out with straw. I beseech you, good Sir John, let me have five hundred of my thousand.

*Fal.* Sir, I will be as good as my word : this that you heard was but a colour.

*Shal.* A colour, I fear, that you will die in, Sir John.

*Fal.* Fear no colours : go with me to dinner. Come, Lieutenant Pistol ; — come, Bardolph. — I shall be sent for soon at eight.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>2</sup> The King's treatment of his old makesport, when he has no longer any use or time for his delectations, has been censured by several critics. In reference to which censure Johnson rightly observes, — "If it be considered that the fat knight has never uttered one sentiment of generosity, and, with all his powers of exciting mirth, he has nothing in him that can be esteemed, no great pain will be suffered from the reflection that he is compelled to live honestly, and maintained by the king, with a promise of advancement when he shall deserve it."

<sup>3</sup> *Soon at* is a phrase used several times by the Poet, and also met with in other writers of the time. The *reason* of it has not been very clearly ascertained ; the *meaning* appears to be merely *as soon as*, or *about*.

*Re-enter Prince JOHN, the Chief Justice, Officers, &c.*

*Just.* Go, carry Sir John Falstaff to the Fleet:<sup>4</sup>  
Take all his company along with him.

*Fal.* My lord, my lord, —

*Just.* I cannot now speak: I will hear you soon. —  
Take them away.

*Pist.* *Si fortuna mi tormenta, lo sperare mi contenta.*

[*Exeunt FAL., SHAL., PIST., BARD., Page and Officers.*

*John.* I like this fair proceeding of the King's.  
He hath intent his wonted followers  
Shall all be very well provided for;  
But all are banish'd till their conversations  
Appear more wise and modest to the world.<sup>5</sup>

*Just.* And so they are.

*John.* The King hath call'd his Parliament, my lord.

*Just.* He hath.

*John.* I will lay odds that, ere this year expire,  
We bear our civil swords and native fire  
As far as France: I heard a bird so sing,  
Whose music, to my thinking, pleas'd the King.  
Come, will you hence?

[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE. *Spoken by a Dancer.*

First my fear, then my curtsy, last my speech. My fear is your displeasure, my curtsy my duty, and my speech to beg your pardons. If you look for a good speech now, you undo me: for what I have to say is of mine own making; and what indeed I should say will, I doubt, prove mine own marring. But to the purpose, and so to the venture. — Be it known to you, (as it is very well,) I was lately here in the end of a displeasing play, to pray your patience for it, and to promise you a better. I did mean, indeed, to pay you with this; which if, like an ill venture, it come unluckily home, I break, and you, my gentle creditors, lose. Here I promis'd you I would be, and here I commit my body to your mercies: bate me some, and I will pay you some; and, as most debtors do, promise you infinitely.

If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me, will you command me to use my legs? and yet that were but light payment, to dance out of your debt. But a good conscience will make any possible satisfaction, and so will I. All the gentle-

<sup>4</sup> The Fleet was one of the old prisons in London. Probably its original purpose was for the accommodation of naughty sailors, hence its name; but it came to be used for other classes of offenders.

<sup>5</sup> *Conversation* in Shakespeare's time had the general meaning of *manners* or *behaviour*.

women here have forgiven me : if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not agree with the gentlewomen ; which was never seen before in such an assembly.

One word more, I beseech you. If you be not too much cloy'd with fat meat, our humble author will continue the story, with Sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Catharine of France : where, for any thing I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already 'a be kill'd with your hard opinions ;<sup>6</sup> for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man. My tongue is weary ; when my legs are too, I will bid you good night ; and so kneel down before you ; — but, indeed, to pray for the Queen.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>6</sup> Mr. White is of the opinion that this epilogue was not written by Shakespeare ; and, sure enough, it does not seem to have the right Shakesperian taste. Be that as it may, the promise touching Falstaff, for some cause or other, was not carried out : Sir John does not once appear in the play of *King Henry V.* The Poet probably judged, as indeed he well might, that Falstaff's dramatic office and mission were fairly at an end when his connection with Prince Henry was broken off ; the purpose of the character being to explain the Prince's wild and riotous courses. — The original plan was to include *King Henry V.* in this volume ; but it was found that this could not be done without making the volume too thick.

<sup>7</sup> Most of the ancient interludes conclude with a prayer for the King or Queen. Hence, perhaps, the *Vivant Rex et Regina*, at the bottom of modern English play bills.

## INTRODUCTION TO JULIUS CÆSAR.

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**T**HIS tragedy was first printed in the folio of 1623, and with the text in so clear and sound a state, that editors have but little trouble about it, most of the errors being easily corrected. The date of the writing has been variously argued ; some placing the work in the middle period of the author's labours, others among the latest. I was fully satisfied long ago, from the style alone, that it belonged with the former. But, as no clear contemporary notice or allusion had been produced, the question could not be determined. It is now pretty certain, however, that the play was written as early as 1601, Mr. Halliwell having lately produced the following from Weever's *Mirror of Martyrs*, which was printed that year :

“ The many-headed multitude were drawn  
By Brutus' speech, that Cæsar was ambitious:  
When eloquent Mark Antony had shown  
His virtues, who but Brutus then was vicious ? ”

As there is nothing in the history that could have suggested this, we can only ascribe it to some acquaintance with the play : so that the passage may be justly regarded as decisive of the question.

The historical matter of this play was taken from the *Lives of Julius Cæsar, of Brutus, and of Antony*, as set forth in Sir Thomas North's translation of *Plutarch*, first published in 1579. In nearly all the leading incidents the charming old Greek is minutely followed, though in divers cases those incidents are worked out with surpassing fertility of invention and art. Any abstract of the Plutarchian matter may well be spared, since it would be little else than a repetition, in prose, of what the drama gives in a much better shape. On the 15th of February, B. C. 44, the feast of Lupercalia was held, when the crown was offered to Cæsar by Antony. On the 15th of March following, Cæsar was slain. In November, B. C. 43, the Triumvirs, Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus, met on a small island near Bononia, and there made up their bloody proscription. The overthrow of Brutus and Cassius, near Philippi, took place in the Fall of the next year. So that the events of the drama cover a period of something over two years and a half.

Several critics of high judgment have found fault with the naming of this play, on the ground that Brutus, and not Cæsar, is the hero of it. It is indeed true that Brutus is the hero ; nevertheless the play is, I think, rightly named, inasmuch as Cæsar is not only the subject but also the governing power throughout. He is the centre and spring-head of the entire action, giving law and shape to all that is said and done. This is manifestly true in what occurs before his death ; and it is true in a still deeper sense afterwards, since his genius then becomes the Nemesis or retributive Providence, presiding over the whole course of the drama. Accordingly, the key-note of the play is rightly given by Brutus near the close :

“ O, Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet !  
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords  
In our own proper entrails.”

The characterization is, I confess, in some parts not a little perplexing to me. I do not feel quite sure as to the temper of mind in which the Poet conceived some of the persons, or why he should have given them the aspect they wear in the play. For instance, Cæsar is far from being himself in these scenes ; hardly one of the speeches

put into his mouth can be regarded as historically characteristic; taking all of them together, they are little short of a downright caricature. As here represented, he is indeed little better than a grand, strutting piece of puff-paste; and when he speaks, it is very much in the style of a glorious vapourer and braggart, full of lofty airs and mock thunder; than which nothing could be further from the truth of the man, whose character, even in his faults, was as compact and solid as adamant, and at the same time as limber and ductile as the finest gold. Yet we have ample proof that the Poet understood "the mightiest Julius" thoroughly. He has many allusions to him scattered through his plays, all going to show that he regarded him as, what Merivale pronounces him, "the greatest name in history." And indeed it is clear from this play itself, that the Poet's course did not proceed at all from ignorance or misconception of the man. For it is remarkable that though Cæsar delivers himself so out of character, yet others, both foes and friends, deliver him much nearer the truth; so that, while we see almost nothing of him directly, we nevertheless get, upon the whole, a pretty just reflection of him. Especially, in the marvellous speeches of Antony, and in the later events of the drama, both his inward greatness and his right of mastership over the Roman world are fully vindicated. For in the play, as in history, Cæsar's blood just cements the empire which the conspirators thought to prevent. He proves indeed far mightier in death than in life; as if his spirit were become at once the guardian angel of his cause, and an avenging angel to his foes. And so it was in fact. For nothing did so much to set the people in love with royalty, both name and thing, as the reflection that their beloved Cæsar, the greatest of their national heroes, the crown and consummation of Roman genius and manhood, had been murdered for aspiring to it.

Now I have no doubt that Shakespeare perfectly understood the whole height and compass of Cæsar's vast and varied capacity. And I sometimes regret that he did not render him as he evidently saw him, inasmuch as he alone, perhaps, of all the men who ever wrote, could have given an adequate expression of that colossal man. And this seeming contradiction between Cæsar as known and Cæsar as rendered by him, is what, more than anything else in the drama, perplexes me. But there is, I think, a very refined, subtle, and peculiar irony pervading this, more than any other of the Poet's plays; not intended as such, indeed, by the speakers, but a sort of historic irony — the irony of Providence, so to speak, or, if you please, of fate; much the same as is implied in the proverb, "A haughty spirit goes before a fall." This irony crops out in many places. Thus we have Cæsar most blown with self-importance and godding it in the loftiest style when the daggers of the assassins are on the very point of leaping at him. So too, all along, we find Brutus most confident in those very things where he is most at fault, or acting like a man "most ignorant of what he's most assur'd;" as when he says that Antony "can do no more than Cæsar's arm when Cæsar's head is off." This, to be sure, is not meant ironically by him; but it is turned into irony by the fact that Antony soon tears the cause of the conspirators all to pieces with his tongue. So, again, of the passage where Cassius mockingly gods Cæsar: the subsequent course of events has the effect of inverting his mockery against himself; as much as to say, "You have made fine work with your ridding the world of great Cæsar: since your daggers pricked the gas out of him, you see what a grand humbug he was!"

As regards the historical aspect of the matter, I have met with nothing better than some remarks by Dr. Schmitz, a recent historian

of Rome. "The death of Cæsar," says he, "was an irreparable loss, not only to the Roman people, but to the whole civilized world; for the Republic was utterly ruined, and no earthly power could restore it. Cæsar's death involved the State in fresh struggles and civil wars for many a year, until in the end it fell again (and this was the best that, under the circumstances, could have happened to it) under the supremacy of Augustus, who had neither the talent, nor the will, nor the power, to carry out all the beneficial plans which his great-uncle had formed. It has been truly said, that the murder of Cæsar was the most senseless act the Romans ever committed. Had it been possible at all to restore the Republic, it would unavoidably have fallen into the hands of a most profligate aristocracy; who would have sought nothing but their own aggrandizement; would have demoralized the people still more; and would have established their own greatness upon the ruins of their country. It is only necessary to recollect the latter years of the Republic, the depravity and corruption of the ruling classes, the scenes of violence and bloodshed which constantly occurred in the streets of Rome, to render it evident to every one that peace and security could not be restored, except by the strong hand of a sovereign; and the Roman world would have been fortunate indeed, if it had submitted to the mild and beneficent sway of Cæsar."

To this may be fitly added Merivale's summing-up of Cæsar's character. "While other illustrious men have been reputed great for their excellence in some one department of human genius, it was declared by the concurrent voice of antiquity, that Cæsar was excellent in all. He had genius, understanding, memory, taste, reflection, industry, and exactness. *He was great*, repeats a modern writer, *in every thing he undertook; as a captain, a statesman, a lawgiver, a jurist, an orator, a poet, an historian, a grammarian, a mathematician, and an architect.* The secret of his manifold excellence was discovered by Pliny in the unparalleled energy of his intellectual powers, which he could devote without distraction to several objects at once, or rush at any moment from one occupation to another with the abruptness and rapidity of lightning. Cæsar could be writing and reading, dictating and listening, all at the same time; he was wont to occupy four amanuenses at once; and had been known, on occasions, to employ as many as seven together. And, as if to complete the picture of the most perfect specimen of human ability, we are assured that in all the exercises of the camp his vigour and skill were not less conspicuous. He fought at the most perilous moments in the ranks of the soldiers; he could manage his charger without the use of reins; and he saved his life at Alexandria by his address in the art of swimming."

From all which it may well be thought that Cæsar was too great for the hero of a drama, since his greatness, if brought forward in full measure, would leave no room for any thing else, at least would preclude any proper dramatic balance and equipoise. It was only as a sort of underlying potency, or a force withdrawn into the background, that his presence was compatible with that harmony and reciprocity of several characters which a well-ordered drama requires. At all events, it is pretty clear that, where he was, such figures as Brutus and Cassius could never be very considerable, save as his assassins. They would not have been heard of in our day, if they had not "struck the foremost man of all this world." Now, in the drama, whatever there was in Brutus and Cassius that was noble, and there was much that was noble in them, has a full and fair showing; and if Cæsar is sacrificed to them, the reason may be that there was more danger of doing injustice to them than to him, inasmuch as Cæsar could better take care of himself.

The honesty of Brutus and the ability of Cassius are very strong features in the drama. The latter is indeed much the worse man, but much the better conspirator. Accordingly, in every case where Brutus crosses him, Brutus is wrong, and he is right, — right, that is, if success be their aim. Cassius judges, and rightly, I think, that the end should give law to the means; and that “the honorable men whose daggers have stabb’d Cæsar” should not be hampered much with conscientious scruples. Still Brutus overawes him by his moral energy and elevation of character, and by the open-faced rectitude and purity of his principles. The character of Brutus is indeed full of beauty and sweetness. In all the relations of life he is upright, gentle, and pure; of a sensitiveness and delicacy of principle that cannot bosom the slightest stain; his mind enriched and fortified with the best extractions of philosophy; a man adorned with all the virtues which, in public and private, at home and in the circle of friends, win respect and charm the heart. Being such a man, of course he could only do what he did under some sort of delusion. And so indeed it is. Yet this very delusion serves, apparently, to ennoble and beautify him, as it takes him and works upon him through his virtues. At heart he is a real patriot, every inch of him. But his patriotism, besides being somewhat hidebound with Patrician pride, is of the speculative kind, and dwells, where his whole character has been chiefly formed, in a world of poetical and philosophical ideals. He is an enthusiastic student of books. And what a delightful, what a noble creature, his Portia is! How little we see of her, yet how complete is our impression of her character! Well might the poet Campbell say, — “For the picture of that wedded pair, at once august and tender, human nature and the dignity of conjugal faith are indebted.” I am not sure, however, but the boy Lucius is the best character in the play. So loving and so dutiful, so careful for his master and so careless of himself, he is indeed a mighty dear little fellow! Shakespeare’s great soul was especially at home with children.

As a whole, this play does not, to my mind, stand among the Poet’s masterpieces. But it abounds in particular scenes and passages fraught with the highest virtue of his genius. Among these may be specially mentioned the second scene of the first Act, where Cassius lays the egg of the conspiracy in Brutus’ mind, warmed with such a wrappage of instigation as to assure its being quickly hatched. Also the first scene of the second Act, unfolding the birth of the conspiracy, and winding up with the interview, so charged with domestic glory, of Brutus and Portia. The oration of Antony in Cæsar’s funeral is such an interfusion of art and passion as realizes the very perfection of its kind. Adapted at once to the comprehension of the lowest mind and the delectation of the highest, and running its pathos into the very quick of them that hear it, it tells with terrible effect on the people; and when it is done, we feel that Cæsar’s bleeding wounds are mightier than ever his genius and fortune were. The quarrel of Brutus and Cassius is deservedly celebrated. Dr. Johnson thought it “somewhat cold and unaffecting.” Coleridge thought otherwise. “I know,” says he, “of no part of *Shakespeare* that more impresses on me the belief of his genius being superhuman, than this scene.” I am content to err with Coleridge here, if it be an error. But there is nothing in the play that seems to me touched more divinely than the brief scene of Brutus and his boy Lucius, in Act iv. The gentle and loving nature of Brutus is there out in its noblest and sweetest transpiration.

# JULIUS CÆSAR.

**PERSONS REPRESENTED.**

# JULIUS CÆSAR.

**OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,**  
**MARCUS ANTONIUS,** } **Triumvirs, after**  
**M. ÆMIL. LEPIDUS,** } **his Death.**  
**CICERO, PUBLIUS, POPILIUS LENA, Sen-**  
**ators.**

**MARCUS BRUTUS,  
CASSIUS,  
CASCA,  
TREBONIUS,  
LIGARIUS,  
DECIVS BRUTUS,  
METELLVS CIMBER,  
CINNA,**

} Conspirators  
against Cæsar.

**FLAVIUS and MARULLUS, Tribunes.**

**ARTEMIDORUS, a Sophist of Cnidos.  
A Soothsayer.**

**CINNA, a Poet. Another Poet.**

**LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, young CATO, and VOLUMNIUS, Friends to Brutus and Cassius.**

**VARRO, CLITUS, CLAUDIUS, STRATO,  
LUCIUS, DARDANIUS, Servants to  
Brutus.**

**PINDARUS, Servant to Cassius.**

### CALPURNIA, Wife to Cæsar.

**PORTIA, Wife to Brutus.**

**Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, &c.**

**SCENE**, during a great part of the Play, at Rome; afterwards at Sardis; and near Philippi.

**ACT I. SCENE I.** *Rome. A Street.*

*Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, and a Throng of Citizens.*

*Flav.* HENCE! homé, you idle creatures, get you home!

**Is this a holiday? What! know you not,**

**Being mechanical,<sup>1</sup> you ought not walk <sup>2</sup>**

Upon a labouring-day without the sign

**Of your profession?—Speak, what trade art thou?**

**I Cit. Why, sir, a carpenter.**

*Mar.* Where is thy leather apron and thy rule?

**What dost thou with thy best apparel on? —**

**You, sir ; what trade are you ?**

2 *Cit.* Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman; I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

*Mar.* But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Shakespeare uses certain adjectives in the singular with the sense of the plural noun; as *mechanical* here for *mechanics*. So, in *Hamlet*, ii. 2: "'Twas caviare to the *general*." The sense in the text is, "Know you not that, *being mechanics*, you ought not," &c.

<sup>2</sup> In infinitive verbs the Poet sometimes omits the *to*, where the verse so carries it. Thus, in *The Merchant of Venice*, i. 3: "Whose own hard dealing teaches them suspect the thoughts of others."

\* *Cobbler*, it seems, was used of a coarse workman, or a *botcher*, in any mechanical trade. So that the Cobbler's answer does not give the information required.

2 *Cit.* A trade, sir, that I hope I may use with a safe conscience; which is indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.

*Mar.* What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?

2 *Cit.* Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me: yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.<sup>4</sup>

*Mar.* What mean'st thou by that? Mend me, thou saucy fellow!

2 *Cit.* Why, sir, cobble you.

*Flav.* Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

2 *Cit.* Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl: I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but with all.<sup>5</sup> I am indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I re-cover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neat's-leather have gone upon my handy-work.<sup>6</sup>

*Flav.* But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day? Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

2 *Cit.* Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But indeed, sir, we make holiday, to see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

*Mar.* Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home? What tributaries follow him to Rome, To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels? You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things! O, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome, Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements, To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops, Your infants in your arms,<sup>7</sup> and there have sat The live-long day, with patient expectation, To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome: And when you saw his chariot but appear, Have you not made an universal shout,

<sup>4</sup> Of course there is a play upon the two senses of *out* here. To be *out with* a man is to be *at odds* with him; to be *out at the toes* is to need a mending of one's shoes.

<sup>5</sup> The original reads, "but *withal*;" which modern editions generally change into *with awl*. In Shakespeare's quibbles, it is often difficult to tell which word should be used; and, as they were meant rather for the ear than the eye, it makes little difference.

<sup>6</sup> *Proper* is commonly used by Shakespeare for *handsome* or *goodly*. See page 194, note 5. So in *Hebrews* xi. 23, it is said that the parents of Moses hid him "because they saw he was a proper child." — *Neat* was applied to all cattle of the bovine genus, such as bulls, cows, and oxen. So, in *The Winter's Tale*, i. 2: "The steer, the heifer, and the calf, are all call'd *neat*."

<sup>7</sup> What is called the nominative independent: "Your infants *being* in your arms."

That Tyber trembled underneath her banks,<sup>8</sup>  
 To hear the replication of your sounds  
 Made in her concave shores?  
 And do you now put on your best attire?  
 And do you now cull out a holiday?  
 And do you now strew flowers in his way  
 That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?<sup>9</sup>  
 Be gone!

Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,  
 Pray to the gods to intermit the plague  
 That needs must light on this ingratitude.<sup>10</sup>

*Flav.* Go, go, good countrymen; and, for this fault,  
 Assemble all the poor men of your sort;  
 Draw them to Tyber banks, and weep your tears  
 Into the channel, till the lowest stream  
 Do kiss the most exalted shores of all. — [*Exeunt Citizens.*  
 See, whe'r their basest metal be not mov'd!<sup>11</sup>  
 They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.  
 Go you down that way towards the Capitol;  
 This way will I. Disrobe the images,  
 If you do find them deck'd with ceremony.<sup>12</sup>

*Mar.* May we do so?  
 You know it is the feast of Lupercal.<sup>13</sup>

<sup>8</sup> The Tyber being always personified as a god, the feminine gender is here, strictly speaking, improper. Milton says: "The river of bliss rolls o'er Elysian flowers *her* amber streams." But he is speaking of the water, and not of its presiding power or genius. Drayton describes the presiding powers of the rivers of England as females; Spenser more classically represents them as males.

<sup>9</sup> The reference is to the great battle of Munda, in Spain, which took place in the Fall of the preceding year. Cæsar was now celebrating his fifth triumph, which was in honour of his final victory over the Pompeian faction. Cnæus and Sextus, the two sons of Pompey the Great, were leaders in that battle, and Cnæus perished. — *Flowers*, in the preceding line, is a dissyllable. The Poet uses this, and also various other words of like form, *power*, *dower*, *bower*, &c., as one or two syllables indifferently, to suit his verse.

<sup>10</sup> It is evident from the opening scene, that Shakespeare, even in dealing with classical subjects, laughed at the classic fear of putting the ludicrous and sublime into juxtaposition. After the low and farcical jests of the saucy cobbler, the eloquence of Marullus "springs upwards like a pyramid of fire." — *Campbell*.

<sup>11</sup> *Whe'r* is occasionally used by the Poet as a contraction of *whether*. The idea is, that even such stupid souls as these have yet the grace to be ashamed of their conduct.

<sup>12</sup> These images were the busts and statues of Cæsar, ceremoniously decked with scarfs and badges in honour of his triumph.

<sup>13</sup> This festival, held in honour of Lupercus, the Roman Pan, fell on the 15th of February, which month was so named from *Februus*, a surname of the god. Lupercus was, primarily, the god of the shepherds, said to have been so called because he kept off the wolves. His wife Luperca was the deified she-wolf that suckled Romulus. The festival, in its original idea, was meant for religious expiation and purification, February being at that time the last month of the year.

*Flav.* It is no matter ; let no images  
Be hung with Cæsar's trophies.<sup>14</sup> I'll about,  
And drive away the vulgar from the streets :  
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.  
These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing,  
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch ;  
Who else would soar above the view of men,  
And keep us all in servile fearfulness.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The Same. A Public Place.*

*Enter, in Procession with Music, CÆSAR ; ANTONY, for the Course ; CALPURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS, CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and CASCA ; a great Crowd following, among them a Soothsayer.*

*Cæs.* Calpurnia, —

*Casca.* Peace, ho ! Cæsar speaks.

[*Music ceases.*]

*Cæs.* Calpurnia, —

*Cal.* Here, my lord.

*Cæs.* Stand you directly in Antonius' way,  
When he doth run his course.<sup>1</sup> — Antonius, —

*Ant.* Cæsar, my lord ?

*Cæs.* Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,  
To touch Calpurnia ; for our elders say,  
The barren, touched in this holy chase,  
Shake off their sterile curse.<sup>2</sup>

*Ant.*

I shall remember :

When Cæsar says *Do this*, it is perform'd.

*Cæs.* Set on ; and leave no ceremony out.

[*Music.*]

*Sooth.* Cæsar !

*Cæs.* Ha ! who calls ?

*Casca.* Bid every noise be still. — Peace yet again !

[*Music ceases.*]

*Cæs.* Who is it in the press that calls on me ?

<sup>14</sup> "Cæsar's trophies" are the scarfs and badges mentioned in note 12 ; as appears in the next scene, where it is said that the Tribunes "are put to silence for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images."

<sup>1</sup> Marcus Antonius was at this time Consul, as Cæsar himself also was. Each Roman *gens* had its own priesthood, and also its peculiar religious rites. The flamens, or priests, of the Julian gens (so named from Iulus the son of Æneas) had lately been advanced to the same rank with those of the god Lupercus ; and Antony was at this time at their head. It was probably as chief flamen of the Julian house that he officiated on this occasion in "the holy course."

<sup>2</sup> It was an old custom at these festivals for the flamens, all naked except a girdle about the loins, to run through the streets of the city, waving in the hand a thong of goat's hide, and striking with it such women as offered themselves for the blow, in the belief that this would prevent or avert "the sterile curse."

I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,  
Cry *Cæsar!* Speak; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.

*Sooth.* Beware the ides of March.

*Cæs.* What man is that?

*Bru.* A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.<sup>3</sup>

*Cæs.* Set him before me; let me see his face.

*Cass.* Fellow, come from the throng; look upon Cæsar.

*Cæs.* What say'st thou to me now? speak once again.

*Sooth.* Beware the ides of March.

*Cæs.* He is a dreamer; let us leave him:—Pass.

[*Sennet. Exeunt all but BRUTUS and CASSIUS.*]

*Cass.* Will you go see the order of the course?

*Bru.* Not I.

*Cass.* I pray you, do.

*Bru.* I am not gamesome: I do lack some part  
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.  
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;  
I'll leave you.

*Cass.* Brutus, I do observe you now of late:  
I have not from your eyes that gentleness  
And show of love as I was wont to have:<sup>4</sup>  
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand  
Over your friend that loves you.

*Bru.* Cassius,  
Be not deceiv'd: if I have veil'd my look,  
I turn the trouble of my countenance  
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am  
Of late with passions of some difference,  
Conceptions only proper to myself,  
Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviours;  
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd,  
(Among which number, Cassius, be you one,)  
Nor construe any further my neglect,<sup>5</sup>

<sup>3</sup> Coleridge has a remark on this line, which, whether true to the subject or not, is very characteristic of the writer: "If my ear does not deceive me, the metre of this line was meant to express that sort of mild philosophic contempt, characterising Brutus even in his first casual speech." The metrical analysis of the line is, an Iamb, two Anapests, and two Iambs.

<sup>4</sup> The demonstratives *this*, *that*, and *such*, and also the relatives *which*, *that* and *as*, had not become fully differentiated in the Poet's time, and so were often used interchangeably. So, a little later in this scene: "Under *these* hard conditions *as* this time is like to lay upon us." See page 224, note 20. This man, Caius Cassius Longinus, had married Junia, a sister of Brutus. Both had lately stood for the chief Prætorship of the city, and Brutus, through Cæsar's favour, had won it; though Cassius was at the same time elected one of the sixteen Prætors or judges of the city. This is said to have produced a coldness between Brutus and Cassius, so that they did not speak to each other, till this extraordinary flight of patriotism brought them together.

<sup>5</sup> *Construe* is, I believe, always used by Shakespeare with the first syllable long.

Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,  
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

*Cass.* Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion;  
By means whereof<sup>6</sup> this breast of mine hath buried  
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.  
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

*Bru.* No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself  
But by reflection from some other thing.<sup>7</sup>

*Cass.* 'Tis just:  
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,  
That you have no such mirror as will turn  
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,  
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,  
Where many of the best respect in Rome,<sup>8</sup> —  
Except immortal Cæsar! — speaking of Brutus,  
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,  
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

*Bru.* Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,  
That you would have me seek into myself  
For that which is not in me?<sup>9</sup>

*Cass.* Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear:  
And, since you know you cannot see yourself  
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,  
Will modestly discover to yourself  
That of yourself which you yet know not of.  
And be not jealous on me,<sup>10</sup> gentle Brutus:  
Were I a common laughèr, or did use  
To stale with ordinary oaths my love<sup>11</sup>  
To every new protester; if you know  
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,  
And after scandal them; or if you know  
That I profess myself, in banqueting,  
To all the rout,<sup>12</sup> then hold me dangerous.

[*Flourish and Shout.*

<sup>6</sup> *Means* was sometimes used in the sense of *cause* or *reason*. *Whereof* refers to the preceding clause.

<sup>7</sup> By an image or "shadow" reflected from a mirror, or from water, or some polished surface.

<sup>8</sup> *Respect* is very often used by the Poet for *consideration*. See page 101, note 16. — The parenthetical clause, "except immortal Cæsar," is very emphatic, and intensely ironical.

<sup>9</sup> Brutus likes to hear Cassius talk in that strain, and here moves him to go on, and amplify the matter.

<sup>10</sup> *On* and *of* were used indifferently in such cases.

<sup>11</sup> To *stale* is to *make common*, to *prostitute*. The word is often used in that sense.

<sup>12</sup> The order, according to the sense, is, "if you know that, in banqueting, I profess myself to all the rout." — To make his flattery work the better, Cassius here assures the "gentle Brutus" that he scorns to flatter, that he never speaks any thing but austere truth, and that he is extremely select in his friendships.

*Bru.* What means this shouting? I do fear the people  
Choose Cæsar for their king.

*Cass.* Ay, do you fear it?  
Then must I think you would not have it so.

*Bru.* I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well.  
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?  
What is it that you would impart to me?  
If it be aught toward the general good,  
Set honour in one eye and death i' the other,  
And I will look on both indifferently;  
For let the gods so speed me as I love  
The name of honour more than I fear death.<sup>13</sup>

*Cass.* I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,  
As well as I do know your outward favour.  
Well, honour is the subject of my story.  
I cannot tell what you and other men  
Think of this life; but, for my single self,  
I had as lief not be as live to be  
In awe of such a thing as I myself.  
I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:  
We both have fed as well; and we can both  
Endure the Winter's cold as well as he:  
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,  
The troubled Tyber chafing with her shores,  
Cæsar said to me, *Dar'st thou, Cassius, now  
Leap in with me into this angry flood,  
And swim to yonder point?* Upon the word,  
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,  
And bade him follow: so indeed he did.  
The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it  
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside  
And stemming it with hearts of controversy;<sup>14</sup>  
But, ere we could arrive the point propos'd,<sup>15</sup>  
Cæsar cried, *Help me, Cassius, or I sink!*  
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,  
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder

<sup>13</sup> There appears to be some confusion here; though I am not clear whether it be the Poet's or the speaker's. Brutus has just said that he "will look on both *indifferently*," and he now says a thing not consistent with that. Warburton would read *death* instead of *both*; which would remove the incoherence. But probably Brutus' thought changes somewhat while he is in the act of expressing it. For he does not seem to have a very firm mental grip: his head is none of the clearest. This is not the only instance where the latter end of his thought seems to forget the beginning.

<sup>14</sup> This mode of speech was not uncommon. The sense is, "with contending or controverting hearts." For instances of similar expression see page 129, note 8.

<sup>15</sup> The verb *arrive*, in its active sense, according to its etymology, was formerly used for *to approach*, or *come near*.

The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tyber  
 Did I the tired Cæsar: and this man  
 Is now become a god; and Cassius is  
 A wretched creature, and must bend his body,  
 If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.

He had a fever when he was in Spain;<sup>16</sup>

And when the fit was on him I did mark

How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake:

His coward lips did from their colour fly;<sup>17</sup>

And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,

Did lose his lustre. I did hear him groan:

Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans

Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,

Alas, it cried, *Give me some drink, Titinius,*

As a sick girl. — Ye gods, it doth amaze me,

A man of such a feeble temper should<sup>18</sup>

So get the start of the majestic world,

And bear the palm alone.

[*Shout. Flourish.*]

*Bru.* Another general shout!

I do believe that these applauses are

For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.

*Cass.* Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world,

Like a Colossus;<sup>19</sup> and we petty men

Walk under his huge legs, and peep about

To find ourselves dishonourable graves.

Men at some time are masters of their fates:

The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,

But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

<sup>16</sup> Cæsar had three several campaigns in Spain at different periods of his life, and it does not appear which of them is here referred to. He was somewhat subject to epileptic fits, especially in his later years, as Napoleon also is said to have been. *Fever* was used for *sickness*, generally, and not merely for what we call a fever.

<sup>17</sup> The image, very bold, somewhat forced, and not altogether happy, is that of a cowardly soldier running away from his flag. — In "did lose his lustre," *his* is used for *its*, the latter not being then an accepted word. See page 108, note 24.

<sup>18</sup> *Temper* is here used nearly in the sense of *constitution* or *temperament*. This mighty man, in fact, notwithstanding his fiery energy and lightning-like swiftness of thought and act, was of a rather fragile make, with an almost feminine delicacy of texture. Cicero, who did not love him at all in one of his Letters applies to him a Greek word, the same that is used for *miracle* or *wonder* in the *New Testament*: the *English* of the passage being, "This miracle (monster?) is a thing of terrible energy, swiftness, diligence."

<sup>19</sup> Observe the force of *narrow* here; as if Cæsar were grown so enormously big that even the world seemed a little thing under him. Some while before this, the Senate had erected a bronze statue of Cæsar, standing on a globe, and inscribed to "Cæsar the Demigod;" which inscription, however, Cæsar had erased. — The original Colossus was a bronze statue a hundred and twenty feet high, set up astride a part of the harbour at Rhodes, so that ships passed "under its huge legs" It was one of the seven wonders of the world.

*Brutus* and *Cæsar*: What should be in that *Cæsar*?  
 Why should that name be sounded more than yours?  
 Write them together, yours is as fair a name;  
 Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;  
 Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with them,  
*Brutus* will start a spirit as soon as *Cæsar*.<sup>20</sup>  
 Now, in the names of all the gods at once,  
 Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,  
 That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd!  
 Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!  
 When went there by an age, since the great flood,<sup>21</sup>  
 But it was fam'd with more than with one man?  
 When could they say, till now, that talk'd of Rome,  
 That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?<sup>22</sup>  
 Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,  
 When there is in it but one only man.  
 O, you and I have heard our fathers say  
 There was a Brutus once<sup>23</sup> that would have brook'd  
 Th' eternal Devil to keep his state in Rome,  
 As easily as a king!

*Bru.* That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;  
 What you would work me to, I have some aim:<sup>24</sup>  
 How I have thought of this, and of these times,  
 I shall recount hereafter; for this present,  
 I would not, so with love I might entreat you,  
 Be any further mov'd. What you have said,  
 I will consider; what you have to say,  
 I will with patience hear; and find a time  
 Both meet to hear and answer such high things.  
 Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this:<sup>25</sup>  
 Brutus had rather be a villager  
 Than to repute himself a son of Rome

<sup>20</sup> The allusion is to the old custom of muttering certain names, supposed to have in them "the might of magic spells," in raising or conjuring up spirits. — *Brutus* and *Cæsar* are here printed in Italic, to show that Cassius is referring to the magical power of the names, and not to the men.

<sup>21</sup> By this a Roman would of course mean Deucalion's flood, not Noah's.

<sup>22</sup> The original has *walks* instead of *walls*. In the next line there is a play upon the words *Rome* and *room*, which may have been more consonous in the Poet's time than they are now.

<sup>23</sup> Alluding to Lucius Junius Brutus, who bore a leading part in driving out Tarquin the Proud, and in turning the Kingdom into a Republic. Afterwards, as Consul, he condemned his own sons to death for attempting to restore the Kingdom. The Marcus Junius Brutus of the play supposed himself to be lineally descended from him. His mother, Servilia, also derived her lineage from Servilius Ahala, who slew Spurius Mælius for aspiring to royalty. Merivale justly remarks that "the name of Brutus forced its possessor into prominence as soon as royalty began to be discussed."

<sup>24</sup> To *aim* is to *guess*. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, i. 1: "I aim'd so near when I suppos'd you lov'd." *Jealous* was often used in the sense of *doubtful*.

<sup>25</sup> To *chew* is literally the same as to *ruminate*. See page 81, note 6.

Under these hard conditions as this time  
Is like to lay upon us.

*Cass.* I am glad that my weak words  
Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus.

*Bru.* The games are done, and Cæsar is returning.

*Cass.* As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve;  
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you  
What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

*Re-enter CÆSAR and his Train.*

*Bru.* I will do so. — But, look you, Cassius,  
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,  
And all the rest look like a chidden train:  
Calpurnia's cheek is pale; and Cicero  
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes<sup>26</sup>  
As we have seen him in the Capitol,  
Being cross'd in conference by some Senator.

*Cass.* Casca will tell us what the matter is.

*Cæs.* Antonius, —

*Ant.* Cæsar?

*Cæs.* Let me have men about me that are fat;  
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights:  
Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look;  
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.<sup>27</sup>

*Ant.* Fear him not, Cæsar; he's not dangerous;  
He is a noble Roman, and well given.<sup>28</sup>

*Cæs.* 'Would he were fatter! but I fear him not:  
Yet, if my name were liable to fear,  
I do not know the man I should avoid  
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;  
He is a great observer, and he looks  
Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no plays,  
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music:<sup>29</sup>  
Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort  
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit  
That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.

<sup>26</sup> The ferret is a very ferocious little animal of the weasel kind, noted for its fire-red eyes. — The angry spot on Cæsar's brow, Calpurnia's pale cheek, and Cicero spouting fire from his eyes as when kindled by opposition in the Senate, make an exceedingly vivid picture.

<sup>27</sup> So in North's *Plutarch, Life of Julius Cæsar*: "When Cæsar's friends complained unto him of Antonius and Dolabella, that they pretended some mischief towards him, he answered them, 'As for those fat men, and smooth combed heads, I never reckon of them; but these pale visaged and carion leane people, I feare them most; meaning Brutus and Cassius.'"

<sup>28</sup> *Well given* is *well disposed*.

<sup>29</sup> This note of Cassius naturally draws to him what is said of "the man that hath no music in himself," in *The Merchant of Venice*, v. 1.

Such men as he be never at heart's ease  
 Whiles they behold a greater than themselves ;  
 And therefore are they very dangerous.  
 I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd  
 Than what I fear, for always I am Cæsar.  
 Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,<sup>30</sup>  
 And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Exeunt CÆSAR and his Train. CASCA stays.*]

*Casca.* You pull'd me by the cloak: would you speak with me?

*Bru.* Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanc'd to-day,  
 That Cæsar looks so sad.

*Casca.* Why, you were with him, were you not?

*Bru.* I should not, then, ask Casca what had chanc'd.

*Casca.* Why, there was a crown offer'd him; and being offer'd him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus; and then the people fell a-shouting.

*Bru.* What was the second noise for?

*Casca.* Why, for that too.

*Cass.* They shouted thrice: what was the last cry for?

*Casca.* Why, for that too.

*Bru.* Was the crown offer'd him thrice?

*Casca.* Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting-by mine honest neighbours shouted.

*Cass.* Who offer'd him the crown?

*Casca.* Why, Antony.

*Bru.* Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

*Casca.* I can as well be hang'd, as tell the manner of it: it was mere foolery; I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown;—yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets;—and, as I told you, he put it by once: but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again; then he put it by again: but, to my thinking, he was very loth to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by; and still, as he refus'd it, the rabblement shouted, and clapp'd their chapp'd hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refus'd the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar; for he swooned, and fell down at it: and, for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air.

*Cass.* But, soft! I pray you. What, did Cæsar swoon?

<sup>30</sup> This is one of the little touches of invention that so often impart a fact-like vividness to the Poet's scenes.

*Casca.* He fell down in the market-place, and foam'd at mouth, and was speechless.

*Bru.* 'Tis very like; he hath the falling-sickness.

*Cass.* No, Cæsar hath it not; but you, and I, And honest Casca, we have the falling-sickness.<sup>81</sup>

*Casca.* I know not what you mean by that; but I am sure Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him and hiss him, according as he pleas'd and displeas'd them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

*Bru.* What said he when he came unto himself?

*Casca.* Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv'd the common herd was glad he refus'd the crown, he pluck'd me ope his doublet, and offer'd them his throat to cut: an I had been a man of any occupation,<sup>82</sup> if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to Hell among the rogues: — and so he fell. When he came to himself again he said, if he had done or said any thing amiss, he desir'd their worships to think it was his infirmity.<sup>83</sup> Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried, *Alas, good soul!* and forgave him with all their hearts. But there's no heed to be taken of them: if Cæsar had stabb'd their mothers, they would have done no less.

*Bru.* And, after that, he came thus sad away?

*Casca.* Ay.

*Cass.* Did Cicero say any thing?

*Casca.* Ay, he spoke Greek.

*Cass.* To what effect?

*Casca.* Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' the face again: but those that understood him smil'd at one another, and shook their heads; but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me.<sup>84</sup> I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well: There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

*Cass.* Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

<sup>81</sup> Meaning the disease of "standing prostrate" before Cæsar. *Falling-sickness* or *falling-evil* was the English name for epilepsy in Shakespeare's time.

<sup>82</sup> Men of *occupation* are mechanics or artizans. So, in *Coriolanus*, iv. 6: "You have made good work, you and your apron-men; you that stood so much upon the voice of *occupation*, and the breath of garlic-eaters."

<sup>83</sup> This is historical, and is thus given in North's *Plutarch*: "Thereupon also Cæsar rising departed home, and, tearing open his dublet collar, making his necke bare, he cried out aloud to his friends, that his throate was readie to offer to any man that would come and cut it. Notwithstanding, it is reported that afterwards, to excuse his folly, he imputed it to his disease, saying that their wits are not perfit which have this disease of the falling evill."

<sup>84</sup> A charming invention. Cicero had a long, sharp tongue, and was mighty fond of using it; and nothing was more natural, supposing him to have been present, than that he should snap off some keen sententious sayings; prudently veiling them however in a foreign language from all but those who might safely understand them.

*Casca.* No, I am promis'd forth.

*Cass.* Will you dine with me to-morrow?

*Casca.* Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

*Cass.* Good; I will expect you.

*Casca.* Do so: Farewell both. [*Exit* CASCA.

*Bru.* What a blunt fellow is this grown to be!<sup>85</sup>  
He was quick mettle when he went to school.

*Cass.* So is he now, in execution  
Of any bold or noble enterprise,  
However he puts on this tardy form.  
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,  
Which gives men stomach to digest his words  
With better appetite.

*Bru.* And so it is. For this time I will leave you:  
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,  
I will come home to you; or, if you will,  
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

*Cass.* I will do so: till then, think of the world.—

[*Exit* BRUTUS.]

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,  
Thy honourable metal may be wrought  
From that it is dispos'd:<sup>86</sup> therefore 'tis meet  
That noble minds keep ever with their likes;  
For who so firm that cannot be seduc'd?  
Cæsar doth bear me hard,<sup>87</sup> but he loves Brutus:  
If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,  
He should not humour me.<sup>88</sup> I will this night,

<sup>85</sup> *Blunt* here means, apparently, *dull* or *slow*; alluding to the "tardy form" Casca has just "put on" in winding so long about the matter before coming to the point.

<sup>86</sup> Wrought from *what* it is dispos'd to. I am not clear whether Cassius here refers to the effect of his own talk, or to that of Cæsar's treatment, in warping Brutus from his natural bent. He evidently regards Brutus as a noble putty-head, and goes on to take order for moulding him accordingly.

<sup>87</sup> To *bear me hard* is, in old English, to *have a grudge against me*, or to *think ill of me*. The phrase occurs twice afterwards in the same sense in this play.

<sup>88</sup> To *humour* a man, as the term is here used, is to turn and wind and work him, by playing on his passions. There is some obscurity in the passage, it being not quite clear whether the last *he* refers to Cassius or to Cæsar. Warburton explains it thus: "If I were Brutus, and Brutus were Cassius, he should not cajole me as I do him." Johnson's explanation runs thus: "Cæsar loves Brutus; but if Brutus and I were to change places, his love should not take hold of my affections, so as to make me forget my principles." It is not easy to say which of these is the better; but the latter best agrees with what the Poet read in Plutarch's *Life of Brutus*: "Brutus in many things tasted of the benefite of Cæsar's favour in any thing he requested. For, if he had listed, he might have been one of Cæsars chiefest friends, and of greatest authoritie and credite about him. Howbeit, Cassius friends did dissuade him, and prayed him to beware of Cæsars sweete enticements and to flie his tyrannicall favors; the which they said Cæsar gave

In several hands,<sup>39</sup> in at his window throw,  
 As if they came from several citizens,  
 Writings all tending to the great opinion  
 That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely  
 Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at:  
 And, after this, let Cæsar seat him sure;  
 For we will shake him, or worse days endure.<sup>40</sup>

[*Exit.*]SCENE III. *The same. A Street.*

*Thunder and Lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, CASCA, with his Sword drawn, and CICERO.*

*Cic.* Good even, Casca: brought you Cæsar home? <sup>1</sup>  
 Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?

*Casca.* Are not you mov'd, when all the sway of Earth  
 Shakes, like a thing unfirm? O Cicero!  
 I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds  
 Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have seen  
 Th' ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam,  
 To be exalted with the threatening clouds: <sup>2</sup>  
 But never till to-night, never till now,  
 Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.  
 Either there is a civil strife in Heaven,  
 Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,  
 Incenses them to send destruction. <sup>3</sup>

*Cic.* Why, saw you any thing more wonderful? <sup>4</sup>

*Casca.* A common slave (you know him well by sight)  
 Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn  
 Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand,  
 Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.  
 Besides, (I have not since put up my sword,)  
 Against the Capitol I met a lion,

him, not to honour his vertue, but to weaken his constant minde, framing it to the bent of his bow."

<sup>39</sup> In several *hand-writings*.

<sup>40</sup> We will either shake him, or endure worse days in suffering the consequences of our attempt. — The Poet makes Cassius overflow with intense personal spite against Cæsar. This is in accordance with what he read in *Plutarch*: "Cassius, being a choleric man, and hating Cæsar privately more than he did the tyranny openly, incensed Brutus against him. It is also reported that Brutus could evil away with the tyranny, and that Cassius hated the tyrant." Of course *tyranny* as here used means *royalty*.

<sup>1</sup> Did you *attend* or *escort* him home? This use of *bring* was common.

<sup>2</sup> *So as*, or *insomuch as* to be exalted with the threatening clouds. The Poet often uses the infinitive mood thus.

<sup>3</sup> Either the gods are fighting among themselves, or else they are making war on the world for being too saucy with them.

<sup>4</sup> *More* is here equivalent to *else*: saw you any thing more *that was* wonderful?

Who glar'd upon me, and went surly by,  
 Without annoying me. And there were drawn  
 Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,<sup>5</sup>  
 Transformed with their fear; who swore they saw  
 Men, all in fire, walk up and down the streets.  
 And yesterday the bird of night did sit  
 Even at noon-day upon the market-place,  
 Hooting and shrieking.<sup>6</sup> When these prodigies  
 Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,  
*These are their reasons, — they are natural;*<sup>7</sup>  
 For I believe they are portentous things  
 Unto the climate that they point upon.

*Cic.* Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time :  
 But men may construe things after their fashion,  
 Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.  
 Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow?

*Casca.* He doth; for he did bid Antonius  
 Send word to you he would be there to-morrow.

*Cic.* Good night then, Casca: this disturbed sky  
 Is not to walk in.

*Casca.* Farewell, Cicero.

[*Exit CICERO.*

*Enter CASSIUS.*

*Cass.* Who's there?

*Casca.* A Roman.

*Cass.* Casca, by your voice.

*Casca.* Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this!

*Cass.* A very pleasing night to honest men.

*Casca.* Who ever knew the Heavens menace so?

*Cass.* Those that have known the Earth so full of faults.  
 For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,  
 Submitting me unto the perilous night;  
 And, thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,  
 Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone:<sup>8</sup>

<sup>5</sup> *Drawn upon a heap* is drawn together in a crowd.

<sup>6</sup> Plutarch, in the *Life of Julius Cæsar*, gives the following account of these wonders: "Touching the fires in the element, and spirits running up and downe in the night, and also the solitary birds to be seene at noon daies sitting in the great market place, are not all these signes perhaps worth the noting in such a wonderfull chance as happened? But Strabo the Philosopher writeth, that divers men were seene going up and downe in fire; and furthermore, that there was a slave of the souldiers, that did cast a marvellous burning flame out of his hand; insomuch as they that saw it thought he had bene burnt, but when the fire was out it was found he had no hurt."

<sup>7</sup> Casca refers to the doctrine of the Epicureans, who were slow to believe that such elemental pranks had any moral significance in them, or that moral causes had any thing to do with them; and held that the reasons of them were to be sought for in the simple working of natural laws and forces. The mild recepticism of Cicero's reply is exceedingly graceful and apt.

<sup>8</sup> *Thunder-stone* is the old word for *thunder-bolt*. — *Unbraced* answers to our *unbuttoned*.

And when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open  
The breast of Heaven, I did present myself  
Even in the aim and very flash of it.

*Casca.* But wherefore did you so much tempt the Heavens?  
It is the part of men to fear and tremble,  
When the most mighty gods by tokens send  
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

*Cass.* You are dull, Casca; and those sparks of life  
That should be in a Roman you do want,  
Or else you use not. You look pale, and gaze,  
And put on fear, and case yourself in wonder,<sup>9</sup>  
To see the strange impatience of the Heavens:  
But if you would consider the true cause  
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,  
Why birds and beasts, from quality and kind;<sup>10</sup>  
Why old men fool, and children calculate;  
Why all these things change from their ordinance,  
Their natures, and preformed faculties,  
To monstrous quality; — why, you shall find  
That Heaven hath infus'd them with these spirits,  
To make them instruments of fear and warning  
Unto some monstrous State.<sup>11</sup> Now could I, Casca,  
Name to thee a man most like this dreadful night;  
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars,  
As doth the lion, in the Capitol;<sup>12</sup>  
A man no mightier than thyself or me  
In personal action; yet prodigious grown,  
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

<sup>9</sup> *Attire* yourself in wonder, or put on an expression of wonder. The original has *cast* instead of *case*, — the reading adopted by White and Dyce. I am not quite clear as to the propriety of the change, apt and expressive as it is; though the use of *put on*, just before, favours it.

<sup>10</sup> The sense of *change*, two lines below, appears to be anticipated here. The grammar of the passage is rather badly confused, yet the meaning is clear enough; the general idea being that of elements and animals, and even of old men and children, acting in a manner out of or against their nature and kind; or changing their natures and original faculties from the course, in which they were ordained to move, to monstrous or unnatural modes of action. The original reads, "old men, *fools*, and children." This makes the sense incoherent, and is clearly wrong. The reading of the text gives the coherent and right sense, that old men in being foolish, and children in being considerate, are acting just as much out of character, as the fires and ghosts, the birds and beasts are in what has already been related of them.

<sup>11</sup> Some State or Commonwealth that has grown all out of natural propriety. — As Cassius is an avowed Epicurean, it may seem out of character to make him speak thus. But he is here talking for effect, his aim being to kindle and instigate Casca into the conspiracy; and to this end he does not stick to say what he does not himself believe; all which is rightly characteristic of him.

<sup>12</sup> This reads as if a lion were kept in the Capitol to roar for them. But the meaning is that Cæsar roars in the Capitol, like a lion. Perhaps Cassius has the idea of Cæsar's claiming or aspiring to be among men what the lion is among beasts.

*Casca.* 'Tis Cæsar that you mean; is it not, Cassius?

*Cass.* Let it be who it is: for Romans now  
Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors;<sup>13</sup>  
But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,  
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits;  
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

*Casca.* Indeed, they say the Senators to-morrow  
Mean to establish Cæsar as a king;  
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,  
In every place, save here in Italy.

*Cass.* I know where I will wear this dagger, then;  
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius:  
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;  
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:  
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,  
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,  
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;  
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,  
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.  
If I know this, know all the world besides,  
That part of tyranny that I do bear  
I can shake off at pleasure.

[*Thunder still.*

*Casca.* So can I:  
So every bondman in his own hand bears  
The power to cancel his captivity.

*Cass.* And why should Cæsar be a tyrant, then?  
Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf,  
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep:  
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.  
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire  
Begin it with weak straws: What trash is Rome,  
What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves  
For the base matter to illuminate  
So vile a thing as Cæsar!<sup>14</sup> But, O grief,  
Where hast thou led me? I perhaps speak this  
Before a willing bondman: then I know  
My answer must be made; but I am arm'd,  
And dangers are to me indifferent.

*Casca.* You speak to Casca; and to such a man  
That is no fleering tell-tale.<sup>15</sup> Hold, my hand:

<sup>13</sup> *Thews* is an old word, and a right good one too, for *sineus* or *muscles*.

<sup>14</sup> To shed splendour upon him, or to make light for him to shine by.

<sup>15</sup> *Fleering* unites the two senses of *flattering* and *mocking*, and so is just the right epithet for a tell-tale, who flatters you into saying that of another which you ought not to say, and then mocks you by going to that other and telling what you have said.

Be factious for redress of all these griefs ;<sup>16</sup>  
 And I will set this foot of mine as far  
 As who goes farthest.

*Cass.* There's a bargain made.  
 Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already  
 Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans  
 To undergo with me an enterprise  
 Of honourable-dangerous consequence ;  
 And I do know, by this, they stay for me  
 In Pompey's porch : for now, this fearful night,  
 There is no stir or walking in the streets ;  
 And the complexion of the element  
 In favour's like the work we have in hand,<sup>17</sup>  
 Most bloody-fiery and most terrible.

*Casca.* Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.

*Cass.* 'Tis Cinna ; I do know him by his gait ;  
 He is a friend. —

*Enter CINNA.*

Cinna, where haste you so ?

*Cin.* To find out you. Who's that ? Metellus Cimber ?

*Cass.* No, it is Casca ; one incorporate  
 To our attempt. Am I not stay'd for, Cinna ?

*Cin.* I'm glad on't. What a fearful night is this !  
 There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

*Cass.* Am I not stay'd for ? tell me.

*Cin.* Yes,

You are. O, Cassius, if you could but win  
 The noble Brutus to our party, —

*Cass.* Be you content. Good Cinna, take this paper,  
 And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,  
 Where Brutus may but find it ; and throw this  
 In at his window ; set this up with wax  
 Upon old Brutus' statue : all this done,  
 Repair to Pompey's Porch,<sup>18</sup> where you shall find us.  
 Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there ?

*Cin.* All but Metellus Cimber ; and he's gone  
 To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,  
 And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

*Cass.* That done, repair to Pompey's theatre. —

[*Exit CINNA.*

Come, Casca, you and I will yet, ere day,

<sup>16</sup> *Faction* seems to be here used in its original sense of *doing* or *active*.

<sup>17</sup> *Favour* here is put for *appearance*, *look*, *countenance*.

<sup>18</sup> Pompey's Porch was a spacious adjunct to the great theatre which Pompey had built a few years before.

See Brutus at his house : three parts of him  
Is ours already ;<sup>19</sup> and the man entire,  
Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.

*Casca.* O, he sits high in all the people's hearts !  
And that which would appear offence in us,  
His countenance, like richest alchymy,  
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.

*Cass.* Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,  
You have right well conceited.<sup>20</sup> Let us go,  
For it is after midnight ; and, ere day,  
We will awake him, and be sure of him.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I. *Rome.* BRUTUS'S Orchard.<sup>1</sup>

*Enter* BRUTUS.

*Bru.* What, Lucius, ho ! —  
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,  
Give guess how near to day. — Lucius, I say ! —  
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly. —  
When, Lucius, when !<sup>2</sup> Awake, I say ! what, Lucius !

*Enter* LUCIUS.

*Luc.* Call'd you, my lord ?

*Bru.* Get me a taper in my study, Lucius :  
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

*Luc.* I will, my lord.

[*Exit.*

*Bru.* It must be by his death :<sup>3</sup> and, for my part,  
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,  
But for the general.<sup>4</sup> He would be crown'd :  
How that might change his nature, there's the question :  
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder ;<sup>5</sup>  
And that craves wary walking. Crown him ; — that ; —

<sup>19</sup> The discord of *parts* and *is* was not ungrammatical in the Poet's time.

<sup>20</sup> *Conceit* is always used by Shakespeare in a good sense. Here it means *conceived*.

<sup>1</sup> *Orchard* and *garden* were synonymous. In *Romeo and Juliet*, Capulet's *garden* is twice called *orchard*. The word was anciently written *hort-yard*.

<sup>2</sup> *When !* was sometimes used as an exclamation of impatience.

<sup>3</sup> Brutus has been casting about on all sides to find some other means to prevent Cæsar's being king, and here gives it up that this can be done only by killing him. Thus the speech opens in just the right way to throw us back upon his antecedent meditations.

<sup>4</sup> The *public cause*. The use of *general* in the sense of *public* is common.

<sup>5</sup> The Poet is apt to be right in his observation of Nature. In a bright warm day the snakes come out to bask in the sun. And the idea is, that the sunshine of royalty will kindle the serpent in Cæsar.

And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,  
 That at his will he may do danger with.  
 Th' abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins  
 Remorse from power ;<sup>6</sup> and, to speak truth of Cæsar,  
 I have not known when his affections sway'd  
 More than his reason.<sup>7</sup> But 'tis a common proof,  
 That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,  
 Whereto the climber-upward turns his face ;  
 But, when he once attains the upmost round,  
 He then unto the ladder turns his back,  
 Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees  
 By which he did ascend :<sup>8</sup> so Cæsar may ;  
 Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel  
 Will bear no colour for the thing he is,<sup>9</sup>  
 Fashion it thus ; that what he is, augmented,  
 Would run to these and these extremities :  
 And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,  
 Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mischievous ;  
 And kill him in the shell.

*Re-enter* LUCIUS.

*Luc.* The taper burneth in your closet, sir.  
 Searching the window for a flint, I found  
 This paper thus seal'd up ; and I am sure  
 It did not lie there when I went to bed.

*Bru.* Get you to bed again ; it is not day.  
 Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March ?

*Luc.* I know not, sir.

*Bru.* Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

*Luc.* I will, sir.

[*Exit.*

*Bru.* The exhalations, whizzing in the air,  
 Give so much light that I may read by them. —

[*Opens the Paper, and reads.*

<sup>6</sup> *Remorse* in *Shakespeare* commonly means *pity* or *compassion*. Power is apt to harden the heart, and make men cruel ; and the logic of the passage is, that it has had no such effect on Cæsar ; that in all his greatness he has still kept his tenderness of heart.

<sup>7</sup> By *affection* the Poet sometimes means susceptibility of being *affected* by external things, as distinguished from firmness of reason. Here the sense is, that Cæsar has not been corrupted by power, or drawn from the course of reason into any "abuse of greatness."

<sup>8</sup> *Degrees* is here used in its primitive sense of *steps*, meaning the rounds of the ladder.

<sup>9</sup> This is rather oddly expressed. The meaning is, Since we have no colour of a pretext, in what Cæsar now is, or in any thing he has yet done, for driving this quarrel against him, let us assume that the further addition of a crown will quite upset his nature. — The strain of subtle casuistry used in this speech is very remarkable, and may well provoke a question as to what sort of a character the Poet meant his Brutus to be. Coleridge found it very perplexing. Certainly it is such a style of reasoning as no clear-headed honest man would use.

*Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake and see thyself.*

*Shall Rome, &c. Speak, strike, redress! —*

*Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake! —*

Such instigations have been often dropp'd

Where I have took them up.

*Shall Rome, &c. Thus must I piece it out:*

Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What, Rome?

My ancestor did from the streets of Rome

The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king. —

*Speak, strike, redress! — Am I entreated*

To speak and strike? O Rome, I make thee promise,

If the redress will follow, thou receivest

Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

*Re-enter LUCIUS.*

*Luc.* Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.<sup>10</sup>

*[Knocking within.*

*Bru.* 'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks. —

*[Exit LUCIUS.*

Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar,

I have not slept.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing

And the first motion,<sup>11</sup> all the interim is

Like a phantasma or a hideous dream:

The Genius and the mortal instruments

Are then in council;<sup>12</sup> and the state of man,

Like to a little kingdom, suffers then

The nature of an insurrection.

*Re-enter LUCIUS.*

*Luc.* Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door,

Who doth desire to see you.

*Bru.*

Is he alone?

<sup>10</sup> The original has *fifteen* instead of *fourteen*. As this is on the morning of the fifteenth, our mode of reckoning would count only fourteen days as wasted.

<sup>11</sup> "The first motion" is the first *thought*, or the first *budding* of the thought into *purpose*. The state of mind here *spoken of* is wonderfully *represented* in the case of Macbeth, in the uncontrollable nervousness which the purpose generates in him.

<sup>12</sup> *Mortal* is here used in the sense of *deadly*; for that which *kills*, not that which *dies*. The Poet often uses it so; as in Lady Macbeth's fearful invocation, "Come, you spirits that tend on *mortal* thoughts." The passage is meant to suggest the intense struggle of conflicting motions that goes on in a man between the first conception and the final execution of "a dreadful thing." The Genius, or the governing part, holds a council with the subordinate faculties, its ministers, which shrink from executing its will; and are in revolt against the Genius until it schools or forces them into executive obedience. These ministers are the deadly instruments which, by standing out from the ministry of death, fill the mind with insurrectionary disorder.

*Luc.* No, sir ; there are more with him.

*Bru.* Do you know them?

*Luc.* No, sir ; their hats are pluck'd about their ears,  
And half their faces buried in their cloaks,  
That by no means I may discover them  
By any mark of favour.

*Bru.* Let 'em enter. — [*Exit LUCIUS.*

They are the faction. — O Conspiracy,  
Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,  
When evils are most free? <sup>13</sup> O, then, by day  
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough  
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, Conspiracy!  
Hide it in smiles and affability:  
For if thou put thy native semblance on, <sup>14</sup>  
Not Erebus itself were dim enough  
To hide thee from prevention. <sup>15</sup>

*Enter CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, CINNA, METELLUS CIMBER,  
and TREBONIUS.*

*Cass.* I think we are too bold upon your rest:  
Good morrow, Brutus ; do we trouble you?

*Bru.* I have been up this hour, awake all night.  
Know I these men that come along with you?

*Cass.* Yes, every man of them ; and no man here,  
But honours you ; and every one doth wish  
You had but that opinion of yourself  
Which every noble Roman bears of you.  
This is Trebonius.

*Bru.* He is welcome hither.

*Cass.* This Decius Brutus. <sup>16</sup>

*Bru.* He is welcome too.

*Cass.* This, Casca ; this, Cinna ; and this Metellus Cimber.

*Bru.* They are all welcome. —

<sup>13</sup> When *crimes*, or perhaps evil *men*, are most free from the restraints of law, or of shame.

<sup>14</sup> The original has *path* instead of *put*. *Path* is retained by some editors, setting a (,) after it, and taking it in the sense of *pass*. Mr. Dyce reads *put*. I cannot say that I am fully satisfied with either reading. *Pass* and *have* have also been proposed.

<sup>15</sup> To hide thee from *discovery*, which would lead to prevention.

<sup>16</sup> Shakespeare found the name thus in *Plutarch*. In fact, however, it was *Decimus*, not *Decius*. The man is not known to have been any kin to the other Brutus of the play. He had been one of Cæsar's ablest, most favoured, and most trusted lieutenants, and had particularly distinguished himself in his naval service at Venetia and Massilia. After the murder of Cæsar, he was found to be written down in his will as one of his heirs ; also to be prospectively designated by him for certain offices, which he was so patriotic as to accept. And he was the second of the conspirators to be slain, while Trebonius was the first ; who had also served with ability and honour in Cæsar's campaigns.

What watchful cares do interpose themselves  
Betwixt your eyes and night?

*Cass.* Shall I entreat a word? [ *They whisper.*

*Dec.* Here lies the East: doth not the day break here?

*Casca.* No.

*Cin.* O, pardon, sir, it doth; and yon gray lines  
That fret the clouds are messengers of day.

*Casca.* You shall confess that you are both deceiv'd.  
Here, as I point my sword, the Sun arises;  
Which is a great way growing on the South,  
Weighing the youthful season of the year.<sup>17</sup>  
Some two months hence, up higher toward the North  
He first presents his fire; and the high East  
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

*Bru.* Give me your hands all over, one by one.

*Cass.* And let us swear our resolution.

*Bru.* No, not an oath: if not the face of men,<sup>18</sup>  
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse, —  
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,  
And every man hence to his idle bed;  
So let high-sighted tyranny range on,  
Till each man drop by lottery.<sup>19</sup> But if these,  
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough  
To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour  
The melting spirits of women; then, countrymen,  
What need we any spur but our own cause  
To prick us to redress? what other bond  
Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word,  
And will not palter?<sup>20</sup> and what other oath  
Than honesty to honesty engag'd,  
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?  
Swear priests, and cowards, and men cautelous,<sup>21</sup>

<sup>17</sup> *Verging towards* the South, *considering*, or *in accordance with*, the early time of the year. — “The *high East*” is the *perfect East*. So the Poet has “*high morning*” for morning *full-blown*. — This little side-talk on an indifferent theme is very finely conceived, and aptly marks the men as seeking to divert off the anxious thoughts of the moment by any casual chat. It also serves the double purpose of showing that they are not listening, and of preventing suspicion, if any were listening to them.

<sup>18</sup> “The *face of men*” seems to mean nothing more nor less than the *aspect* of men, or their anxiety as depicted in their looks. Some think the reading corrupt, but I can see no difficulty in it. — The change of construction in the sentence gives it a more colloquial taste, without causing any obscurity or confusion of thought.

<sup>19</sup> Till each man drop as his *allotted* time provides.

<sup>20</sup> To *palter* is to *shuffle* or *equivocate*. — *Engag'd* is *pledged*. See page 103, note 23.

<sup>21</sup> *Cautelous* is here used in the sense of *deceit* or *fraud*; though its original meaning is *wary*, *circumspect*, the same as *cautious*. The word is said to have caught a bad sense in passing through French hands.

Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls  
 That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear  
 Such creatures as men doubt: but do not stain  
 The even virtue of our enterprise,  
 Nor th' insuppressive mettle of our spirits,<sup>22</sup>  
 To think that or our cause or our performance  
 Did need an oath; when every drop of blood  
 That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,  
 Is guilty of a several bastardy,  
 If he do break the smallest particle  
 Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.

*Cass.* But what of Cicero? Shall we sound him?  
 I think he will stand very strong with us.

*Casca.* Let us not leave him out.

*Cin.*

No, by no means.

*Met.* O, let us have him! for his silver hairs  
 Will purchase us a good opinion,  
 And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:  
 It shall be said, his judgment rul'd our hands;  
 Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,  
 But all be buried in his gravity.

*Bru.* O, name him not! let us not break with him;<sup>23</sup>  
 For he will never follow any thing  
 That other men begin.

*Cass.* Then leave him out,

*Casca.* Indeed, he is not fit.

*Dec.* Shall no man else be touch'd but only Cæsar?

*Cass.* Decius, well urg'd. — I thing it is not meet,  
 Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Cæsar,  
 Should outlive Cæsar: we shall find of him  
 A shrewd contriver; and you know, his means,  
 If he improve them, may well stretch so far  
 As to annoy us all: which to prevent,  
 Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.

*Bru.* Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,  
 To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs,  
 Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards;<sup>24</sup>  
 For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar.

<sup>22</sup> *Insuppressible* mettle; the active form with the passive sense. See page 66, note 4.

<sup>23</sup> Old language for "let us not break *the matter* to him." — This bit of dialogue is very charming. Brutus knows full well that Cicero is not the man to play second fiddle to any of *them*; that if he have any thing to do with the enterprise it must be as the leader of it, and the biggest man in it; and that is just what Brutus wants to be himself. Merivale thinks it a great honour to Cicero, that the conspirators did not venture to propose the matter to him.

<sup>24</sup> *Envy* here, as almost always by Shakespeare, is used for *malice*. See page 151, note 1.

Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.  
 We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar;  
 And in the spirit of men there is no blood:  
 O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,  
 And not dismember Cæsar! But, alas,  
 Cæsar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends,  
 Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;  
 Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,  
 Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds:  
 And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,  
 Stir up their servants to an act of rage,  
 And after seem to chide 'em. This shall make  
 Our purpose necessary, and not envious;<sup>25</sup>  
 Which so appearing to the common eyes,  
 We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.  
 And for Mark Antony, think not of him;  
 For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm  
 When Cæsar's head is off.<sup>26</sup>

*Cass.* Yet I fear him;

For in th' ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar —

*Bru.* Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him.

If he love Cæsar, all that he can do

Is to himself, — take thought, and die for Cæsar:<sup>27</sup>

And that were much he should; for he is given

To sports, to wildness, and much company.

*Treb.* There is no fear in him;<sup>28</sup> let him not die;

For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter. [*Clock strikes.*]

*Bru.* Peace! count the clock.

*Cass.* The clock hath stricken three.

*Treb.* 'Tis time to part.

*Cass.* But it is doubtful yet

Whether Cæsar will come forth to-day or no;

For he is superstitious grown of late,

Quite from the main opinion he held once

Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies.<sup>29</sup>

<sup>25</sup> Shall make our purpose *seem the offspring of necessity*, not of malice. Perhaps it should be *mark* instead of *make*. — *Shall* is here an instance of the undifferentiated use of *shall* and *will*. The same thing occurs in our English Bible.

<sup>26</sup> Here we have, I think, an apt specimen of the subtle historic irony that pervades this play. There are many other outcroppings of like sort.

<sup>27</sup> To *take thought and die*, is, in old language, to *grieve himself to death*; and it would be very strange if Antony should do this, such a light-hearted, jolly companion as he is. See page 203, note 10.

<sup>28</sup> Nothing in him to be feared, or no fear on account of him. The same historic irony again.

<sup>29</sup> Cæsar held the Epicurean doctrine, as most of the educated Romans of his time also did; and the scepticism which that doctrine taught as to dreams and ceremonial auguries, was his "main opinion," or the corner-

It may be, these apparent prodigies,  
The unaccustom'd terror of this night,  
And the persuasion of his augurers,  
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

*Dec.* Never fear that: if he be so resolv'd,  
I can o'ersway him; for he loves to hear  
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,  
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,<sup>80</sup>  
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers:  
But when I tell him he hates flatterers,  
He says he does, being then most flattered.  
Let me work;  
For I can give his humour the true bent,  
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

*Cass.* Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

*Bru.* By the eighth hour: is that the uttermost?

*Cin.* Be that the uttermost; and fail not then.

*Met.* Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,  
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey:  
I wonder none of you have thought of him.

*Bru.* Now, good Metellus, go along by him:<sup>81</sup>  
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons;  
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

*Cass.* The morning comes upon 's: we'll leave you, Brutus:—  
And, friends, disperse yourselves; but all remember  
What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans.

*Bru.* Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily;  
Let not our looks put on our purposes;<sup>82</sup>  
But bear it as our Roman actors do,  
With untir'd spirits and formal constancy:  
And so, good-morrow to you every one. —

[*Exeunt all but BRUTUS.*

Boy! Lucius! — Fast asleep? It is no matter;  
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber:<sup>83</sup>

stone of his philosophy. His later years, however, are said to have been marked with some rather gross instances of superstitious practice.

<sup>80</sup> *Unicorns* are said to have been taken by one who, running behind a tree, eluded the violent push the animal was making at him, so that his horn spent its force on the trunk, and stuck fast, detaining the animal till he was despatched by the hunter. *Bears* are reported to have been surprised by means of a *mirror*, which they would gaze on, affording their pursuers an opportunity of taking the surer aim. *Elephants* were seduced into pitfalls, lightly covered with hurdles and turf, on which a proper bait to tempt them was placed.

<sup>81</sup> That is, by his house; make that your way home.

<sup>82</sup> Let not our looks betray our purposes by wearing or being attired with any indications of them.

<sup>83</sup> The compound epithet *honey-heavy* is very expressive and apt. The "dew of slumber" is called *heavy* because it makes the subject feel heavy, and *honey-heavy* because the heaviness it induces is sweet. — Brutus is nat-

Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies,  
Which busy care draws in the brains of men;  
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

*Enter* PORTIA.

*Por.* Brutus, my lord!

*Bru.* Portia, what mean you? wherefore rise you now?  
It is not for your health, thus to commit  
Your weak condition to the raw-cold morning.

*Por.* Nor for yours neither. You 've ungently, Brutus,  
Stole from my bed: and yesternight, at supper,  
You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,  
Musing and sighing, with your arms across;  
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,  
You star'd upon me with ungentle looks:  
I urg'd you further; then you scratch'd your head,  
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot:  
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not;  
But, with an angry wafture of your hand,  
Gave sign for me to leave you. So I did;  
Fearing to strengthen that impatience  
Which seem'd too much enkindled; and withal  
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,  
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.  
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep;  
And, could it work so much upon your shape,  
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,<sup>84</sup>  
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,  
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

*Bru.* I am not well in health, and that is all.

*Por.* Brutus is wise, and, were he not in health,  
He would embrace the means to come by it.

*Bru.* Why, so I do. — Good Portia, go to bed.

*Por.* Is Brutus sick? and is it physical<sup>85</sup>  
To walk unbraced, and suck up the humours  
Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick,  
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,  
To dare the vile contagion of the night,

usually led to contrast the free and easy state of the boy's mind with that of his own, which the excitement of his present undertaking is drawing full of visions and images of trouble.

<sup>84</sup> *Condition* was much used for *temper* or *disposition*. See page 84, note 22.

<sup>85</sup> The Poet has *physical* again in the sense of *wholesome* or *medicinal*, in *Coriolanus*, i. 5: "The blood I drop is rather *physical* than dangerous to me." *Unbraced* has occurred before for *unbuttoned*.

And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air<sup>86</sup>  
 To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;  
 You have some sick offence within your mind,  
 Which, by the right and virtue of my place,  
 I ought to know of: and, upon my knees,  
 I charm you,<sup>87</sup> by my once-commended beauty,  
 By all your vows of love, and that great vow  
 Which did incorporate and make us one,  
 That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,  
 Why you are heavy, and what men to-night  
 Have had resort to you; for here have been  
 Some six or seven, who did hide their faces  
 Even from darkness.

*Bru.* Kneel not, gentle Portia.

*Por.* I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.  
 Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,  
 Is it excepted I should know no secrets  
 That appertain to you? Am I yourself  
 But, as it were, in sort or limitation, —  
 To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,  
 And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs  
 Of your good pleasure?<sup>88</sup> If it be no more,  
 Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

*Bru.* You are my true and honourable wife;  
 As dear to me as are the ruddy drops  
 That visit my sad heart.<sup>89</sup>

*Por.* If this were true, then should I know this secret.  
 I grant I am a woman; but withal  
 A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife:  
 I grant I am a woman; but withal  
 A woman well reputed, Cato's daughter.  
 Think you I am no stronger than my sex,  
 Being so father'd and so husbanded?  
 Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose 'em.

<sup>86</sup> *Rheum* is specially used of the fluids that issue from the eyes or mouth. So in *Hamlet* we have "bisson rheum" for blinding tears. *Rheumy* here means that state of the air which causes the unhealthy issue of such fluids; or perhaps which makes people *rheumatic*. So, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, ii. 1, Titania speaks of the Moon as "washing all the air, that rheumatic diseases do abound."

<sup>87</sup> *Charm* is here used nearly, if not exactly, in the sense of *conjure*. Perhaps it should be *charge*, as Pope read.

<sup>88</sup> In the outskirts or borders, and not at the centre or near the heart, of your good pleasure. A charming image.

<sup>89</sup> This embodies what was then known touching the circulation of the blood. William Harvey was born in 1578, fourteen years after Shakespeare, and his discovery was not published till 1628, twelve years after the Poet's death. The general fact of the circulation of the blood was known in ancient times; and Harvey's discovery lay in ascertaining the *modus operandi* of it, and in reducing it to matter of strict science.

I have made strong proof of my constancy,  
Giving myself a voluntary wound  
Here, in the thigh: can I bear that with patience,  
And not my husband's secrets?

*Bru.* O, ye gods,  
Render me worthy of this noble wife! — [*Knocking within.*  
Hark, hark! one knocks: Portia, go in awhile;  
And by-and-by thy bosom shall partake  
The secrets of my heart:  
All my engagements I will construe to thee,  
All the charactery of my sad brows:<sup>40</sup>  
Leave me with haste. [*Exit PORTIA.*] — Lucius, who's that  
knocks?

*Re-enter LUCIUS with LIGARIUS.*

*Luc.* Here is a sick man that would speak with you.

*Bru.* Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of. —  
Boy, stand aside. — Caius Ligarius, — how!

*Lig.* Vouchsafe good-morrow from a feeble tongue.

*Bru.* O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,  
To wear a kerchief!<sup>41</sup> Would you were not sick!

*Lig.* I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand  
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

*Bru.* Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,  
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

*Lig.* By all the gods that Romans bow before,  
I here discard my sickness. Soul of Rome!  
Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins!  
Thou, like an exorcist,<sup>42</sup> hast conjur'd up  
My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,  
And I will strive with things impossible;  
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

*Bru.* A piece of work that will make sick men whole.

*Lig.* But are not some whole that we must make sick?

*Bru.* That must we also. What it is, my Caius,  
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going,  
To whom it must be done.

*Lig.* Set on your foot,

<sup>40</sup> *Charactery* is defined "writing by characters or strange marks." Brutus therefore means that he will divulge to her the secret cause of the sadness marked on his countenance.

<sup>41</sup> It was a common practice in England for those who were sick to wear a kerchief on their heads. Thus, in Fuller's *Worthies of Cheshire*: "If any there be sick, they make him a posset and *tye a kerchief on his head*; and if that will not mend him, then God be merciful to him."

<sup>42</sup> In Shakespeare's time, *exorcist* and *conjuror* were used indifferently. The former has since come to mean only one who drives away spirits; the latter, one who calls them up.

And with a heart new-fir'd I follow you,  
To do I know not what; but it sufficeth  
That Brutus leads me on.

*Bru.*

Follow me, then.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Same. A Room in CÆSAR'S Palace.*

*Thunder and Lightning. Enter CÆSAR, in his Night-gown.*

*Cæs.* Nor Heaven nor Earth have been at peace to-night:  
Thrice hath Calpurnia in her sleep cried out,  
*Help, ho! they murder Cæsar! — Who's within?*

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* My lord?

*Cæs.* Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,  
And bring me their opinions of success.<sup>1</sup>

*Serv.* I will, my lord.

[*Exit.*

*Enter CALPURNIA.*

*Cal.* What mean you, Cæsar? think you to walk forth?  
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

*Cæs.* Cæsar shall forth: the things that threaten'd me  
Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see  
The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.

*Cal.* Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,<sup>2</sup>  
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,  
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,  
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.  
A lioness hath whelped in the streets;  
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead;  
Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds,  
In ranks and squadrons and right form of war,  
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol;  
The noise of battle hurtled in the air;<sup>3</sup>  
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan;  
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.  
O Cæsar, these things are beyond all use,  
And I do fear them!

*Cæs.* What can be avoided  
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods?

<sup>1</sup> Their opinions of what is to *follow*. The Poet often uses *success* in this its Latin sense: so that we have the phrases "*good success*" and "*ill success*."

<sup>2</sup> *Ceremonies* is here put for the ceremonial or sacerdotal interpretation of prodigies and omens. See, also, page 455, note 29.

<sup>3</sup> To *hurtle* is to clash, or move with violence and noise.

Yet Cæsar shall go forth ; for these predictions  
Are to the world in general as to Cæsar.<sup>4</sup>

*Cal.* When beggars die, there are no comets seen ;  
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

*Cæs.* Cowards die many times before their deaths ;  
The valiant never taste of death but once.<sup>5</sup>  
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,  
It seems to me most strange that men should fear ;  
Seeing that death, a necessary end,  
Will come when it will come. —

*Re-enter the Servant.*

What say the augurers ?

*Serv.* They would not have you to stir forth to-day.  
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,  
They could not find a heart within the beast.

*Cæs.* The gods do this in shame of cowardice :  
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,  
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.  
No, Cæsar shall not : Danger knows full well  
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he :  
We are two lions litter'd in one day,  
And I the elder and more terrible ; —  
And Cæsar shall go forth.

*Cal.* Alas, my lord,  
Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence !  
Do not go forth to-day : call it my fear  
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.  
We'll send Mark Antony to the Senate-House ;  
And he shall say you are not well to-day :  
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

*Cæs.* Mark Antony shall say I am not well ;  
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

*Enter DECIVS.*

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

*Dec.* Cæsar, all hail ! Good morrow, worthy Cæsar :

<sup>4</sup> These prodigies have no special reference to me ; they point just as much to others.

<sup>5</sup> This is historical. Plutarch relates that, a short time before Cæsar fell, some of his friends urged him to have a guard about him, and he replied that it was better to die at once, than live in the continual fear of death. A like saying is reported as having come from our President Lincoln, a short time before he was murdered. Cæsar is also said to have given as his reason for refusing a guard, that he thought Rome had more need of him, than he had of Rome ; which was indeed true. And it is further stated that, on the eve of the fatal day, Cæsar being at the house of Lepidus with some friends, and the question being raised, " What kind of death is best ? " he cut short the discussion by saying, " That which is least expected."

I come to fetch you to the Senate-House.

*Cæs.* And you are come in very happy time  
To bear my greeting to the Senators,  
And tell them that I will not come to-day.  
Cannot, is false; and that I dare not, falser:  
I will not come to-day. Tell them so, Decius.

*Cal.* Say he is sick.

*Cæs.* Shall Cæsar send a lie?  
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,  
To be afraid to tell gray-beards the truth? —  
Decius, go tell them Cæsar will not come.

*Dec.* Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,  
Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so.

*Cæs.* The cause is in my will; I will not come:  
That is enough to satisfy the Sénate.  
But, for your private satisfaction,  
Because I love you, I will let you know:  
Calpurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:  
She dream'd to-night she saw my statua,<sup>6</sup>  
Which, like a fountain with an hundred spouts,  
Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans  
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it:  
And these doth she apply for warnings and portents  
Of evils imminent; and on her knee  
Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.

*Dec.* This dream is all amiss interpreted:  
It was a vision fair and fortunate.  
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,  
In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,  
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck  
Reviving blood; and that great men shall press  
For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance'.<sup>7</sup>  
This by Calpurnia's dream is signified.

*Cæs.* And this way have you well expounded it.

*Dec.* I have, when you have heard what I can say;  
And know it now: The Senate have concluded

<sup>6</sup> In Shakespeare's time *statue* was pronounced indifferently as a word of two syllables or three. Bacon uses it repeatedly as a trisyllable, and spells it *statua*, as in his *Advancement of Learning*: "It is not possible to have the true pictures of *statuæ* of Cyrus, Alexander, Cæsar, no, nor of the kings or great personages of much later years." The measure evidently requires that it be a word of three syllables here, as also in Act iii. sc. 2; "And at the base of Pompey's *statua*."

<sup>7</sup> *Cognizance* is here used in a heraldic sense, as meaning any badge or token to show whose friends or servants the owners or wearers were. In ancient times, when martyrs or other distinguished men were executed, their friends often *pressed* to stain handkerchiefs with their blood, or to get some other relic, which they might keep, either as precious memorials of them, or as having a kind of sacramental virtue.

To give this day a crown to mighty Cæsar.  
 If you shall send them word you will not come,  
 Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock  
 Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,  
*Break up the Senate till another time,*  
*When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams.*  
 If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,  
*Lo, Cæsar is afraid?*  
 Pardon me, Cæsar; for my dear dear love  
 To your proceeding bids me tell you this;  
 And reason to my love is liable.<sup>8</sup>

*Cæs.* How foolish do your fears seem now, Calpurnia!  
 I am ashamed I did yield to them. —  
 Give me my robe, for I will go: —

*Enter* PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS, CASCA,  
 TREBONIUS, and CINNA.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.<sup>9</sup>

*Pub.* Good-morrow, Cæsar.

*Cæs.* Welcome, Publius. —

What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too? —  
 Good-morrow, Casca. — Caius Ligarius,  
 Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy  
 As that same ague which hath made you lean.<sup>10</sup> —  
 What is't o'clock?

*Bru.* Cæsar, 'tis stricken eight.

*Cæs.* I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

*Enter* ANTONY.

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,  
 Is notwithstanding up. — Good-morrow, Antony.

*Ant.* So to most noble Cæsar.

*Cæs.* Bid them prepare within: —

I am to blame to be thus waited for. —  
 Now, Cinna: — Now, Metellus: — What, Trebonius!  
 I have an hour's talk in store for you.  
 Remember that you call on me to-day:  
 Be near me, that I may remember you.

*Treb.* Cæsar, I will: — [*Aside.*] and so near will I be,  
 That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

<sup>8</sup> A singular use of *liable*; but meaning, probably, that the deference, which reason holds as due to the head of the State, yields or stands second to the promptings of personal affection.

<sup>9</sup> This was Publius Silicius; not one of the conspirators.

<sup>10</sup> Here, for the first time, we have Cæsar speaking fairly in character; for he was probably the most finished gentleman of his time, one of the sweetest of men, and as full of kindness as of wisdom and courage. Merivale aptly styles him "Cæsar, the politic and the merciful."

*Cæs.* Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me ;  
And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

*Bru.* [*Aside.*] That every like is not the same, O Cæsar,  
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon !<sup>11</sup> [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The Same. A Street near the Capitol.*

*Enter ARTEMIDORUS, reading a Paper.*

*Artem.* Cæsar, beware of Brutus ; take heed of Cassius ;  
come not near Casca ; have an eye to Cinna ; trust not Tre-  
bonius ; mark well Metellus Cimber ; Decius Brutus loves thee  
not ; thou hast wrong'd Caius Ligarius. There is but one  
mind in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou  
be'st not immortal, look about you : security gives way to con-  
spiracy. The mighty gods defend thee ! Thy lover,

ARTEMIDORUS.

Here will I stand till Cæsar pass along,  
And as a suitor will I give him this.  
My heart laments that virtue cannot live  
Out of the teeth of emulation.<sup>12</sup> —  
If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou may'st live ;  
If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. *The Same. Another Part of the same Street,  
before the House of BRUTUS.*

*Enter PORTIA and LUCIUS.*

*Por.* I pr'ythee, boy, run to the Senate-House :  
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone.  
Why dost thou stay ?

*Luc.* To know my errand, Madam.

*Por.* I would have had thee there, and here again,  
Ere I can tell thee what thou should'st do there. —

[*Aside.*] O constancy, be strong upon my side !  
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue !  
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.  
How hard it is for women to keep counsel ! —  
Art thou here yet ?

*Luc.* Madam, what should I do ?  
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else ?

<sup>11</sup> The winning and *honest* suavity of Cæsar here starts a pang of remorse in Brutus. Drinking wine together was regarded as a sacred pledge of truth and honour. Brutus knows that Cæsar is doing it in good faith, and it hurts him to think that the others *seem* to be doing the *like*, and yet are doing a very different thing.

<sup>12</sup> *Emulation* is here used in its old sense of *envious* or *factionous rivalry*.

And so return to you, and nothing else?

*Por.* Yes; bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,  
For he went sickly forth: and take good note  
What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.  
Hark, boy! what noise is that?

*Luc.* I hear none, Madam.

*Por.* Pr'ythee, listen well:  
I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray,  
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

*Luc.* Sooth, Madam, I hear nothing.

*Enter the Soothsayer.*<sup>13</sup>

*Por.* Come hither, fellow. Which way hast thou been?

*Sooth.* At mine own house, good lady.

*Por.* What is't o'clock?

*Sooth.* About the ninth hour, lady.

*Por.* Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?

*Sooth.* Madam, not yet: I go to take my stand,  
To see him pass on to the Capitol.

*Por.* Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not?

*Sooth.* That I have, lady: if it will please Cæsar  
To be so good to Cæsar as to hear me,  
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

*Por.* Why, know'st thou any harm's intended towards  
him?

*Sooth.* None that I know will be, much that I fear may  
chance.

Good morrow, to you. — Here the street is narrow:

The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,

Of Senators, of Prætors, common suitors,

Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:

I'll get me to a place more void, and there

Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along.

[*Exit.*

*Por.* I must go in. — [*Aside.*] Ah me, how weak a thing  
The heart of woman is! — O Brutus,

The Heavens speed thee in thine enterprise! —

Sure, the boy heard me. — Brutus hath a suit

That Cæsar will not grant.<sup>14</sup> — O, I grow faint. —

Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;

Say I am merry: come to me again,

And bring me word what he doth say to thee.

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>13</sup> The name of this augur was Spurinna.

<sup>14</sup> These words Portia addresses to Lucius, to deceive him, by assigning a false cause for her present perturbation.

ACT III. SCENE I. *Rome. Before the Capitol; the Senate sitting.*

*A Crowd of People in the Street leading to the Capitol; among them ARTEMIDORUS, and the Soothsayer. Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, and Others.*

*Cæs.* The ides of March are come.

*Sooth.* Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.

*Art.* Hail, Cæsar! Read this schedule.

*Dec.* Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,  
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

*Art.* O, Cæsar, read mine first; for mine's a suit  
That touches Cæsar nearer: read it, great Cæsar.

*Cæs.* What touches us ourself shall be last serv'd.

*Art.* Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.

*Cæs.* What, is the fellow mad?

*Pub.* Sirrah, give place.

*Cæs.* What, urge you your petitions in the street?  
Come to the Capitol.<sup>1</sup>

*CÆSAR enters the Capitol, the Rest following. All the Senators rise.*

*Pop.* I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.

*Cass.* What enterprise, Popilius?

*Pop.* Fare you well.

*Bru.* What said Popilius Lena?

*Cass.* He wish'd to-day our enterprise might thrive.  
I fear our purpose is discovered.

*Bru.* Look, how he makes to Cæsar: mark him.

*Cass.* Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention. —  
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,  
Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,<sup>2</sup>  
For I will slay myself.

<sup>1</sup> The murder of Cæsar did not, in fact, take place in the Capitol, as is here represented, but in a hall or *Curia* adjoining Pompey's theatre, where a statue of Pompey had been erected. The Senate had various places of meeting; generally in the Capitol, occasionally in some one of the Temples, at other times in one of the *Curiae*, of which there were several in and about the city.

<sup>2</sup> Some editors read "Cassius *on* Cæsar never shall turn back." The change of *or* into *on* is plausible, as such a misprint was easy; yet I find no sufficient occasion for it. The meaning of Cassius I take to be, that he will *either* kill Cæsar *or* himself. — Here again we have *shall*, where the idiom of our time would use *will*.

*Bru.* Cassius, be constant :  
 Popilius Lena speaks not of our purpose ;  
 For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

*Cass.* Trebonius knows his time ; for, look you, Brutus,  
 He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY and TREBONIUS. CÆSAR and the  
*Senators take their seats.*

*Dec.* Where is Metellus Cimber ? Let him go,  
 And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

*Bru.* He is address'd :<sup>3</sup> press near and second him.

*Cin.* Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.

*Casca.* Are we all ready ?<sup>4</sup>

*Cæs.* What is now amiss  
 That Cæsar and his Senate must redress ?

*Met.* Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Cæsar,  
 Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat  
 An humble heart, — [Kneeling.

*Cæs.* I must prevent thee, Cimber.  
 These couchings and these lowly courtesies<sup>5</sup>  
 Might fire the blood of ordinary men,  
 And turn pre-ordinance and first decree  
 Into the law of children.<sup>6</sup> Be not fond,  
 To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood  
 That will be thaw'd from the true quality  
 With that which melteth fools ; I mean, sweet words,  
 Low-crooked curtsies, and base spaniel fawning.  
 Thy brother by decree is banished :  
 If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn for him,  
 I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.  
 Know, Cæsar doth not wrong ; nor without cause  
 Will he be satisfied.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>3</sup> *Address'd* is *ready, prepared* ; often so used.

<sup>4</sup> In the original these words begin the following speech of Cæsar. Ritson first suggested that they properly belonged to one of the conspirators. The change is made in Collier's second folio, assigning the words to Casca ; which is probably right, as he was to lead off in the enterprise of stabbing.

<sup>5</sup> Among the proper senses of to *couch*, Richardson gives "to lower, to stoop, to bend down ;" and he says that "to *couch* and to *lower* have similar applications, and probably the same origin."

<sup>6</sup> "Pre-ordinance and first decree" is the ruling or enactment of the highest authority in the State. "The law of children" here referred to is, as soon as they have done a thing, to turn round and undo it, or to build a house of blocks or cobs for the mere fun of knocking it over. — "Be not *fond*" is, "be not *foolish* ;" the common meaning of the word in Shakespeare's time. The force of *so* and *as* is to be understood in the sentence.

<sup>7</sup> Cæsar is made to speak quite out of character here, and in a strain of hateful arrogance, in order, apparently, to soften the hideous enormity of his murder, and to grind the daggers of the assassins to a still sharper point. Perhaps, also, it was a part of the irony already noted, to put the haughtiest words in great Cæsar's mouth just on the eve of his fall. — It may be

*Met.* Is there no voice more worthy than my own,  
To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear  
For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

*Bru.* I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar;  
Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may  
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

*Cæs.* What, Brutus!

*Cass.* Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon:  
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,  
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

*Cæs.* I could be well mov'd, if I were as you;  
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:<sup>8</sup>  
But I am constant as the northern star,  
Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality  
There is no fellow in the firmament.  
The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,  
They are all fire, and every one doth shine;  
But there's but one in all doth hold his place:  
So in the world; 'tis furnish'd well with men,  
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;<sup>9</sup>  
Yet in the number I do know but one  
That unassailable holds on his rank,  
Unshak'd of motion;<sup>10</sup> and that I am he,  
Let me a little show it even in this, —  
That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,  
And constant do remain to keep him so.

*Cin.* O Cæsar, —

*Cæs.* Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?

*Dec.* Great Cæsar, —

*Cæs.* Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

*Casca.* Speak, hands, for me!

[CASCA stabs CÆSAR in the Neck. CÆSAR catches  
hold of his Arm. He is then stabbed by several  
other Conspirators, and at last by MARCUS BRU-  
TUS.<sup>11</sup>

well to add, that the carrying of deadly weapons was unlawful in Rome; but every educated citizen carried a stylus in a sheath; and on this occasion the assassins had daggers hidden in their stylus-cases.

<sup>8</sup> If I could seek to move others by prayers, then I were capable of being myself moved by the prayers of others.

<sup>9</sup> *Apprehensive* is *intelligent, capable of apprehending*.

<sup>10</sup> "Unshak'd of motion" is simply *unmoved, or not subject to motion*. In the Poet's time *of* was often used instead of *by*, to express the agent. So, continually, in the Bible; as in the axiomatic saying, "Wisdom is justified of her children." Also, "He that loveth Me shall be loved of my Father."

<sup>11</sup> The original stage direction is merely, *they stab Cæsar*. That in the text was formed by Malone and others from Plutarch and Suetonius, and has grown to be universally received.

*Cæs.* *Et tu, Brute?*<sup>12</sup> — Then fall, Cæsar!

[*Dies.* *The Senators and People retire in confusion.*

*Cin.* Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead! —  
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

*Cass.* Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,  
*Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!*<sup>13</sup>

*Bru.* People, and Senators, be not affrighted;  
Fly not; stand still: — ambition's debt is paid.

*Casca.* Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

*Dec.* And Cassius too.

*Bru.* Where's Publius?

*Cin.* Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

*Met.* Stand fast together, lest some friend of Cæsar's  
Should chance —

*Bru.* Talk not of standing. — Publius, good cheer!  
There is no harm intended to your person,  
Nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius.

*Cass.* And leave us, Publius; lest that the people,  
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

*Bru.* Do so; — and let no man abide this deed,  
But we the doers.

*Re-enter TREBONIUS.*

*Cass.* Where's Antony?

*Tre.* Fled to his house amaz'd.

Men, wives, and children stare, cry out, and run  
— As it were doomsday.

*Bru.* Fates, we will know your pleasures: —  
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time,  
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

*Casca.* Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life  
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.<sup>14</sup>

*Bru.* Grant that, and then is death a benefit:

<sup>12</sup> There is no classical authority for putting these words into the mouth of Cæsar; and the English equivalent, *Thou too, Brutus*, sounds so much better, that it seems a pity the Poet did not write so. The historians, however, relate that Cæsar defended himself with his stylus, till he saw Brutus in the press of assassins, with the steel flashing in his hand also, and then gave up, and bowed his body to the strokes of the illustrious saints. Cæsar had been as a father to Brutus, who was fifteen years his junior; and the Greek, *Kai su teknon*, "You too, my son," which Dion and Suetonius put into his mouth, though probably unauthentic, is good enough to be true.

<sup>13</sup> This is somewhat in the style of Caliban when he gets glorious with "celestial liquor," *The Tempest*, ii. 2: "Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom, hey-day, freedom!"

<sup>14</sup> This is the last speech we have from Casca, and this is rightly characteristic of him; yet some editors have unaccountably transferred it to Cassius.



The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus  
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state<sup>18</sup>  
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

*Bru.* Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;  
I never thought him worse.

Tell him, so please him come unto this place,  
He shall be satisfied; and, by my honour,  
Depart untouch'd.

*Serv.* I'll fetch him presently.

[*Exit.*

*Bru.* I know that we shall have him well to friend.

*Cass.* I wish we may; but yet have I a mind  
That fears him much, and my misgiving still  
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

*Bru.* But here comes Antony. —

*Re-enter ANTONY.*

Welcome, Mark Antony.

*Ant.* O, mighty Cæsar! dost thou lie so low?  
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,  
Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well. —  
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,  
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:<sup>19</sup>  
If I myself, there is no hour so fit  
As Cæsar's death-hour; nor no instrument  
Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich  
With the most noble blood of all this world.  
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,  
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,  
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,  
I shall not find myself so apt to die:  
No place will please me so, no mean of death,  
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,  
The choice and master spirits of this age.

*Bru.* O, Antony, beg not your death of us.  
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,  
As, by our hands and this our present act,  
You see we do; yet see you but our hands,  
And this the bleeding business they have done:  
Our hearts you see not; they are pitiful;  
And pity to the general wrong of Rome —

<sup>18</sup> *Thorough* and *through* are but different forms of the same word. The Poet repeatedly has *thorough* for *through* and also *thoroughly* for *thoroughly*. The usage is common in the Bible.

<sup>19</sup> Who else may be supposed to have *overtopped* his equals, and *grown too high* for the public safety. So, in the speech of Oliver in *As You Like It*, i. 1, when incensed at the high bearing of Orlando: "Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your *rankness*."

As fire drives out fire,<sup>20</sup> so pity pity —  
 Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,  
 To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony,  
 Our arms no strength of malice;<sup>21</sup> and our hearts,  
 Of brothers' temper, do receive you in  
 With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

*Cass.* Your voice shall be as strong as any man's  
 In the disposing of new dignities.<sup>22</sup>

*Bru.* Only be patient till we have appeas'd  
 The multitude, beside themselves with fear,  
 And then we will deliver you the cause,  
 Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,  
 Have thus proceeded.

*Ant.* I doubt not of your wisdom.  
 Let each man render me his bloody hand:  
 First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you; —  
 Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand; —  
 Now, Decius Brutus, yours; — now yours, Metellus; —  
 Yours, Cinna; — and, my valiant Casca, yours; —  
 Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.  
 Gentlemen all, — alas, what shall I say?  
 My credit now stands on such slippery ground,  
 That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,<sup>23</sup>  
 Either a coward or a flatterer. —  
 That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 'tis true:  
 If, then, thy spirit look upon us now,  
 Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death,<sup>24</sup>  
 To see thy Antony making his peace,  
 Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes, —

<sup>20</sup> *Fire* is another of the words which Shakespeare uses as one or two syllables indifferently, to suit his verse. Here the first *fire* is two syllables, the second one. — The allusion is to the old way of salving a burn by holding it up to the fire. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, i. 2: "Tut, mau, one fire burns out another's burning; one pain is lessen'd by another's anguish."

<sup>21</sup> In the old copies, this clause is disjoined from the preceding part of the sentence, linked to the following, and printed thus: "Our arms *in* strength of malice, and our hearts of brothers' temper, do receive you in," &c. It seems hardly possible to squeeze any consistent meaning out of the words, "our arms *in* strength of malice," as thus ordered. The changing of *in* into *no* was proposed by Steevens, approved by Singer, and seems required by the rest of the sentence. Dyce adopts it.

<sup>22</sup> This little speech is charmingly characteristic. Brutus has been talking about "our hearts," and "kind love, good thoughts, and reverence." To Cassius, all that is mere rose-water humbug, and he knows it is so to Antony too. He therefore hastens to put in such motives as he knows will have weight with Antony, as they also have with himself. Cassius was another of the stabbers to whom Cæsar had prospectively assigned a province, and who was more than willing to take it on that authority.

<sup>23</sup> *Conceive of me.* See page 449, note 20.

<sup>24</sup> The Poet uses *dear* repeatedly in the same way as here. See page 36, note 2, and page 287, note 6.

Most noble! — in the presence of thy corse?  
 Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,  
 Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,  
 It would become me better than to close  
 In terms of friendship with thine enemies.  
 Pardon me, Julius! Here wast thou bay'd, brave heart;<sup>25</sup>  
 Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,  
 Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe.<sup>26</sup> —  
 O world, thou wast the forest to this hart;  
 And this indeed, O world, the heart of thee.<sup>27</sup> —  
 How like a deer, stricken by many princes,  
 Dost thou here lie!

*Cass.* Mark Antony, —

*Ant.*

Pardon me, Caius Cassius:

The enemies of Cæsar shall say this;  
 Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

*Cass.* I blame you not for praising Cæsar so;  
 But what compact mean you to have with us?<sup>28</sup>  
 Will you be prick'd in number of our friends;  
 Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

*Ant.* Therefore I took your hands;<sup>29</sup> but was indeed  
 Sway'd from the point, by looking down on Cæsar.  
 Friends am I with you all, and love you all;  
 Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons  
 Why and wherein Cæsar was dangerous.

*Bru.* Or else were this a savage spectacle.  
 Our reasons are so full of good regard,  
 That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,  
 You should be satisfied.

*Ant.*

That's all I seek:

And am moreover suitor that I may  
 Produce his body to the market-place;<sup>30</sup>  
 And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,  
 Speak in the order of his funeral.

*Bru.* You shall, Mark Antony.

*Cass.*

Brutus, a word with you.

<sup>25</sup> *Bay'd* is *barked at*, *worried*, and *pursued*, as a deer by hounds.

<sup>26</sup> *Lethe* is used by many old writers for *death*.

<sup>27</sup> Coleridge gives out a strong opinion that these two lines were interpolated by some actor, and that we have but to read the passage without them, to see this. The lines are certainly a blemish in the passage; but, to my thinking, they have too many brothers and sisters to admit of their being criticised out of the family.

<sup>28</sup> Shakespeare often has *compact*, *aspect*, and other like words, with the second syllable long. — *Prick'd* in the next line, is *marked*. The image is of a list of names written out, and some of them distinguished by having holes pricked in the paper against them.

<sup>29</sup> *Therefore* is not the illative conjunction here; but means *to that end*, or *for that purpose*.

<sup>30</sup> *Produce* in the Latin sense of *produco*; implying motion to a place.

[*Aside to BRU.*] You know not what you do : do not consent  
That Antony speak in his funeral.

Know you how much the people may be mov'd  
By that which he will utter ?

*Bru.* [*Aside to CASS.*] By your pardon :  
I will myself into the pulpit first,  
And show the reason of our Cæsar's death :  
What Antony shall speak I will protest  
He speaks by leave and by permission ;  
And that we are contented Cæsar shall  
Have all due rights and lawful ceremonies.  
It shall advantage more than do us wrong.<sup>81</sup>

*Cass.* [*Aside to BRU.*] I know not what may fall ; I like it  
not.

*Bru.* Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body.  
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,  
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar ;  
And say you do't by our permission ;  
Else shall you not have any hand at all  
About his funeral : and you shall speak  
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,  
After my speech is ended.

*Ant.* Be it so ;  
I do desire no more.

*Bru.* Prepare the body, then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt all but ANTONY.*]

*Ant.* O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,  
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers !  
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man  
That ever lived in the tide of times.  
Woe to the hands that shed this costly blood !  
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy, —  
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,  
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue, —  
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men ;<sup>82</sup>  
Domestic fury and fierce civil strife  
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy ;  
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,

<sup>81</sup> *Wrong* is here used for *harm*, or that which causes pain. The radical sense of the word survives in *wring* and *writhe*. See, also, page 132, note 5. Note the high self-appreciation of Brutus here, in supposing that if he can but have a chance to speak to the people, and to air his wisdom before them, all will go right. Here, again, he overbears Cassius, who now begins to find the effects of having baited him with flatteries, and served as a mirror to "turn his hidden worthiness into his eye."

<sup>82</sup> By *men* Antony means not mankind in general ; the scope of the curse being limited by the subsequent words, "the parts of Italy," and "in these confines." — *Limbs* is merely the figure of speech called *Synecdoche*, or the putting of a part of a thing for the whole. Dyce changes it to *minds*.

And dreadful objects so familiar,  
 That mothers shall but smile when they behold  
 Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;  
 All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds.  
 And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,  
 With Até by his side<sup>33</sup> come hot from Hell,  
 Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice  
 Cry *Havoc!* and let slip the dogs of war;<sup>34</sup>  
 That this foul deed shall smell above the earth  
 With carrion men, groaning for burial. —

*Enter a Servant.*

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?

*Serv.* I do, Mark Antony.

*Ant.* Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.

*Serv.* He did receive his letters, and is coming;  
 And bid me say to you by word of mouth, —

[*Seeing the Body.*] O Cæsar! —

*Ant.* Thy heart is big, get thee apart and weep.  
 Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes,  
 Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,  
 Begin to water. Is thy master coming?

*Serv.* He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

*Ant.* Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chanc'd.  
 Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,  
 No Rome of safety for Octavius yet:<sup>35</sup>  
 Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet stay awhile;  
 Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corse  
 Into the market-place: there shall I try,  
 In my oration, how the people take  
 The cruel issue of these bloody men;  
 According to the which, thou shalt discourse  
 To young Octavius of the state of things.  
 Lend me your hand. [Exeunt with CÆSAR'S Body.]

<sup>33</sup> Até is the old goddess of discord and mischief. So, in *Much Ado about Nothing*, ii. 1, Benedick describes Beatrice as "the infernal Até in good apparel."

<sup>34</sup> *Havoc* was anciently the word of signal for giving no quarter in a battle. It was a high crime for any one to give the signal without authority from the general-in-chief; hence the peculiar force of *monarch's voice*. — To let slip a dog was a term of the chase, for releasing the hounds from the leash or slip of leather whereby they were held in hand till it was time to let them pursue the animal. — The *dogs of war* are fire, sword, and famine. So, in *King Henry V.*, first Chorus: "At his heels, leashed in like hounds, should famine, sword, and fire, crouch for employment."

<sup>35</sup> Another play on *Rome* and *room*. See page 489, note 22.

SCENE II. *The Same. The Forum.*

*Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, with a Throng of Citizens.*<sup>1</sup>

*Citizens.* We will be satisfied ; let us be satisfied.

*Bru.* Then follow me, and give me audience, friends. —  
Cassius, go you into the other street,  
And part the numbers. —  
Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here ;  
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him ;  
And public reason shall be rendered  
Of Cæsar's death.

1 *Cit.* I will hear Brutus speak.

2 *Cit.* I will hear Cassius ; and compare their reasons,  
When severally we hear them rendered.

*[Exit CASSIUS, with some of the Citizens.*

*BRUTUS goes into the Rostrum.*

3 *Cit.* The noble Brutus is ascended : Silence !

*Bru.* Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers !<sup>2</sup> hear me for my cause ; and be silent, that you may hear : believe me for mine honour ; and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe : censure me in your wisdom ;<sup>3</sup> and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If, then, that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer, — Not that I lov'd Cæsar less, but that I lov'd Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all freemen ? As Cæsar lov'd me, I weep for him ; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it ; as he was valiant, I honour him : but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love ; joy for his fortune ; honour for his valour ; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman ? If any, speak ; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman ? If any, speak ; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country ? If any, speak ; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

*Citizens.* None, Brutus, none.

*Bru.* Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his

<sup>1</sup> The original has *Plebeians* here instead of *Citizens*. Modern editions generally print *Citizens*.

<sup>2</sup> *Lover* and *friend* were used as synonymous in the Poet's time. Brutus afterwards speaks of Cæsar as "my best lover."

<sup>3</sup> *Censure* is here exactly equivalent to *judge*; probably used for the single it makes with *senses*.

death is enroll'd in the Capitol;<sup>4</sup> his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy;<sup>5</sup> nor his offences enforc'd, for which he suffered death.

*Enter ANTONY and Others, with CÆSAR'S Body.*

Here comes his body, mourn'd by Mark Antony; who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart, — That, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.<sup>6</sup>

*Citizens.* Live, Brutus! live, live!

1 *Cit.* Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2 *Cit.* Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3 *Cit.* Let him be Cæsar.

4 *Cit.* Cæsar's better parts

Shall now be crown'd in Brutus.

1 *Cit.* We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours.

*Bru.* My countrymen, —

2 *Cit.* Peace! silence! Brutus speaks.

1 *Cit.* Peace, ho!

*Bru.* Good countrymen, let me depart alone;  
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:

Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech  
Tending to Cæsar's glory; which Mark Antony,  
By our permission, is allow'd to make.

I do entreat you, not a man depart,  
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke.

[*Exit.*

1 *Cit.* Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

3 *Cit.* Let him go up into the public chair;

We'll hear him. — Noble Antony, go up.

<sup>4</sup> The *reason* of his death is made a matter of solemn official record in the books of the Senate, as showing that the act of killing him was done for public ends, and not from private hate.

<sup>5</sup> His fame is not *lessened* or *whittled down in those points* wherein he was worthy. — *Enforc'd*, in the next clause, is in antithesis to *extenuated*, meaning that his faults are not magnified or forced out of just measure. This is very aptly said; for to kill a man, and then try to belittle or to blacken him, is the extreme of turpitude.

<sup>6</sup> In this celebrated speech, which, to my taste, is far from being a model of style either for oratory or any thing else, the Poet seems to have aimed at imitating the manner actually ascribed to Brutus. So, in *Plutarch*: "They do note that, in some of his Epistles, he counterfeited that briefer compendious manner of speech of the Lacedæmonians." And Shakespeare's idea, as followed out in this speech, is sustained also by the *Dialogus de Oratoribus*, ascribed to Tacitus; wherein it is said that Brutus' style of eloquence was censured as *otiosum et disjunctum*. For, as Mr. Verplanck remarks, "the *disjunctum*, the broken-up style, without oratorical continuity, is precisely that assumed by the dramatist."

*Ant.* For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you. [*Goes up.*

4 *Cit.* What does he say of Brutus?

8 *Cit.* . He says, for Brutus' sake,

He finds himself beholding to us all.

4 *Cit.* 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

1 *Cit.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.

3 *Cit.* Nay, that's certain :

We 're bless'd, that Rome is rid of him.

2 *Cit.* Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.

*Ant.* You gentle Romans, —

*Citizens.* Peace, ho! let us hear him.

*Ant.* Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears :

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.

The evil that men do lives after them ;

The good is oft interred with their bones :

So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus

Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious :<sup>7</sup>

If it were so, it was a grievous fault ;

And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.

Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest, —

For Brutus is an honourable man ;

So are they all, honourable men, —

Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me :

But Brutus says he was ambitious ;

And Brutus is an honourable man.

He hath brought many captives home to Rome,

Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill :

Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ?

When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept :

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff :

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;

And Brutus is an honourable man.

You all did see that on the Lupercal

I thrice presented him a kingly crown,

Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition ?

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;

And, sure, he is an honourable man.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>7</sup> In Shakespeare's time, the ending *tious*, and various others like it, when occurring at the end of a verse, was often pronounced as two syllables. The same was the case with *tion*, *sion*, and divers others. Many instances of the latter have already occurred in this play; as in the preceding scene: "And say you do 't by our *permission*." Also in a former scene: "Out of the teeth of *emulation*." Nevertheless I am far from thinking that *tious* should now be sounded as two syllables in such cases. See page 53, note 19.

<sup>8</sup> Of course these repetitions of *honourable man* are intensely ironical; and for that very reason the irony should be studiously kept out of the voice in pronouncing them. I have heard the effect of it utterly spoilt by being

I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,  
 But here I am, to speak what I do know.  
 You all did love him once, — not without cause :  
 What cause withholds you, then, to mourn for him ? —  
 O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,<sup>9</sup>  
 And men have lost their reason ! — Bear with me ;  
 My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,  
 And I must pause till it come back to me.

1 *Cit.* Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

2 *Cit.* If thou consider rightly of the matter,  
 Cæsar has had great wrong.

3 *Cit.* Has he not, masters ?  
 I fear there will a worse come in his place.

4 *Cit.* Mark'd ye his words ? He would not take the crown ;  
 Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

1 *Cit.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.<sup>10</sup>

2 *Cit.* Poor soul ! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

3 *Cit.* There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

4 *Cit.* Now mark him ; he begins again to speak.

*Ant.* But yesterday the word of Cæsar might  
 Have stood against the world : now lies he there,  
 And none so poor to do him reverence.  
 O masters, if I were dispos'd to stir  
 Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,  
 I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,  
 Who, you all know, are honourable men.  
 I will not do them wrong : I rather choose  
 To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,  
 Than I will wrong such honourable men.  
 But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar, —  
 I found it in his closet, — 'tis his will :  
 Let but the commons hear this testament,  
 (Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,)  
 And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,  
 And dip their napkins in his sacred blood ;<sup>11</sup>  
 Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,  
 And, dying, mention it within their wills,  
 Bequeathing it as a rich legacy  
 Unto their issue.

emphasized. The proper force and charm of the irony in this case depend on its being completely disguised and *seeming* perfectly unconscious.

<sup>9</sup> *Brutish* is by no means tautological here: the antithetic sense of *human* beasts is most artfully implied.

<sup>10</sup> To *abide* or *aby* a thing, is to *suffer for* it, or, as we now say, to *pay for* it. So, in a previous scene: "Let no man *abide* this deed, but we the doers."

<sup>11</sup> *Napkin* and *Handkerchief* were used indifferently in the Poet's time

4 *Cit.* We'll hear the will: read it, Mark Antony.

*Citizens.* The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.

*Ant.* Have patience, gentle friends; I must not read it:  
It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.

You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;

And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,

It will inflame you, it will make you mad.

'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;

For, if you should, O, what would come of it!

4 *Cit.* Read the will! we'll hear it, Antony;  
You shall read us the will, — Cæsar's will!

*Ant.* Will you be patient? will you stay awhile?  
I have o'ershot myself, to tell you of it.

I fear I wrong the honourable men

Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar;<sup>12</sup> I do fear it.

4 *Cit.* They were traitors: honourable men!

*Citizens.* The will! the testament!

2 *Cit.* They were villains, murderers. The will! read the will!

*Ant.* You will compel me, then, to read the will?

Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,

And let me show you him that made the will.

Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?

*Citizens.* Come down.

2 *Cit.* Descend.

[*He comes down.*]

3 *Cit.* You shall have leave.

4 *Cit.* A ring! stand round.

1 *Cit.* Stand from the hearse; stand from the body.

2 *Cit.* Room for Antony! — most noble Antony!

*Ant.* Nay, press not so upon me; stand far' off.

*Citizens.* Stand back; room! bear back.

*Ant.* If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.  
You all do know this mantle: I remember  
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;  
'Twas on a Summer's evening, in his tent,  
That day he overcame the Nervii.<sup>13</sup>  
Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:

<sup>12</sup> Antony now sees that he has the people wholly with him, so that he is perfectly safe in stabbing the stabbers with these terrible words.

<sup>13</sup> This is the artfullest and most telling stroke in Antony's speech. The Romans prided themselves most of all upon their military virtue and renown: Cæsar was their greatest military hero; and his victory over the Nervii was his greatest military exploit. It occurred during his second campaign in Gaul, in the Summer of the year B. C. 57, and is narrated with surpassing vividness in the second book of his *Bellum Gallicum*. Of course the matter about the "mantle" is purely fictitious: Cæsar had on the civic gown, not the military cloak, when killed; and it was, in fact, the mangled toga that Antony displayed on this occasion: but the fiction has the effect of making the allusion to the victory seem perfectly artless and incidental.

See what a rent the envious Casca made :  
 Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd ;  
 And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,  
 Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it, —  
 As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd  
 If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no ;<sup>14</sup>  
 For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel :<sup>15</sup>  
 Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him !  
 This was the most unkindest cut of all ;  
 For, when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,  
 Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,  
 Quite vanquish'd him : then burst his mighty heart ;  
 And, in his mantle muffling up his face,  
 Even at the base of Pompey's statua,  
 Which all the while ran blood,<sup>16</sup> great Cæsar fell.  
 O, what a fall was there, my countrymen !  
 Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,  
 Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.  
 O, now you weep ; and, I perceive, you feel  
 The dint of pity : these are gracious drops.  
 Kind souls, what, weep you, when you but behold  
 Our Cæsar's vesture wounded ? Look you here,  
 Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.<sup>17</sup>

1 *Cit.* O piteous spectacle !

2 *Cit.* O noble Cæsar !

3 *Cit.* O woeful day !

4 *Cit.* O traitors, villains !

1 *Cit.* O most bloody sight !

2 *Cit.* We will be reveng'd.

*Citizens.* Revenge, — about, — seek, — burn, — fire, — kill,  
 — slay, — let not a traitor live !

*Ant.* Stay, countrymen.

1 *Cit.* Peace there ! hear the noble Antony.

2 *Cit.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with  
 him.

*Ant.* Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up  
 To such a sudden flood of mutiny.  
 They that have done this deed are honourable :

<sup>14</sup> *Resolv'd* again in the sense of *informed* or *assured*. See page 470, note 17. — The fanciful conceit expressed in these two lines seems quite out of place, and might well be spared.

<sup>15</sup> *Angel* here means, apparently, his counterpart, genius, or a kind of dearer self. The word is probably used with the same meaning by St. Luke in *Acts* xii. 15.

<sup>16</sup> So, in North's *Plutarch* : "Against the very base whereon Pompey's image stood, which ran all a gore of blood, till he was slain."

<sup>17</sup> The Poet has many like instances of *with* being used instead of *by*, to denote the relation of agent.

What private griefs they have,<sup>18</sup> alas, I know not,  
 That made them do't; they're wise and honourable,  
 And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.  
 I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:  
 I am no orator, as Brutus is;  
 But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,  
 That love my friend; and that they know full well  
 That gave me public leave to speak of him.  
 For I have neither wit,<sup>19</sup> nor words, nor worth,  
 Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,  
 To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;  
 I tell you that which you yourselves do know;  
 Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,  
 And bid them speak for me: but were I Brutus,  
 And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony  
 Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue  
 In every wound of Cæsar, that should move  
 The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

*Citizens.* We'll mutiny.

1 *Cit.* We'll burn the house of Brutus.

3 *Cit.* Away, then! come, seek the conspirators.

*Ant.* Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

*Citizens.* Peace, ho! hear Antony; most noble Antony.

*Ant.* Why, friends, you go to do you know not what.  
 Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves?  
 Alas, you know not; I must tell you, then:  
 You have forgot the will I told you of.

*Citizens.* Most true; the will!—let's stay, and hear the will.

*Ant.* Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.  
 To every Roman citizen he gives,  
 To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.<sup>20</sup>

2 *Cit.* Most noble Cæsar!—we'll revenge his death.

3 *Cit.* O, royal Cæsar!

*Ant.* Hear me with patience.

*Citizens.* Peace, ho!

*Ant.* Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,  
 His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,  
 On this side Tyber:<sup>21</sup> he hath left them you,

<sup>18</sup> Shakespeare often uses *grief* for that which causes grief; that is, *grievance*.

<sup>19</sup> *Wit* formerly meant *understanding*, and was so used by all writers.

<sup>20</sup> The *drachma* was a Greek coin, equal to 7*d.* English. In fact, however, Cæsar left to each citizen three hundred sesterces, equivalent to about \$14; which was practically as good as at least \$100 in our time: no small lift for a poor man.

<sup>21</sup> As this scene lies in the Forum, near the Capitol, Cæsar's gardens are, in fact, on the other side Tyber. But the Poet wrote as he read in *Plutarch*:

And to your heirs for ever ; common pleasures,  
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.

Here was a Cæsar ! when comes such another ?

1 *Cit.* Never, never. — Come, away, away !

We'll burn his body in the holy place,  
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.

Take up the body.

2 *Cit.* Go, fetch fire.

3 *Cit.* Pluck down benches.

4 *Cit.* Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

[*Exeunt Citizens, with the Body.*]

*Ant.* Now let it work : — Mischief, thou art afoot,  
Take thou what course thou wilt ! —

*Enter a Servant.*

How now, fellow !

*Serv.* Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

*Ant.* Where is he ?

*Serv.* He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

*Ant.* And thither will I straight to visit him :

He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,  
And in this mood will give us any thing.

*Serv.* I heard 'em say, Brutus and Cassius  
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

*Ant.* Belike they had some notice of the people,  
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The Same. A Street.*

*Enter CINNA the Poet.*

*Cin.* I dreamt to-night that I did feast with Cæsar,  
And things unlucky charge my fantasy.<sup>1</sup>  
I have no will to wander forth of doors,  
Yet something leads me forth.

*Enter Citizens.*

1 *Cit.* What is your name ?

2 *Cit.* Whither are you going ?

3 *Cit.* Where do you dwell ?

4 *Cit.* Are you a married man or a bachelor ?

"He bequeathed unto every citizen of Rome 75 drachmaes a man, and left his gardens and arbors unto the people, which he had on *this* side of the river Tyber."

<sup>1</sup> "Things of ill omen oppress me." Steevens tells of having read in an old treatise on Fortune-telling, that "to dream of being at banquets betokeneth misfortune."

2 *Cit.* Answer every man directly.

1 *Cit.* Ay, and briefly.

4 *Cit.* Ay, and wisely.

3 *Cit.* Ay, and truly; you were best.

*Cin.* What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man or a bachelor? Then, to answer every man directly and briefly, wisely and truly. Wisely I say I am a bachelor.

2 *Cit.* That's as much as to say they are fools that marry:—you'll bear me a bang for that,<sup>2</sup> I fear. Proceed; directly.

*Cin.* Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

1 *Cit.* As a friend, or an enemy?

*Cin.* As a friend.

2 *Cit.* That matter is answered directly.

4 *Cit.* For your dwelling,—briefly.

*Cin.* Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

3 *Cit.* Your name, sir, truly.

*Cin.* Truly, my name is Cinna.

1 *Cit.* Tear him to pieces! he's a conspirator.

*Cin.* I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

4 *Cit.* Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

*Cin.* I am not Cinna the conspirator.<sup>3</sup>

4 *Cit.* It is no matter; his name's Cinna: pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

3 *Cit.* Tear him, tear him! Come; brands, ho! firebrands! To Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all. Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius': away, go! [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV. SCENE I. *Rome. A Room in ANTONY'S House.*<sup>1</sup>

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS, seated at a Table.

*Ant.* These many, then, shall die; their names are prick'd.

*Oct.* Your brother too must die: consent you, Lepidus?

<sup>2</sup> You'll suffer a blow, or catch a knock. *Me* expletive again.

<sup>3</sup> This man was Helvius Cinna, one of Cæsar's staunchest adherents. He was mistaken by the infuriated populace for Cornelius Cinna, the Prætor, one of the conspirators, and in spite of his frantic appeals was torn to pieces on the spot.

<sup>1</sup> The place of this scene is not marked in the original; but is shown to be at Rome, by Lepidus being sent to Cæsar's house, and told that he will find his confederates "or here, or at the Capitol." In fact, however, the triumvirs did not meet at Rome to settle the proscription, but on a little island near Mutina. The Poet most likely knew this, as he must have read

*Lep.* I do consent, —

*Oct.* Prick him down, Antony.

*Lep.* — Upon condition Publius shall not live,  
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.<sup>2</sup>

*Ant.* He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him.  
But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house;  
Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine  
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

*Lep.* What, shall I find you here?

*Oct.* Or here, or at the Capitol. [*Exit* LEPIDUS.]

*Ant.* This is a slight unmeritable man,  
Meet to be sent on errands: is it fit,  
The threefold world divided, he should stand  
One of the three to share it?

*Oct.* So you thought him;  
And took his voice who should be prick'd to die,  
In our black sentence and proscription.

*Ant.* Octavius, I have seen more days than you:  
And though we lay these honours on this man,  
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,  
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,  
To groan and sweat under the business,  
Either led or driven, as we point the way;  
And having brought our treasure where we will,  
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,  
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,  
And graze in commons.

*Oct.* You may do your will;  
But he's a tried and valiant soldier.

*Ant.* So is my horse, Octavius; and for that  
I do appoint him store of provender.  
It is a creature that I teach to fight,  
To wind, to stop, to run directly on,  
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.  
And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so;  
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth:  
A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds  
On objects, arts, and imitations,  
Which, out of use and stal'd by other men,

in *Plutarch* how "all three met together in an island environed round about with a little river." — The time of the scene, historically, was in November, B. C. 48; which makes an interval of some nineteen months between this and the preceding scene.

<sup>2</sup> Either the Poet or the printer fell into an error here; the true name of this person being not *Publius* but *Lucius*. Thus in *Plutarch's Life of Antonius*: "Cæsar left Cicero to Antonius will; Antonius also forsooke *Lucius* Cæsar, who was his uncle by his mother; and both of them together suffered Lepidus to kill his own brother Paulus."

Begin his fashion :<sup>3</sup> do not talk of him,  
 But as a property. And now, Octavius,  
 Listen great things : Brutus and Cassius  
 Are levying powers : we must straight make head ;  
 Therefore let our alliance be combin'd,  
 Our best friends made, and our best means stretch'd out ;  
 And let us presently go sit in council,  
 How covert matters may be best disclos'd,  
 And open perils surest answered.

*Oct.* Let us do so ; for we are at the stake,  
 And bay'd about with many enemies ;<sup>4</sup>  
 And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear,  
 Millions of mischiefs.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Before BRUTUS' Tent, in the Camp near Sardis.*<sup>1</sup>

*Drum.* Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, and Soldiers ;  
 PINDARUS meeting them ; LUCIUS at some distance.

*Bru.* Stand, ho !

*Lucil.* Give the word, ho ! and stand.

*Bru.* What now, Lucilius ! is Cassius near ?

*Lucil.* He is at hand ; and Pindarus is come  
 To do you salutation from his master.

[PINDARUS gives a Letter to BRUTUS.

*Bru.* He greets me well. — Your master, Pindarus,  
 In his own change,<sup>2</sup> or by ill officers,  
 Hath given me some worthy cause to wish  
 Things done, undone ; but, if he be at hand,  
 I shall be satisfied.

*Pin.* I do not doubt  
 But that my noble master will appear  
 Such as he is, full of regard and honour.

*Bru.* He is not doubted. — A word, Lucilius :  
 How he receiv'd you let me be resolv'd.

<sup>3</sup> So in Falstaff's account of Justice Shallow, when the latter was at Clement's-inn : "He came ever in the rear-ward of the fashion ; and sung those tunes to the overscutch'd huswives that he heard the carmen whistle, and sware they were his fancies, or his good-nights." The passage in the text has commonly been printed with a ( ; ) after *imitations* ; which gives a wrong sense, as if objects, arts, and imitations in general were meant ; whereas it is only of those particular objects, arts, and imitations, which others have worn out and thrown aside. Instead of *objects, arts*, Mr. Dyce prints *object orts* ; a very bad reading.

<sup>4</sup> An allusion to bear-baiting. Thus in *Macbeth* v. 7 : "They have tied me to a stake : I cannot fly, but, bear-like, I must fight the course."

<sup>1</sup> This scene, again, is separated from the foregoing, historically, by about a year ; the remaining events of the drama having taken place in the Fall B. C. 42.

<sup>2</sup> Through some change of mind or of conduct on his part.

*Lucil.* With courtesy and with respect enough ;  
But not with such familiar instances,  
Nor with such free and friendly conference,  
As he hath us'd of old.

*Bru.* Thou hast describ'd  
A hot friend cooling. Ever note, Lucilius,  
When love begins to sicken and decay,  
It useth an enforced ceremony.  
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith :  
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,  
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle ;  
But when they should endure the bloody spur,  
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,<sup>3</sup>  
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on ?

*Lucil.* They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd :  
The greater part, the Horse in general,  
Are come with Cassius. *[March within.]*

*Bru.* Hark ! he is arriv'd. —  
March gently on to meet him.

*Enter CASSIUS and Soldiers.*

*Cass.* Stand, ho !

*Bru.* Stand, ho ! Speak the word along.

*Within.* Stand !

*Within.* Stand !

*Within.* Stand !

*Cass.* Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

*Bru.* Judge me, you gods ! wrong I mine enemies ?  
And if not so, how should I wrong a brother ?

*Cass.* Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs ;  
And when you do them —

*Bru.* Cassius, be content ;  
Speak your griefs softly ; I do know you well.  
Before the eyes of both our armies here,  
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,  
Let us not wrangle : bid them move away ;  
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,<sup>4</sup>  
And I will give you audience.

*Cass.* Pindarus,  
Bid our commanders lead their charges off  
A little from this ground.

<sup>3</sup> A deceitful jade is an unreliable horse, or one that promises well in appearance, but "sinks in the trial."

<sup>4</sup> To *enlarge* is, properly, to *set free* or to *let go at large* ; here it means *speaking freely of* or *unfold*.

*Bru.* Lucius, do you the like ; and let no man  
Come to our tent, till we have done our conference. —  
Lucilius and Titinius, guard our door. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Within the Tent of BRUTUS.*

*Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS.*

*Cass.* That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this :  
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella<sup>1</sup>  
For taking bribes here of the Sardians ;  
Wherein my letters,<sup>2</sup> praying on his side  
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

*Bru.* You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.

*Cass.* In such a time as this it is not meet  
That every nice offence should bear his comment.<sup>3</sup>

*Bru.* Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself  
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm ;  
To sell and mart your offices for gold  
To undeservers.

*Cass.* I an itching palm !  
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,  
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

*Bru.* The name of Cassius honours this corruption,  
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

*Cass.* Chastisement !

*Bru.* Remember March, the ides of March remember !  
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake ?  
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,  
And not for justice ? What, shall one of us,  
That struck the foremost man of all this world  
But for supporting robbers, — shall we now

<sup>1</sup> *Disgraced* him, set a mark or stigma upon him. — The Poet read in *Plutarch* that "Brutus, upon complaint of the Sardians, did condemn and note Lucius Pella, who had been a Prætor of the Romans, for that he was convicted of robbery and pilfery in his office."

<sup>2</sup> *Wherein* refers to the stigma set upon Pella, and is equivalent to *by which act or proceeding*. — Cassius naturally thinks that "the honourable men whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar" should not peril their cause by moral squeamishness. And it is a very noteworthy point, that the digesting of that act seems to have entailed upon Brutus a sort of moral dyspepsia.

<sup>3</sup> That every *petty* or *trifling* offence should be scrutinized and passed upon. *Nice* was often used in that sense. — In the foregoing plays, I have repeatedly noted the Poet's use of *his* for *its*. Mr. W. J. Rolfe, of Cambridge, has ascertained, by a very close inspection, that Shakespeare has *its* ten times, but in nine of these it is printed with an apostrophe, *it's* ; and that he has *it*, used as the possessive case, sixteen times ; as in *Hamlet* i. 2 : "It lifted up *it* head." As I have stated before, *its* does not occur in our English Bible ; where we have, instead, such expressions as, "if the salt have lost *his* savour," and, "to every seed *his* own body."

Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,  
And sell the mighty space of our large honours  
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?  
I had rather be a dog, and bay the Moon,  
Than such a Roman.

*Cass.* Brutus, bait not me,<sup>4</sup>  
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,  
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, ay,<sup>5</sup>  
Older in practice, abler than yourself  
To make conditions.<sup>6</sup>

*Bru.* Go to; you are not, Cassius.

*Cass.* I am.

*Bru.* I say you are not.

*Cass.* Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;  
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.

*Bru.* Away, slight man!

*Cass.* Is't possible?

*Bru.* Hear me, for I will speak.  
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?  
Shall I be frightened when a madman stares?

*Cass.* O ye gods, ye gods! must I endure all this?

*Bru.* All this! ay, more: fret, till your proud heart break;  
Go show your slaves how choleric you are,  
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?  
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch  
Under your testy humour? By the gods,  
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,  
Though it do split you; for from this day forth  
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,  
When you are waspish.

*Cass.* Is it come to this?

*Bru.* You say you are a better soldier:  
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,  
And it shall please me well. For mine own part,  
I shall be glad to learn of abler men.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>4</sup> So in the original; but commonly changed to *bay* in modern editions, the repeating of the word being thought to add spirit to the dialogue. I think otherwise. To *bait* is to worry or harass with violent attacks. Richardson says it is formed regularly from *bay*, to bark at, thus, — *bayed*, *bay'd*, *bayt*, *bait*. In *The Winter's Tale* ii. 3, Leontes says of Paulina, — "A cal-lat, of boundless tongue, who late hath beat her husband, and now *bait*s me!"

<sup>5</sup> The original and, I believe, all modern editions, have *I* instead of *ay* here. It has long seemed to me that it should be *ay*, and I now venture to give it so. In the Poet's time, the pronoun *I* and the affirmative *ay* were printed alike.

<sup>6</sup> To do the business, or manage the diplomacy of an army.

<sup>7</sup> The original has *noble* instead of *abler*. *Noble* does not fit the place, and the use of *abler* by Cassius, a little before, points that out as the right word: accordingly it is adopted by Mr. Dyce.

*Cass.* You wrong me every way, you wrong me, Brutus ;  
I said an elder soldier, not a better :<sup>8</sup>  
Did I say *better* ?

*Bru.* If you did, I care not.

*Cass.* When Cæsar liv'd he durst not thus have mov'd me.

*Bru.* Peace, peace ! you durst not so have tempted him.

*Cass.* I durst not ?

*Bru.* No.

*Cass.* What, durst not tempt him ?

*Bru.* For your life you durst not.

*Cass.* Do not presume too much upon my love ;  
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

*Bru.* You have done that you should be sorry for.  
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats ;  
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,  
That they pass by me as the idle wind,  
Which I respect not. I did send to you  
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me ; —  
For I can raise no money by vile means :  
By Heaven, I had rather coin my heart,  
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring  
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash  
By any indirection : — I did send  
To you for gold to pay my legions,  
Which you denied me : Was that done like Cassius ?  
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so ?  
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,  
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,<sup>9</sup>  
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,  
Dash him to pieces !

*Cass.* I denied you not.

*Bru.* You did.

*Cass.* I did not : he was but a fool  
That brought my answer back. — Brutus hath riv'd my heart :  
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,  
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

*Bru.* I do not, till you practise them on me.

*Cass.* You love me not.

<sup>8</sup> This mistake of Brutus is very well conceived. Cassius was much the abler soldier, and Brutus knew it ; and the mistake grew from his consciousness of the truth of what he thought he heard. Long before this time, Cassius had served as Quæstor under Marcus Crassus in his expedition against the Parthians ; and when the army was torn all to pieces, both Crassus and his son being killed, Cassius displayed great ability in bringing off a remnant ; as he also did for some time after that, in the military administration of Syria.

<sup>9</sup> *Rascal counters* is a term of contempt for the "vile trash," gold. *Counters* were false pieces of money, used in reckoning and keeping accounts. See page 50, note 8.

*Bru.* I do not like your faults.

*Cass.* A friendly eye could never see such faults.

*Bru.* A flatterer's would not, though they do appear  
As huge as high Olympus.

*Cass.* Come, Antony and young Octavius, come,  
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,  
For Cassius is a-weary of the world;  
Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;  
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observ'd,  
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,  
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep  
My spirit from mine eyes!—There is my dagger,  
And here my naked breast; within, a heart  
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:  
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;  
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart.  
Strike as thou didst at Cæsar; for I know,  
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better  
Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

*Bru.* Sheath your dagger.  
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;  
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.<sup>10</sup>  
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb  
That carries anger as the flint bears fire;  
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,  
And straight is cold again.<sup>11</sup>

*Cass.* Hath Cassius liv'd  
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,  
When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him?

*Bru.* When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

*Cass.* Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

*Bru.* And my heart too.

*Cass.* O Brutus,—

*Bru.* What's the matter?

*Cass.*—Have you not love enough to bear with me,  
When that rash humour which my mother gave me  
Makes me forgetful?

*Bru.* Yes, Cassius; and from henceforth,  
When you are over earnest with your Brutus,  
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

[Noise within.]

<sup>10</sup> Whatever dishonourable thing you may do, I will set it down to the humour or infirmity of the moment.

<sup>11</sup> In my boyhood, the idea was common, of fire *sleeping* in the flint, and being awaked by the stroke of the steel. I am not sure whether it was known in the Poet's time, that in fact the flint cuts off microscopic bits of steel, which are ignited by the friction.

*Poet.* [*Within.*] Let me go in to see the generals :  
There is some grudge between 'em ; 'tis not meet  
They be alone.

*Lucil.* [*Within.*] You shall not come to them.

*Poet.* [*Within.*] Nothing but death shall stay me.

*Enter Poet, followed by LUCILIUS and TITINIUS.*

*Cass.* How now ! What's the matter ?

*Poet.* For shame, you generals ! what do you mean ?  
Love, and be friends, as two such men should be ;  
For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than ye.

*Cass.* Ha, ha ! how vilely doth this cynic rhyme !

*Bru.* Get you hence, sirrah ; saucy fellow, hence !

*Cass.* Bear with him, Brutus ; 'tis his fashion.

*Bru.* I'll know his humour, when he knows his time.  
What should the wars do with these jigging fools ? —  
Companion, hence !<sup>12</sup>

*Cass.* Away, away, be gone ! [*Exit Poet.*

*Bru.* Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders  
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

*Cass.* And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you  
Immediately to us. [*Exeunt LUCIL. and TITIN.*

*Bru.* Lucius, a bowl of wine !

*Cass.* I did not think you could have been so angry.

*Bru.* O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

*Cass.* Of your philosophy you make no use,  
If you give place to accidental evils.<sup>13</sup>

*Bru.* No man bears sorrow better. Portia is dead.

*Cass.* Ha ! Portia !

*Bru.* She is dead.

*Cass.* How scap'd I killing, when I cross'd you so ? —  
O, insupportable and touching loss ! —  
Upon what sickness ?

*Bru.* Impatient of my absence,  
And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony  
Have made themselves so strong ; — for with her death  
That tidings came ; — with this she fell distract,  
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.<sup>14</sup>

<sup>12</sup> *Jig* signified a ballad or ditty, as well as a dance. *Companion* is here a term of contempt, as we now use *fellow*.

<sup>13</sup> In his philosophy, Brutus was a mixture of the Stoic and the Platonist. What he says of Portia's death is among the best things in the play, and is in Shakespeare's noblest style. Deep grief loves not many words.

<sup>14</sup> It appears something uncertain whether Portia's death was before or after her husband's. Plutarch represents it as occurring before ; but Merivale follows those who place it after. Plutarch's account, as rendered by North, is, that she "took hot burning coals and cast them into her mouth, and kept her mouth so close that she choked herself."

*Cass.* And died so?

*Bru.* Even so.

*Cass.* O, ye immortal gods!

*Enter* LUCIUS, *with Wine and a Taper.*

*Bru.* Speak no more of her. — Give me a bowl of wine: —  
In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [*Drinks.*

*Cass.* My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge. —  
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup;  
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love. [*Drinks.*

*Bru.* Come in, Titinius! — [*Exit* LUCIUS.

*Re-enter* TITINIUS, *with* MESSALA.

Welcome, good Messala. —

Now sit we close about this taper here,  
And call in question our necessities.<sup>15</sup>

*Cass.* Portia, art thou gone?

*Bru.* No more, I pray you. —

Messala, I have here received letters,  
That young Octavius and Mark Antony  
Come down upon us with a mighty power,  
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.

*Mes.* Myself have letters of the selfsame tenour.

*Bru.* With what addition?

*Mes.* That, by proscription and bills of outlawry,  
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,  
Have put to death an hundred Senators.

*Bru.* Therein our letters do not well agree:  
Mine speak of seventy Senators that died  
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

*Cass.* Cicero one!

*Mes.* Cicero is dead,  
And by that order of proscription. —  
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

*Bru.* No, Messala.

*Mes.* Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

*Bru.* Nothing, Messala.

*Mes.* That, methinks, is strange.

*Bru.* Why ask you? hear you aught of her in yours?

*Mes.* No, my lord.

*Bru.* Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

*Mes.* Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell:  
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

*Bru.* Why, farewell, Portia. — We must die Messala:

<sup>15</sup> The Poet repeatedly uses *question* in the sense of *conversation*.

With meditating that she must die once,<sup>16</sup>  
I have the patience to endure it now.

*Mes.* Even so great men great losses should endure.

*Cass.* I have as much of this in art as you,<sup>17</sup>  
But yet my nature could not bear it so.

*Bru.* Well, to our work alive. What do you think  
Of marching to Philippi presently?

*Cass.* I do not think it good.

*Bru.* Your reason?

*Cass.* This it is:

'Tis better that the enemy seek us:  
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,  
Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying still,  
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

*Bru.* Good reasons must, of force, give place to better.  
The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground  
Do stand but in a forc'd affection;  
For they have grudg'd us contribution:  
The enemy, marching along by them,  
By them shall make a fuller number up,  
Come on refresh'd, new-aided,<sup>18</sup> and encourag'd;  
From which advantage shall we cut him off,  
If at Philippi we do face him there,  
These people at our back.

*Cass.* Hear me, good brother.

*Bru.* Under your pardon. You must note besides,  
That we have tried the utmost of our friends;  
Our legions are brimful, our cause is ripe:  
The enemy increaseth every day;  
We, at the height, are ready to decline.  
There is a tide in the affairs of men,  
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;  
Omitted, all the voyage of their life  
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.  
On such a full sea are we now afloat;  
And we must take the current when it serves,  
Or lose our ventures.

*Cass.* Then, with your will, go on:  
We will along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.

*Bru.* The deep of night is crept upon our talk,  
And nature must obey necessity;  
Which we will niggard with a little rest.  
There is no more to say?

<sup>16</sup> *Once* here means *sometime or other*.

<sup>17</sup> *Art* was sometimes used for *theory* as distinguished from *practice*.

<sup>18</sup> The old copies have *new added*. Mr. Dyce and Mr. Singer agree that *new-aided* is unquestionably the right reading.

*Cass.* No more. Good night:  
Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.

*Bru.* Lucius, my gown! — Farewell, good Messala: —  
Good night, Titinius. — Noble, noble Cassius,  
Good night, and good repose.

*Cass.* O, my dear brother!  
This was an ill beginning of the night:  
Never come such division 'tween our souls!  
Let it not, Brutus.

*Bru.* Every thing is well.

*Cass.* Good night, my lord.

*Bru.* Good night, good brother.

*Tit. Mes.* Good night, Lord Brutus.

*Bru.* Farewell, every one. —  
[*Exeunt CASSIUS, TITINIUS, and MESSALA.*

*Re-enter LUCIUS, with the Gown.*

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

*Luc.* Here in the tent.

*Bru.* What, thou speak'st drowsily:  
Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'er-watch'd.<sup>19</sup>  
Call Claudius and some other of my men;  
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

*Luc.* Varro and Claudius!

*Enter VARRO and CLAUDIUS.*

*Var.* Calls my lord?

*Bru.* I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent, and sleep;  
It may be I shall raise you by-and-by  
On business to my brother Cassius.

*Var.* So please you, we will stand and watch your pleasure.

*Bru.* I will not have it so; lie down, good sirs:  
It may be I shall otherwise bethink me. —  
Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so;  
I put it in the pocket of my gown.<sup>20</sup> [*Servants lie down.*

*Luc.* I was sure your lordship did not give it me.

*Bru.* Bear with me, good boy; I am much forgetful.  
Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,  
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?

<sup>19</sup> *Knave* was much used in the Poet's time as a term of endearment; as *fool* and *wretch* also were.

<sup>20</sup> I am not sure but these two simple lines are the best thing in the play. Just consider how much is implied in them, and what a picture they give of the earnest, thoughtful, book-loving Brutus. And indeed all his noblest traits of character come out, "in simple and pure soul," in this exquisite scene with Lucius, which is hardly surpassed by any thing in *Shakespeare*.

*Luc.* Ay, my lord, an't please you.

*Bru.* It does, my boy :

I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

*Luc.* It is my duty, sir.

*Bru.* I should not urge thy duty past thy might ;  
I know young bloods look for a time of rest.

*Luc.* I have slept, my lord, already.

*Bru.* It was well done ; and thou shalt sleep again ;  
I will not hold thee long : if I do live,  
I will be good to thee. —

[*LUCIUS plays and sings till he falls asleep.*

This is a sleepy tune. — O murderous Slumber,  
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,<sup>21</sup>  
That plays thee music? — Gentle knave, good night ;  
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.  
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument :  
I'll take it from thee ; and, good boy, good night. —  
Let me see, let me see ; — is not the leaf turn'd down  
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think. —

*Enter the Ghost of CÆSAR.*

How ill this taper burns! — Ha! who comes here?  
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes  
That shapes this monstrous apparition.  
It comes upon me. — Art thou any thing?  
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,  
That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare?<sup>22</sup>  
Speak to me what thou art.

*Ghost.* Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

*Bru.* Why com'st thou ?

*Ghost.* To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.

*Bru.* Well ; then I shall see thee again ?

*Ghost.* Ay, at Philippi.

*Bru.* Why, I will see thee at Philippi, then.

[*Ghost vanishes.*

Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest :<sup>23</sup>

<sup>21</sup> *Mace* was formerly used for *sceptre*. The mace is called *leaden*, from its causing heaviness in the subject of it. — Slumber has the epithet *murderous*, because sleep is regarded as the image of death ; or, as Shelley puts it, "Death and his brother Sleep." — The boy is spoken of as playing music to Slumber, because the purpose of his music is to soothe the perturbations out of his master's mind, and put him to sleep.

<sup>22</sup> A singular use of *stare*. Of course it must mean to *stick out*, or, as it is in *Hamlet*, to "*stand on end*, like quills upon the fretful porpentine." We have a similar expression in *The Tempest*, i. 2: "Ferdinand, with hair *up-staring*, (then like reeds, not hair.)"

<sup>23</sup> This strongly, though quietly, marks the Ghost as altogether *subjective*: as soon as Brutus recovers his firmness, the illusion is broken. The

Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee. —

Boy! Lucius! — Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake! — Claudius!

*Luc.* The strings, my lord, are false.

*Bru.* He thinks he still is at his instrument. — Lucius, awake!

*Luc.* My lord?

*Bru.* Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so cried'st out?

*Luc.* My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

*Bru.* Yes, that thou didst. Didst thou see any thing?

*Luc.* Nothing, my lord.

*Bru.* Sleep again, Lucius. — Sirrah Claudius! —

[*To VAR.*] Fellow thou, awake!

*Var.* My lord?

*Clau.* My lord?

*Bru.* Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?

*Var. Clau.* Did we, my lord?

*Bru.* Ay: saw you any thing?

*Var.* No, my lord, I saw nothing.

*Clau.* Nor I, my lord.

*Bru.* Go and commend me to my brother Cassius:

Bid him set on his powers betimes before,

And we will follow.

*Var. Clau.* It shall be done, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V. SCENE I. *The Plains of Philippi.*

*Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army.*

*Oct.* Now, Antony, our hopes are answered.

You said the enemy would not come down,

But keep the hills and upper regions.

It proves not so: their battles are at hand;<sup>1</sup>

order of things is highly judicious here, in bringing the "horrible vision" upon Brutus just after he has heard of Portia's shocking death. With that great sorrow weighing upon him, he might well see ghosts. The thickening of calamities upon him, as the consequences of his stabbing exploit, naturally awakens the power of remorse. The general sense of antiquity touching that matter is well expressed by Plutarch: "Above all, the ghost that appeared unto Brutus showed plainly that the gods were offended with the murder of Cæsar."

<sup>1</sup> *Battle* was used for an *army*, especially an *army embattled*, or ordered in battle-array. The plural is here used with historical correctness, as Brutus and Cassius had each an army; the two armies of course co-operating, and acting together as one. And the arrangement was the same on the other side, with Octavius and Antony.

They mean to warn us at Philippi here,<sup>2</sup>  
 Answering before we do demand of them.

*Ant.* Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know  
 Wherefore they do it: they could be content  
 To visit other places; and come down  
 With fearful bravery,<sup>3</sup> thinking by this face  
 To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage;  
 But 'tis not so.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Prepare you, generals:  
 The enemy comes on in gallant show;  
 Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,  
 And something to be done immediately.

*Ant.* Octavius, lead your battle softly on,  
 Upon the left hand of the even field.

*Oct.* Upon the right hand I; keep thou the left.

*Ant.* Why do you cross me in this exigent?

*Oct.* I do not cross you; but I will do so.<sup>4</sup> [March.

*Drum.* *Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and their Army; LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, and Others.*

*Bru.* They stand, and would have parley.

*Cass.* Stand fast, Titinius: we must out and talk.

*Oct.* Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?

*Ant.* No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.  
 Make forth; the generals would have some words.

*Oct.* Stir not until the signal.

*Bru.* Words before blows: — Is it so, countrymen?

*Oct.* Not that we love words better, as you do.

*Bru.* Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.

<sup>2</sup> To *warn* is to summon. So in *King John*: "Who is it that hath *warn'd* us to the walls?" And in *King Richard III.*: "And sent to *warn* them to his royal presence." And so in some parts of our country it is still common to speak of *warning* people to trainings and town-meetings.

<sup>3</sup> Meaning the false show of courage which cowardice sometimes puts on; as in illustration of the adage "A bully is a coward."

<sup>4</sup> At this time, Octavius was but twenty-one years old, and Antony was almost old enough to be his grandfather. At the time of Cæsar's death, when Octavius was in his nineteenth year, Antony thought he was going to manage him easily and have it all his own way with him, but he found the youngster as stiff as a poker, and could just do nothing with him. Cæsar's youngest sister Julia was married to Marcus Atius Balbus, and their daughter Atia, again, was married to Caius Octavius, a nobleman of the Plebeian order. From this marriage sprung the present Octavius, who afterwards became the Emperor Augustus. He was mainly educated by his great-uncle, was advanced to the Patrician order, and was adopted as his son and heir; so that his full and proper designation at this time was Caius Julius Cæsar Octavianus. The text gives a right taste of the man, who always stood firm as a post against Antony, till the latter finally knocked himself to pieces against him.

*Ant.* In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words :  
Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,  
Crying, *Long live! hail, Cæsar!*

*Cass.* Antony,  
The posture of your blows are yet unknown ;  
But, for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,<sup>5</sup>  
And leave them honeyless.

*Ant.* Not stingless too.

*Bru.* O, yes, and soundless too ;  
For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,  
And very wisely threat before you sting.

*Ant.* Villains, you did not so when your vile daggers  
Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar :  
You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,  
And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet ;  
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind  
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O, flatterers !

*Cass.* Flatterers ! — Now, Brutus, thank yourself :  
This tongue had not offended so to-day,  
If Cassius might have rul'd.

*Oct.* Come, come, the cause : if arguing make us sweat,  
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.  
Look, —

I draw a sword against conspirators :  
When think you that the sword goes up again ?  
Never, till Cæsar's three-and-thirty wounds  
Be well aveng'd ;<sup>6</sup> or till another Cæsar  
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.<sup>7</sup>

*Bru.* Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands,  
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

*Oct.* So I hope :  
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

*Bru.* O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,<sup>8</sup>  
Young man, thou could'st not die more honourably.

<sup>5</sup> *Hybla* was the name of a place in Sicily, noted for the fine flavour of its honey. See page 256, note 5.

<sup>6</sup> The historical number of Cæsar's wounds is three-and-twenty, and so Shakespeare read it in *Plutarch*. But the poets care little for exactness in such matters. In Beaumont and Fletcher's *Two Noble Gentlemen*, we have "Cæsar's two-and-thirty wounds." — This man, Octavius, has been a standing puzzle and enigma to the historians, from the seeming contradictions of his character. The later writers, however, especially Merivale and Smith, find that the one principle that gave unity to his life and reconciled those contradictions, was a steadfast, inflexible purpose to avenge the murder of his illustrious uncle and adoptive father.

<sup>7</sup> Till you, traitors as you are, have added the slaughtering of me, another Cæsar, to that of Julius.

<sup>8</sup> *Strain* is *stock*, *lineage*, or *race* ; a common use of the word in Shakespeare's time. So in *King Henry V.* ii. 4 : "He is bred out of that bloody *strain*, that haunted us in our familiar paths."

*Cass.* A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honour,  
Join'd with a masker and a reveller!<sup>9</sup>

*Ant.* Old Cassius still!

*Oct.* Come, Antony; away!—

Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth:  
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;  
If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Exeunt OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army.*]

*Cass.* Why, now, blow wind, swell billow, and swim bark!  
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

*Bru.* Ho, Lucilius! hark, a word with you.

*Lucil.* My lord? [BRUT. and LUCIL. talk apart.]

*Cass.* Messala,—

*Mes.* What says my General?

*Cass.* Messala,

This is my birth-day; as this very day  
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala:  
Be thou my witness that against my will,  
As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set  
Upon one battle all our liberties.<sup>10</sup>  
You know that I held Epicurus strong,  
And his opinion: now I change my mind,  
And partly credit things that do presage.  
Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign<sup>11</sup>  
Two mighty eagles fell; and there they perch'd,  
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands;  
Who to Philippi here consorted us:  
This morning are they fled away and gone;  
And in their steads do ravens, crows, and kites  
Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,  
As we were sickly prey: their shadows seem  
A canopy most fatal, under which  
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

*Mes.* Believe not so.

*Cass.* I but believe it partly;

For I am fresh of spirit, and resolv'd  
To meet all perils very constantly.

<sup>9</sup> A peevish school-boy, joined with a masker and a reveller, and unworthy even of that honour. The more common meaning of *peevish* was *foolish*.

<sup>10</sup> Alluding to the battle of Pharsalia, which took place in the year B. C. 48. Pompey was forced into that battle, against his better judgment, by the inexperienced and impatient men about him, who, inasmuch as they had more than twice Cæsar's number of troops, fancied they could easily crush him up if they could but meet him. So they tried it, and he quickly crunched up them.

<sup>11</sup> *Former* for *first* or *foremost*. The usage is not peculiar to Shakespeare.

*Bru.* Even so, Lucilius.

*Cass.* Now, most noble Brutus,

The gods to-day stand friendly, that we may,  
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!  
But, since th' affairs of men rest still uncertain,  
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.  
If we do lose this battle, then is this  
The very last time we shall speak together:  
What are you then determined to do?

*Bru.* Even by the rule of that philosophy  
By which I did blame Cato for the death  
Which he did give himself; — I know not how,  
But I do find it cowardly and vile,  
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent  
The time of life; <sup>12</sup> — arming myself with patience  
To stay the providence of some high powers  
That govern us below.

*Cass.* Then, if we lose this battle,  
You are contented to be led in triumph  
Thorough the streets of Rome?

*Bru.* No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble Roman,  
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;  
He bears too great a mind.<sup>13</sup> But this same day  
Must end that work the ides of March begun;  
And whether we shall meet again I know not.  
Therefore our everlasting farewell take: —  
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!  
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;  
If not, why, then this parting was well made.

*Cass.* For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus!  
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;  
If not, 'tis true this parting was well made.

*Bru.* Why, then lead on. — O, that a man might know

<sup>12</sup> *Prevent* is here used in the sense of *anticipate*. See page 101, note 14. By *time* is meant the full time, the natural period. — To the understanding of this speech, it must be observed, that the *sense* of the words, "arming myself," &c., follows next after the words, "which he did give himself."

<sup>13</sup> Brutus here discovers a rather shaky and incoherent state of mind. Was this an oversight in the Poet? or was it meant as a part of the man's character? Probably the latter. The matter is strongly, but, I think, rightly put by Merivale: "The philosopher indeed renounced all confidence in his own principles. He had adopted them from reading or imitation; they were not the natural growth of instinct or genuine reflection; and, as may easily happen in such a case, his faith in them failed when they were tested by adversity. As long as there seemed a chance that the *godlike stroke* would be justified by success, Brutus claimed the glory of maintaining a righteous cause; but when all hope fled, he could take leave of philosophy and life together, and exclaim, *I once dreamed that virtue was a thing; I find her only a name, and the mere slave of fortune*. He had blamed Cato for flying from misery by self-murder; but he learnt to justify the same desperate act when he contemplated committing it himself."

The end of this day's business ere it come!  
 But it sufficeth that the day will end,  
 And then the end is known. — Come, ho! away! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The Same. The Field of Battle.*

*Alarum. Enter BRUTUS and MESSALA.*

*Bru.* Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills  
 Unto the legions on the other side.<sup>1</sup>  
 Let them set on at once; for I perceive  
 But cold demeanour in Octavius' wing,  
 And sudden push gives them the overthrow.  
 Ride, ride, Messala: let them all come down. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The Same. Another Part of the Field.*

*Alarum. Enter CASSIUS and TITINIUS.*

*Cass.* O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!  
 Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy:  
 This ensign here of mine was turning back;  
 I slew the coward, and did take it from him.<sup>2</sup>

*Tit.* O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early;  
 Who, having some advantage on Octavius,  
 Took it too eagerly: his soldiers fell to spoil,  
 Whilst we by Antony are all enclos'd.

*Enter PINDARUS.*

*Pin.* Fly further off, my lord, fly further off;  
 Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord:  
 Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

*Cass.* This hill is far enough. — Look, look, Titinius;  
 Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?

*Tit.* They are, my lord.

*Cass.* Titinius, if thou lov'st me,  
 Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,  
 Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,<sup>3</sup>  
 And here again; that I may rest assur'd  
 Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.

*Tit.* I will be here again, even with a thought. [*Exit.*]

<sup>1</sup> "The legions on the other side" are those under Cassius. Messala and his escort are met in the next scene by Titinius coming from Cassius.

<sup>2</sup> *Ensign* was used, as it is still, either for the flag or for the bearer of it; here it is used for both at once. It was in killing the cowardly ensign that Cassius "to his own turn'd enemy."

<sup>3</sup> "Yonder troops" are Messala and his escort coming from Brutus.

*Cass.* Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill :<sup>4</sup>  
My sight was ever thick : regard Titinius,  
And tell me what thou not'st about the field. —

[PINDARUS goes up.]

This day I breathed first : time is come round,  
And where I did begin, there shall I end ;  
My life is run his compass. — Sirrah, what news ?

*Pin.* [*Above.*] O, my lord !

*Cass.* What news ?

*Pin.* Titinius is enclosed round about  
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur ; —  
Yet he spurs on. — Now they are almost on him ; —  
Now, Titinius ! — Now some 'light :<sup>5</sup> — O, he 'lights too : —  
He's ta'en, [*Shout.*] and, hark ! they shout for joy.

*Cass.* Come down ; behold no more. —  
O, coward that I am, to live so long,  
To see my best friend ta'en before my face ! —

PINDARUS descends.

Come hither, sirrah :  
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner ;  
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,  
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,  
Thou should'st attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath ;  
Now be a freeman ; and with this good sword,  
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.  
Stand not to answer : here, take thou the hilts ;<sup>6</sup>  
And, when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,  
Guide thou the sword. — Cæsar, thou art reveng'd,  
Even with the sword that kill'd thee.<sup>7</sup> [Dies.]

*Pin.* So, I am free ; yet would not so have been,  
Durst I have done my will. — O, Cassius !  
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,  
Where never Roman shall take note of him. [Exit.]

Re-enter TITINIUS, with MESSALA.

*Mes.* It is but change, Titinius ; for Octavius  
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,  
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

<sup>4</sup> Cassius is now on a hill : he therefore means a hill somewhat *higher* than that he is on. — Cassius was, *in fact*, what we now call *near-sighted*.

<sup>5</sup> Some *alight*, or *dismount*.

<sup>6</sup> *Hilts*, plural, for *hilt* was the common usage in the Poet's time. So too with *funerals*, which occurs in this play.

<sup>7</sup> It was a *dagger*, not a sword, that Cassius stabbed Cæsar with. But the same *weapon* is put for the same *owner* ; a common figure of speech. The Poet represents this matter as he read it in *Plutarch*. In fact, however, Cassius was found with his head cut off ; but Pindarus could nowhere be found ; and it was thought by many that he had treacherously slain his patron.

*Tit.* These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

*Mes.* Where did you leave him?

*Tit.* All disconsolate,  
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

*Mes.* Is not that he that lies upon the ground?

*Tit.* He lies not like the living. O my heart!

*Mes.* Is not that he?

*Tit.* No, this was he, Messala,  
But Cassius is no more. — O, setting Sun,  
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,  
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set;  
The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;  
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done!  
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

*Mes.* Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.  
O, hateful Error, Melancholy's child!  
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men  
The things that are not? O Error, soon conceiv'd,  
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,  
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee!<sup>8</sup>

*Tit.* What, Pindarus! where art thou, Pindarus?

*Mes.* Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to meet  
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report  
Into his ears: I may say, thrusting it;  
For piercing-steel and darts envenomed  
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus  
As tidings of this sight.

*Tit.* Hie you, Messala,  
And I will seek for Pindarus the while. — [*Exit MESSALA.*]  
Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?  
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they  
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,  
And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their shouts?  
Alas, thou hast misconstru'd every thing!  
But, hold thee, take this garland on thy brow:  
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I  
Will do his bidding. — Brutus, come apace,  
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius. —  
By your leave, gods: — this is a Roman's part:  
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart. [*Dies.*]

*Alarum.* Re-enter MESSALA, with BRUTUS, young CATO,  
STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, and LUCILIUS.

*Bru.* Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?

<sup>8</sup> Cassius is said to have been of a highly choleric or bilious temperament; as such predisposed to melancholy, and hence apt to be taken with imaginary evils, or to construe things to the worst.

*Mes.* Lo, yonder, and Titinius mourning it.

*Bru.* Titinius' face is upward.

*Cato.* He is slain.

*Bru.* O, Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!  
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords  
In our own proper entrails.<sup>9</sup> [*Low Alarums.*

*Cato.* Brave Titinius!

Look, wher he have not crown'd dead Cassius!

*Bru.* Are yet two Romans living such as these? —  
Thou last of all the Romans, fare thee well!  
It is impossible that ever Rome  
Should breed thy fellow. — Friends, I owe more tears  
To this dead man than you shall see me pay. —  
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time. —  
Come, therefore, and to Thassos send his body:  
His funerals shall not be in our camp,  
Lest it discomfort us. — Lucilius, come; —  
And come, young Cato; — let us to the field. —  
Labeo and Flavius,<sup>10</sup> set our battles on: —  
'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night  
We shall try fortune in a second fight.<sup>11</sup> [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The Same. Another Part of the Field.*

*Alarum.* Enter, fighting, Soldiers of both Armies; then  
BRUTUS, CATO, LUCILIUS, and Others.

*Bru.* Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your heads!

*Cato.* What bastard doth not? Who will go with me?  
I will proclaim my name about the field. —  
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!  
A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;  
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho! [*Charges the Enemy.*

*Bru.* And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;  
Brutus, my country's friend: know me for Brutus.

[*Exit, charging the Enemy. CATO is overpowered,  
and falls.*

*Lucil.* O, young and noble Catō, art thou down?

<sup>9</sup> Brutus here strikes, I take it, the proper key-note of the play. It is said that every one of the conspirators met with a violent death, either by his own hand or by another's.

<sup>10</sup> These two men are not named among the persons of the drama, because they speak nothing. Labeo was one of the stabbers of Cæsar; and it is related that when he saw that all was lost, having dug his own grave, he enfranchised a slave, and then thrust a weapon into his hand to kill him.

<sup>11</sup> The Poet very judiciously represents both battles as occurring the same day. They were *in fact* separated by an interval of twenty days.

Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius,  
And may'st be honour'd, being Cato's son.

1 *Sold.* Yield, or thou diest.

*Lucil.*

Only I yield to die :

There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight.

[*Offering Money.*

Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.

1 *Sold.* We must not. — A noble prisoner !

2 *Sold.* Room, ho ! Tell Antony Brutus is ta'en.

1 *Sold.* I'll tell the news. — Here comes the General. —

*Enter* ANTONY.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

*Ant.* Where is he ?

*Lucil.* Safe, Antony ; Brutus is safe enough :

I dare assure thee that no enemy

Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus :

The gods defend him from so great a shame !

When you do find him, or alive or dead,

He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

*Ant.* This is not Brutus, friend ; but I assure you,

A prize no less in worth. Keep this man safe,

Give him all kindness : I had rather have

Such men my friends than enemies. Go on,

And see whe'r Brutus be alive or dead ;

And bring us word unto Octavius' tent

How every thing is chanc'd.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The Same. Another Part of the Field.*

*Enter* BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, and VOLUMNIUS.

*Bru.* Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.

*Cli.* Statilius show'd the torch-light ; but, my lord,  
He came not back : he is or ta'en or slain.<sup>1</sup>

*Bru.* Sit thee down, Clitus : slaying is the word ;  
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus. [*Whispering.*

*Cli.* What, I, my lord ? No, not for all the world.

*Bru.* Peace then ! no words.

*Cli.*

I'll rather kill myself.

<sup>1</sup> This is hardly intelligible without the passage it was founded on: 'Brutus thought there were not many of his men slain; and, to know the truth of it, one called Statilius promised to go through the enemies, and, if all were well, to lift up a torch-light in the air, and then return with speed to him. The torch-light was lift up as he had promised. But his evil fortune was such that, as he came back, he fell into the enemies' hands and was slain.'

*Bru.* Hark thee, Dardanius. [ *Whispers him.*

*Dar.* Shall I do such a deed?

*Cli.* O Dardanius!

*Dar.* O Clitus!

*Cli.* What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

*Dar.* To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.

*Cli.* Now is that noble vessel full of grief,  
That it runs over even at his eyes.

*Bru.* Come hither, good Volumnius; list a word.

*Vol.* What says my lord?

*Bru.* Why, this, Volumnius:  
The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me  
Two several times by night; at Sardis once,  
And, this last night, here in Philippi fields:  
I know my hour is come.<sup>2</sup>

*Vol.* Not so, my lord.

*Bru.* Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.  
Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes;  
Our enemies have beat us to the pit: [ *Low Alarums.*  
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,  
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,  
Thou know'st that we two went to school together:  
Even for that our love of old, I pr'ythee,  
Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.

*Vol.* That's not an office for a friend, my lord. [ *Alarums still.*

*Cli.* Fly, fly, my lord! there is no tarrying here.

*Bru.* Farewell to you; — and you; — and you, Volumnius. —  
Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;  
Farewell to thee, too, Strato. — Countrymen,  
My heart doth joy, that yet in all my life  
I found no man but he was true to me.  
I shall have glory by this losing day,  
More than Octavius and Mark Antony  
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.  
So, fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue  
Hath almost ended his life's history:  
Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,  
That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

[ *Alarums. Cry within, Fly, fly, fly!*

<sup>2</sup> So the Poet read in *Plutarch*: "Brutus being neare unto the city of Phillippes, this spirit appeared againe unto him, but spake never a word. Thereupon Brutus, knowing that he should die, did put himselfe to all hazard in battel." Merivale has a strong sentence on the point: "The legend that when preparing for the encounter with the triumvirs he was visited by the ghost of Cæsar, which summoned him to meet again at Philippi, marks the conviction of the ancients that in the crisis of his fate he was stung by guilty remorse, and haunted by the presentiment of final retribution."

*Cl.* Fly, my lord, fly!

*Bru.*

Hence! I will follow.<sup>3</sup>—

[*Exeunt* CLIT. DARDAN. and VOLUM.

I pr'ythee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord.

Thou art a fellow of a good respect;<sup>4</sup>

Thy life hath had some smack of honour in it:

Hold, then, my sword, and turn away thy face,

While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

*Stra.* Give me your hand first: fare you well, my lord.

*Bru.* Farewell, good Strato. — Cæsar, now be still:  
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

[*He runs on his Sword and dies.*

*Alarum. Retreat. Enter* OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, MESSALA,  
LUCILIUS, and Army.

*Oct.* What man is that?

*Mes.* My master's man. — Strato, where is thy master?

*Stra.* Free from the bondage you are in, Messala:

The conquerors can but make a fire of him;

For Brutus only overcame himself,

And no man else hath honour by his death.

*Lucil.* So Brutus should be found. — I thank thee, Brutus,  
That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.

*Oct.* All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain them.<sup>5</sup> —  
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

*Stra.* Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.<sup>6</sup>

*Oct.* Do so, good Messala.

*Mes.* How died my master, Strato?

*Stra.* I held the sword, and he did run on it.

*Mes.* Octavius, then take him to follow thee,  
That did the latest service to my master.

*Ant.* This was the noblest Roman of them all:  
All the conspirators, save only he,  
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;  
He only, in a general-honest thought  
And common good to all, made one of them.<sup>7</sup>  
His life was gentle; and the elements  
So mix'd in him,<sup>8</sup> that Nature might stand up

<sup>3</sup> Plutarch gives it, that Brutus, when urged to fly, replied, — "We must fly indeed, but it must be with our hands, not with our feet."

<sup>4</sup> A fellow well *esteemed* or of good *reputation*.

<sup>5</sup> Receive them into my service.

<sup>6</sup> To *prefer* seems to have been the general term for *recommending* a servant. See page 119, note 16.

<sup>7</sup> It has been plausibly proposed to read "thought of common good." Such changes are not rightly admissible. The force of *in* is continued over *common good*.

<sup>8</sup> Referring to the old doctrine of the four elements, as they were called, earth, water, air, and fire, the right mixing and tempering of which was

And say to all the world, *This was a man!*

*Oct.* According to his virtue let us use him,  
With all respect and rites of burial.

Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,

Most like a soldier, order'd honourably. —

So, call the field to rest; and let's away,

To part the glories of this happy day.

[*Exeunt.*

supposed to be the principle of all excellence in Nature. The Poet has a number of allusions to the doctrine, which was a commonplace of the time. See page 195, note 2. The sense of the word *elements* has so changed as to make the passage just as true to the ideas of our time, as it was to those of three hundred years ago. A rather curious fact.



## INTRODUCTION TO HAMLET.

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**T**HE *Revenge of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark*, as it was lately acted by the Lord Chamberlain's Servants," was registered at the Stationers' on the 26th of July, 1602. This entry undoubtedly refers to Shakespeare's tragedy, and is the first we hear of it. The tragedy was printed in 1603. It was published again in 1604; and in the title-page of that issue we have the words, "enlarged to almost as much again as it was." This latter edition was reprinted in 1605, and again in 1611; besides an undated quarto, which is commonly referred to 1607, as it was entered at the Stationers' in the Fall of that year. These are all the issues known to have been made before the play reappeared in the folio of 1623. The quartos, all but the first, have a number of highly important passages that are not in the folio; while, on the other hand, the folio has a few, less important, that are wanting in the quartos. It is agreed on all hands that the first issue was piratical. It gives the play but about half as long as the later quartos, and carries in its face abundant evidence of having been greatly marred and disfigured in the making-up. Mr. Dyce says, "It seems certain that in the quarto of 1603 we have Shakespeare's first conception of the play, though with a text mangled and corrupted throughout, and perhaps formed on the notes of some short-hand writer, who had imperfectly taken it down during representation." Nevertheless it is evident that the play was very different then from what it afterwards became. Polonius is there called Corambis, and his man Reynaldo is called Montano. Divers scenes and passages, some of them such as a reporter would be least likely to omit, are wanting altogether. The Queen is represented as concerting and actively co-operating with Hamlet against the King's life; and she has an interview of considerable length with Horatio, who informs her of Hamlet's escape from the ship bound for England, and of his safe return to Denmark; of which scene the later issues have no traces whatever. All this fully ascertains the play to have undergone a thorough recasting from what it was when the copy of 1603 was taken.

A good deal of question has been made as to the time when the tragedy was first written. It is all but certain that the subject was done into a play some years before Shakespeare took it in hand, as we have notices to that effect reaching as far back as 1589. That play, however, is lost; and our notices of it give no clue to the authorship. On the other hand, there appears no good reason for believing that any form of Shakespeare's *Hamlet* was in being long before we hear of it as entered at the Stationers', in 1602. The tragedy was partly founded on a work by Saxo Grammaticus, a Danish historian, written as early as 1204, but not printed till 1514. The incidents, as related by him, were borrowed by Belleforest, through whose French version, probably, the tale found its way to the English stage. It was called *The History of Hamlet*. As there told, the story is, both in matter and style, uncouth and barbarous in the last degree; a savage, shocking tale of lust and murder, unredeemed by a single touch of art or fancy in the narrator. The scene of the incidents is laid before the introduction of Christianity into Denmark, and when the Danish power held sway in England: further than this the time is not specified. It is hardly needful to add that Shakespeare makes

the persons Christians, clothing them with the sentiments and manners of a much later period than they have in the tale; though he still places the scene at a time when England paid some sort of homage to the Danish crown, which was before the Norman Conquest. Therewithal the Poet uses very great freedom in regard to time. As a late writer observes: "The wars and treaties, the State councils and embassies, the players, the coroner's inquests and Christian burials, the awakened wits of the peasants, the refinements of the courtiers, and the education of the young nobles finished at the German University or the French capital, — all mark a state of advanced and vigorous national life, much like that which existed in Shakespeare's own day in England. Whether such a state of society has ever been actually found in Denmark is not the question; for it is one of the most undoubted rights of the Romantic Drama, that it shall be free from the laws of time and place, though subject ever to the no less real and binding, but very different, laws of the imagination."

We have seen that the *Hamlet* of 1604 was greatly enlarged. The enlargement, however, is mainly in the contemplative and imaginative parts, little being added in the way of action and incident. And in respect of those parts, there is no comparison between the two copies; the difference is literally immense, and of such a kind as to evince a most astonishing growth of intellectual power and resource. In the earlier text, we have little more than a naked though in the main well-ordered and well-knit skeleton, which, in the later, is everywhere replenished and glorified with large, rich volumes of thought and poetry; where all that is incidental and circumstantial is made subordinate to the living energies of mind and soul. So that the enlarged *Hamlet* probably marks the germination of that "thoughtful philosophy," as Hallam calls it, which never after deserted the Poet, though time did indeed abate its excess, and reduce it under his control; whereas it here overflows all bounds, and sweeps onward unchecked.

Schlegel, therefore, might well describe this play as "a tragedy of thought." Such is indeed its character; wherein it stands alone, and this, not only of Shakespeare's dramas, but of all the dramas in being. As for action, the play has but little that can properly be so called. The scenes are indeed well diversified with incident; but the incidents, for the most part, engage the attention chiefly as serving to start and shape the hero's far-reaching trains of reflection, themselves being lost sight of in the wealth of thought and sentiment which they call forth. Nor does any other of the Poet's dramas give so deep an impression of a superhuman power presiding over a war of irregular and opposing forces, and calmly working out its own purpose through the baffled, disjointed, and conflicting purposes of human agents. The very plan of the drama may almost be said to consist in the persons being without plans; for, as Goethe says, "The hero has no plan, but the play itself is full of plan." And however the characters go at cross-aims with each other or themselves, they nevertheless still move true to the author's aim: their confused and broken schemes he uses as the elements of a higher order; and the harshest discords of their plane of thought serve to enrich and deepen the harmonies of his.

Hamlet himself has caused more of perplexity and discussion than any other character in the whole range of art. The charm of his mind and person amounts to an almost universal fascination; and he has been well described as "a concentration of all the interests that belong to humanity." I have learned by experience that one seems

to understand him better after a little study than after a great deal; and that the less one sees into him the more apt one is to think he sees through him; in which respect he is indeed like Nature herself. One man considers Hamlet great, but wicked; another, good, but weak; a third, that he lacks courage, and dare not act; a fourth, that he has too much intellect for his will, and so reflects away the time of action: some conclude his madness half genuine; others, that it is wholly feigned. Doubtless there are facts in the delineation which, considered by themselves, would sustain any one of these views; but none of them seems reconcilable with all the facts taken together. Yet, notwithstanding this diversity of opinions, all agree in thinking of Hamlet as an actual person. It is easy to invest with plausibility almost any theory respecting him, but very hard to make any theory comprehend the whole subject; and while all are impressed with the truth of the character, no one is satisfied with another's explanation of it. The question is, Why such unanimity as to his being a man, and at the same time such diversity as to what sort of a man he is?

But the question of questions about Hamlet has reference to his "antic disposition." Is his madness real or feigned, or partly the one, partly the other? This question cannot be discussed at any length here; but it would hardly be right to pass it without some reference to the opinions of those who probably have the best claim to be heard on the subject. Of late years, the medical men, in particular those of them whose specialty lies in the treatment of mental disease, have turned their attention a good deal to Shakespeare's delineations of insanity. Dr. Conolly, of England, Dr. Ray, late of Providence, and Dr. Kellogg, of Utica, have all published well-considered essays on the subject. They have brought the aids of a large science and a ripe experience to the discussion; and I cannot but think their judgment entitled to great deference. Dr. Ray, referring to the literary critics, says: "These persons embrace the popular error of regarding madness as but another name for confusion and violence, overlooking the daily fact that it is compatible with some of the ripest and richest manifestations of intellect. In regard to this point, it is enough to state it as a scientific fact, that Hamlet's mental condition furnishes, in abundance, the pathological and psychological symptoms of insanity in wonderful harmony and consistency." Dr. Kellogg fully concurs with Dr. Ray. "There are," says he, "cases of melancholic madness, of a delicate shade, in which the reasoning faculties, the intellect proper, so far from being overcome or even disordered, are rendered more active and vigorous; while the will, the moral feelings, the sentiments and affections, seem alone to suffer from the stroke of disease. Such a case Shakespeare has given us in the character of Hamlet, with a fidelity to nature which continues more and more to excite our wonder and astonishment, as our knowledge of this intricate subject advances." I must also quote a brief passage from Dr. Conolly's *Study of Hamlet*, which draws somewhat more definitely into the particulars of the case. After referring to the soliloquy, "Oh, that this too-too solid flesh would melt," &c., the writer goes on as follows: "This soliloquy, the first full expression we have of Hamlet's actual feelings, deserves particular consideration from those who feel any interest in the question of his real state of mind throughout the play. It seems distinctly to reveal both his mental constitution and the already existing disturbance of his feelings, amounting to a predisposition to actual unsoundness. His mind is morbidly and constantly occupied with one set of thoughts: the indecorous marriage of his uncle with his mother had usurped all his

attention. He is even at this time far advanced into that miserable condition which he describes much later : he has lost all his mirth ; he is weary of all the uses of the world ; he is weary of life. Of his father's ghost he has at this time heard nothing ; of his father's murder no suspicion has ever been dreamed of by him. No thought of feigning melancholy can have entered his mind ; but he is even now most heavily shaken and discomposed, — indeed, so violently, that his reason, although not dethroned, is certainly well-nigh deranged."

Taking these authorities, together with the belief of all the persons in the play except the King, — whose doubts spring from his own guilt, — and also with the solemn declaration of Hamlet himself to Laertes near the close, I must be excused for regarding them as decisive of the question. In plain terms, Hamlet is mad : deranged not indeed in all his faculties, nor perhaps in any of them continuously ; that is, the derangement is partial and occasional ; paroxysms of wildness and fury alternating with intervals of serenity and composure.

As to the general idea of Hamlet's character, I probably cannot better serve the purpose of this Introduction than by quoting the views of Goethe and Coleridge ; these two best representing the different sets of opinions commonly held on the subject. " To me it is clear," says Goethe, " that Shakespeare meant in the present case to represent the effects of a great action laid upon a soul unfit for the performance of it. In this view the whole piece seems to me composed. There is an oak-tree planted in a costly jar, which should have borne only pleasant flowers ; the roots expand, the jar is shivered. A lovely, pure, noble, and most moral nature, without the strength of nerve which forms a hero, sinks beneath a burden which it cannot bear, and must not cast away. All duties are holy for him ; the present is too hard. Impossibilities have been required of him, — not in themselves impossibilities, but such for him. He winds and turns and torments himself ; he advances and recoils ; is ever put in mind, ever puts himself in mind ; at last does all but lose his purpose from his thoughts ; yet still without recovering his peace of mind." Coleridge's criticism, which is regarded by very many as altogether the best that has ever been given of the character, is as follows : " In Hamlet, Shakespeare seems to have wished to exemplify the moral necessity of a due balance between our attention to the objects of our senses, and our meditation on the workings of our minds, — an *equilibrium* between the real and the imaginary worlds. In Hamlet, this balance is disturbed : his thoughts and the images of his fancy are far more vivid than his actual perceptions ; and his very perceptions, instantly passing through the *medium* of his contemplations, acquire as they pass a form and a colour not naturally their own. Hence we see a great, an almost enormous intellectual activity, and a proportionate aversion to real action consequent upon it, with all its symptoms and accompanying qualities. This character Shakespeare places in circumstances under which it is obliged to act on the spur of the moment : Hamlet is brave, and careless of death ; but he vacillates from sensibility, and procrastinates from thought, and loses the power of action in the energy of resolve."

Thus much for views of the subject more or less at variance with my own. The passage from Coleridge, especially, viewing the character, as it does, from within, is worthy of attentive study ; and the large currency it has attained argues a good deal of truth in it. As for my own views of the subject, the fairest and fullest expression of them that I have met with, on the whole, is the following, from the *London Quarterly Review*, vol. lxxix :

"The universality of Shakespeare's genius is in some sort reflected in Hamlet. He has a mind wise and witty, abstract and practical; the utmost reach of philosophical contemplation is mingled with the most penetrating sagacity in the affairs of life; playful jest, biting satire, sparkling repartee, with the darkest and deepest thoughts that can agitate man. He exercises all his various faculties with surprising readiness. He divines, with the rapidity of lightning, the nature and motives of those who are brought into contact with him; fits in a moment his bearing and retorts to their individual peculiarities; is equally at home, whether he is mocking Polonius with hidden railery, or dissipating Ophelia's dream of love, or crushing the sponges with sarcasm and invective, or talking euphuism with Osric, and satirizing while he talks it; whether he is uttering wise maxims, or welcoming the players with facetious graciousness; probing the inmost souls of others, or sounding the mysteries of his own. His philosophy stands out conspicuous among the brilliant faculties which contend for the mastery. It is the quality which gives weight and dignity to the rest. It intermingles with all his actions. He traces the most trifling incidents up to their general laws. His natural disposition is to lose himself in contemplation. He goes thinking out of the world. The commonest ideas that pass through his mind are invested with a wonderful freshness and originality. His meditations in the churchyard are on the trite notion that all ambition leads but to the grave. But what condensation, what variety, what picturesqueness, what intense, unmitigated gloom! It is the finest sermon ever preached against the vanities of life.

"So far, we imagine, all are agreed. But the motives which induce Hamlet to defer his revenge are still, and perhaps will ever remain, debatable ground. The favourite doctrine of late is, that the thinking part of Hamlet predominated over the active; that he was as weak and vacillating in performance as he was great in speculation. If this theory were borne out by his general conduct, it would no doubt amply account for his procrastination; but there is nothing to countenance, and much to refute, the idea. Shakespeare has endowed him with a vast energy of will. There could be no sterner resolve than to abandon every purpose of existence, that he might devote himself unfettered to his revenge; nor was ever resolution better observed. He breaks through his passion for Ophelia, and keeps it down, under the most trying circumstances, with such inflexible firmness, that an eloquent critic has seriously questioned whether his attachment was real. The determination of his character appears again at the death of Polonius. An indecisive mind would have been shocked, if not terrified, at the deed. Hamlet dismisses him with a few contemptuous words, as a man would brush away a fly. He talks with even greater indifference of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, whom he sends 'to sudden death, not shriving-time allowed.' He has on these, and indeed on all occasions, a short and absolute way which only belongs to resolute souls. The features developed in his very hesitation to kill the King are inconsistent with the notion that his hand refuses to perform what his head contrives. He is always trying to persuade himself into a conviction that it is his duty, instead of seeking for evasions. He wants, it is clear, neither will nor nerve to strike the blow. There is, perhaps, but one supposition that will satisfy all the phenomena. His uncle, after all, is his King; he is the brother of his father, and the husband of his mother; and it was inevitable that he should shrink, in his cooler moments, from becoming his assassin. His hatred to his uncle, who had disgraced his family and disappointed his ambition, gives him personal inducements to revenge,

which further blunts his purpose by leading him to doubt the purity of his motives. The admonition of the Ghost to him is, not to taint his mind in the prosecution of his end; and no sooner has the Ghost vanished, than Hamlet, invoking the aid of supernatural powers, exclaims, 'O all you host of Heaven! O Earth! What else? and shall I couple Hell? O fie!' But the Hell, whose support he rejects, is for ever returning to his mind and startling his conscience. It is this that makes him wish for the confirmation of the play, for evil spirits may have abused him. It is this which begets the apathy he terms oblivion, for inaction affords relief to doubt. It is this which produces his inconsistencies; for conscience calls him different ways, and when he obeys in one direction he is haunted by the feeling that he should have gone in the other. If he contemplates the performance of a deed which looks outwardly more like murder than judicial retribution, he trembles lest, after all, he should be perpetrating an unnatural crime; or if, on the other hand, he turns to view his uncle's misdeeds, he fancies there is more of cowardly scrupulosity than justice in his backwardness, and he abounds in self-reproaches at the weakness of his hesitation. And thus he might for ever have halted between two opinions, if the King himself, by filling up the measure of his iniquities, had not swept away his scruples."

This play is surpassingly rich both in variety and completeness of characteristic delineation. For Hamlet's character, though it fills and may almost be said to form the whole drama, is notwithstanding of such a nature as rather to invite the others into free development than to repress them. Accordingly all the persons, from the hero down to the Grave-diggers, are rounded out, each in perfect distinctness of individuality. The King, the Queen, Horatio, Polonius, Ophelia, Laertes, and Osric, all are traced with such punctual and firm-handed portraiture, that we grow to a sort of personal acquaintance with them. Nor are these minor characters without plenty of salient points for analytic discourse: in particular, Ophelia is so lovely in herself, and so moving in the inexpressible pathos of her part, that it is not easy to pass her by in silence; but so much space has necessarily been devoted to Hamlet, that this Introduction is already in danger of overdrawing its length. Besides, the other characters, except Polonius, are, for the most part, so clear and simple in their personal complexion and their springs of action, as to offer little or no perplexity to average students of the Poet. I will therefore dismiss the theme with Dr. Johnson's capital remarks on the old politician:

"Polonius is a man bred in courts, exercised in business, stored with observation, confident in his knowledge, proud of his eloquence, and declining into dotage. His mode of oratory is truly represented as designed to ridicule the practice of those times, — of those prefaces that made no introduction, and of method that embarrassed rather than explained. This part of his character is accidental, the rest is natural. Such a man is positive and confident, because he knows that his mind was once strong, but knows not that it has become weak. Such a man excels in general principles, but fails in the particular application. He is knowing in retrospect, and ignorant in foresight. While he depends upon his memory, and can draw from his repositories of knowledge, he utters weighty sentences, and gives useful counsel; but, as the mind in its enfeebled state cannot be kept long busy and intent, the old man is subject to sudden dereliction of his faculties; he loses the order of his ideas, and entangles himself in his own thoughts, till he recovers the leading principle, and falls again into his former train. This idea of dotage encroaching upon wisdom will solve all the phenomena of the character of Polonius."

# HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

CLAUDIUS, King of Denmark.	MARCELLUS, } Officers.
HAMLET, his Nephew, Son of the former King.	BERNARDO, }
POLONIUS, Lord Chamberlain.	FRANCISCO, a Soldier.
HORATIO, Friend to Hamlet.	REYNALDO, Servant to Polonius.
LAERTES, Son of Polonius.	A Captain. Ambassadors.
VOLTIMAND, }	The Ghost of Hamlet's Father.
CORNELIUS, }	FORTINBRAS, Prince of Norway.
ROSENCRANTZ, }	Two Grave-diggers.
GUILDENSTERN, }	
OSRIC, a Courtier.	GERTRUDE, Mother of Hamlet, and Queen.
Another Courtier.	OPHELIA, Daughter of Polonius.
A Priest.	

Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Players, Sailors, Messengers, and Attendants.

SCENE, Elsinore.

## ACT I. SCENE I. *Elsinore. A Platform before the Castle.*

FRANCISCO *on his Post. Enter to him* BERNARDO.

*Ber.* WHO's there?

*Fran.* Nay, answer me:<sup>1</sup> stand, and unfold yourself.

*Ber.* Long live the King!

*Fran.* Bernardo?

*Ber.* He.

*Fran.* You come most carefully upon your hour.

*Ber.* 'Tis now struck twelve; get thee to bed, Francisco.

*Fran.* For this relief much thanks: 'tis bitter cold,  
And I am sick at heart.

*Ber.* Have you had quiet guard?

*Fran.* Not a mouse stirring.

*Ber.* Well, good night.

If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,  
The rivals of my watch,<sup>2</sup> bid them make haste.

*Fran.* I think I hear them. — Stand, ho! Who is there?

<sup>1</sup> Answer me, as I have the right to challenge you. Bernardo then gives in answer the watch-word, "Long live the king!"

<sup>2</sup> Rivals are associates or partners. A brook, rivulet, or river, *rivus*, being a natural boundary between different proprietors, was owned by them in common; that is, they were *partners* in the right and use of it. From the strifes thus engendered, the *partners* came to be *contenders*: hence the ordinary sense of *rival*.

*Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS.*

*Hor.* Friends to this ground.

*Mar.* And liegemen to the Dane.

*Fran.* Give you good night.

*Mar.* O, farewell, honest soldier :

Who hath reliev'd you?

*Fran.* Bernardo has my place.

Give you good night.<sup>3</sup>

[*Exit.*

*Mar.* Holla! Bernardo!

*Ber.* Say, —

What, is Horatio there?

*Hor.* A piece of him.

*Ber.* Welcome, Horatio: — welcome, good Marcellus.

*Hor.* What, has this thing appear'd again to-night?

*Ber.* I have seen nothing.

*Mar.* Horatio says 'tis but our fantasy,  
And will not let belief take hold of him  
Touching this dreaded sight twice seen of us:  
Therefore I have intreated him along  
With us to watch the minutes of this night;  
That, if again this apparition come,<sup>4</sup>  
He may approve our eyes,<sup>5</sup> and speak to it.

*Hor.* Tush, tush, 'twill not appear.

*Ber.* Sit down awhile;

And let us once again assail your ears,  
That are so fortified against our story,  
What we two nights have seen.

*Hor.* Well, sit we down,

And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.

*Ber.* Last night of all,

When yond same star that's westward from the pole<sup>6</sup>  
Had made his course t' illume that part of heaven  
Where now it burns, Marcellus and myself,  
The bell then beating one, —

*Mar.* Peace, break thee off; look, where it comes again!

<sup>3</sup> This salutation is an abbreviated form of, "May God give you a good night;" which has been still further abbreviated in the phrase, "Good night."

<sup>4</sup> There is a temperate scepticism, well befitting a scholar, in Horatio's "has this *thing* appeared again to-night." *Thing* is the most general and indefinite substantive in the language. Observe the gradual approach to what is more and more definite. "Dreaded sight" cuts off a large part of the indefiniteness, and "this apparition" is a further advance to the particular. The matter is aptly ordered for what Coleridge calls "*credibilizing effect*."

<sup>5</sup> That is, *make good* our vision, or *prove* our eyes to be *true*. *Approve* was often thus used in the sense of *confirm*.

<sup>6</sup> Of course the *polar star*, or north star, is meant, which appears to stand still, while the other stars in its neighborhood seem to revolve around it. — Note the use of *his* for *its*.

Enter the Ghost.

*Ber.* In the same figure, like the King that's dead.

*Mar.* Thou art a scholar; speak to it, Horatio.<sup>7</sup>

*Ber.* Looks it not like the King? mark it, Horatio.

*Hor.* Most like:—it harrows me with fear and wonder.<sup>8</sup>

*Ber.* It would be spoke to.

*Mar.* Question it, Horatio.

*Hor.* What art thou, that usurp'st this time of night,  
Together with that fair and warlike form  
In which the Majesty of buried Denmark  
Did sometimes march? by Heaven I charge thee, speak!

*Mar.* It is offended.

*Ber.* See, it stalks away!

*Hor.* Stay! speak, speak! I charge thee, speak!

[Exit Ghost.]

*Mar.* 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

*Ber.* How now, Horatio! you tremble and look pale:  
Is not this something more than fantasy?  
What think you on't?

*Hor.* Before my God, I might not this believe  
Without the sensible and true avouch  
Of mine own eyes.

*Mar.* Is it not like the King?

*Hor.* As thou art to thyself:  
Such was the very armour he had on  
When he th'ambitious Norway combated;  
So frown'd he once, when, in an angry parle,  
He smote the sledded Polacks on the ice.<sup>9</sup>  
'Tis strange.

*Mar.* Thus, twice before, and jump at this dead hour,<sup>10</sup>  
With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch.

*Hor.* In what particular thought to work I know not;  
But in the gross and scope of mine opinion

<sup>7</sup> It was believed that a supernatural being could only be spoken to with effect by persons of learning; exorcisms being usually practised by the clergy in Latin. So, in *The Night Walker* of Beaumont and Fletcher: "Let's call the butler up, for he speaks Latin, and that will daunt the Devil."

<sup>8</sup> To *harrow* is to *distress*, to *vex*, to *disturb*. To *harry* and to *harass* have the same origin. Milton has the word in *Comus*: "Amaz'd I stood, harrow'd with grief and fear."—"Question it," in the next line, is the reading of the folio; other old copies have "*Speak to it*."

<sup>9</sup> *Polacks* was used for *Polanders* in Shakespeare's time. *Sled* is *sledged*; on a *sled* or *sleigh*.—*Parle*, in the preceding line, is the same as *parley*.

<sup>10</sup> So all the quartos. The folio reads *just*. *Jump* and *just* were synonymous in the time of Shakespeare. So in Chapman's *May Day*, 1611: "Your appointment was *jumpe* at three with me."

This bodes some strange eruption to our State.<sup>11</sup>

*Mar.* Good now, sit down, and tell me, he that knows,  
Why this same strict and most observant watch  
So nightly toils the subject of the land;<sup>12</sup>  
And why such daily cast of brazen cannon,  
And foreign mart for implements of war;  
Why such impress of shipwrights, whose sore task<sup>13</sup>  
Does not divide the Sunday from the week;  
What might be toward, that this sweaty haste  
Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day:  
Who is't that can inform me?

*Hor.* That can I;  
At least, the whisper goes so. Our last King,  
Whose image even but now appear'd to us,  
Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway  
(Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate pride)  
Dar'd to the combat; in which our valiant Hamlet —  
For so this side of our known world esteem'd him —  
Did slay this Fortinbras; who, by a seal'd compact,  
Well ratified by law and heraldry,<sup>14</sup>  
Did forfeit with his life all those his lands  
Which he stood seiz'd on<sup>15</sup> to the conqueror:  
Against the which, a moiety competent  
Was gaged by our King;<sup>16</sup> which had return'd  
To the inheritance of Fortinbras,  
Had he been vanquisher; as, by the same cov'nant,  
And carriage of the articles' design,<sup>17</sup>  
His fell to Hamlet. Now, sir, young Fortinbras,

<sup>11</sup> Horatio means that, in a general interpretation of the matter, this fore-shadows some great evil or disaster to the State; though he cannot conceive in what particular shape the evil is to come.

<sup>12</sup> The Poet sometimes uses an adjective in the singular with the sense of the plural substantive; as here *subject* for *subjects*. See page 431, note 1. — *Toils* is here a transitive verb. — *Mart*, in the next line, is *trade*.

<sup>13</sup> *Impress* here means pressing or forcing of men into the service. — *Divide*, next line, is *distinguish*.

<sup>14</sup> *Heraldry* refers to the forms and rules of procedure observed in private duels; "the code of honour," as it is called.

<sup>15</sup> This is the old legal phrase, still in use, for *held possession of*, or *was the rightful owner of*. *On* and *of* were used indifferently in such cases.

<sup>16</sup> *Moiety competent* is *equivalent portion*. The proper meaning of *moiety* is *half*; so that the sense here is, half of the entire value put in pledge on both sides. — *Gaged* is *pledged*. Observe that, in the text as here printed, (and it is so in the old copies) the ending *ed*, in verbs and participles, always makes a distinct syllable by itself, save when it is preceded by *i*, in such words as *applied*. When it should coalesce with the preceding syllable, it is uniformly printed with the apostrophe as in *assur'd*.

<sup>17</sup> The folio has *cov'nant*; the quartos, *co-mart*, which may mean the same thing, but no other such use of the word is known. — *Carriage of the articles' design* appears to mean *performance* or *carrying-out of the design of the articles*.

Of unimproved mettle hot and full,<sup>18</sup>  
 Hath in the skirts of Norway, here and there,  
 Shark'd up a list of lawless resolute,  
 For food and diet, to some enterprise  
 That hath a stomach in't:<sup>19</sup> which is no other  
 (As it doth well appear unto our State)  
 But to recover of us, by strong hand  
 And terms compulsative, those 'foresaid lands  
 So by his father lost. And this, I take it,  
 Is the main motive of our preparations,  
 The source of this our watch, and the chief head  
 Of this post-haste and romage in the land.<sup>20</sup>

*Ber.* I think it be no other but e'en so:  
 Well may it sort,<sup>21</sup> that this portentous figure  
 Comes armed through our watch; so like the King  
 That was and is the question of these wars.

*Hor.* A mote it is to trouble the mind's eye.  
 In the most high and palmy state of Rome,<sup>22</sup>  
 A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,  
 The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead  
 Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets:

As, stars with trains of fire and dews of blood,  
 Disasters in the Sun;<sup>23</sup> and the moist star,  
 Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,  
 Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse.<sup>24</sup>  
 And even the like precurse of fierce events —  
 As harbingers preceding still the fates,  
 And prologue to the omen coming on<sup>25</sup> —

<sup>18</sup> Of *unimpeached* or *unquestioned* courage. To *improve* anciently signified to *impeach*, to *impugn*. Numerous instances of *improve* in this sense may be found in the writings of Shakespeare's time. — *Shark'd* is *snapped* up or *taken* up hastily. "*Scroccare* is properly to do any thing at another man's cost, to *shark* or *shift* for any thing. *Scroccolone*, a cunning shifter or *sharker* for any thing in time of need, namely *for victuals*."

<sup>19</sup> *Stomach* was often used in the sense of *courage*, or appetite for danger or for fighting. So, in *Julius Cæsar*, v. 1; "If you dare fight to-day, come to the field; if not, when you have *stomachs*." — The quartos have *landless* instead of *lawless*.

<sup>20</sup> *Romage*, now spelt *rummage*, is used for ransacking, or making a thorough search.

<sup>21</sup> *Sort* is *fit*, *suit*, or *agree*: often so used.

<sup>22</sup> *Palmy* is *victorious*; the *Palm* being the emblem of victory.

<sup>23</sup> This speech down to "*Re-enter the Ghost*," is wanting in the folio, and the quartos have some evident corruption here, which no editorial ingenuity seems likely to overcome. Probably the best way is to indicate the loss of a line by marking an *hiatus* in the text.

<sup>24</sup> The "moist star" is the Moon; probably so called either from the dews that attend her shining, or from her influence over the waters of the sea. — *Doomsday* is the old word for *day of judgment*.

<sup>25</sup> *Omen* is here put for *portentous event*. The use of the word is classical.

Have Heaven and Earth together demonstrated  
 Unto our climature and countrymen. —  
 But, soft! behold! lo, where it comes again!

*Re-enter the Ghost.*

I'll cross it, though it blast me.<sup>26</sup> — Stay, illusion!  
 If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,  
 Speak to me:

If there be any good thing to be done,  
 That may to thee do ease, and grace to me,  
 Speak to me:

If ~~thou art~~ privy to thy country's fate,  
 Which happily ~~foreknowing~~ may avoid,<sup>27</sup>  
 O, speak!

Or, if thou hast uphoarded in thy life  
 Extorted treasure in the womb of Earth,  
 For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death,

[*Cock crows.*

Speak of it: — stay, and speak! — Stop it, Marcellus.

*Mar.* Shall I strike at it with my partisan?

*Hor.* Do, if it will not stand.

*Ber.*

'Tis here!

*Hor.*

'Tis here!

*Mar.* 'Tis gone!

[*Exit Ghost.*

We do it wrong, being so majestical,  
 To offer it the show of violence;  
 For it is, as the air, invulnerable,  
 And our vain blows malicious mockery.

*Ber.* It was about to speak when the cock crew.

*Hor.* And then it started like a guilty thing  
 Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,  
 The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,<sup>28</sup>  
 Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat  
 Awake the god of day; and at his warning,  
 Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,  
 Th' extravagant and erring spirit hies  
 To his confine:<sup>29</sup> and of the truth herein

<sup>26</sup> It was believed that a person crossing the path of a spectre became subject to its malignant influence. Lodge's *Illustrations of English History*, speaking of Ferdinand, Earl of Derby, who died by witchcraft, as was supposed, in 1594, has the following: "On Friday there appeared a tall man, who twice crossed him swiftly; and when the earl came to the place where he saw this man, he fell sick."

<sup>27</sup> Which *happy* or *fortunate foreknowledge* may avoid: a participle and adverb used with the sense of a substantive and adjective. — The structure of this solemn appeal is almost identical with that of a very different strain in *As You Like It*, ii. 4.

<sup>28</sup> So the quartos; the folio has *day* instead of *morn*.

<sup>29</sup> *Extravagant* is *extra-vagans*, wandering about, going beyond bounds. *Erring* is *erraticus*, straying or roving up and down.

'This present object made probation.

*Mar.* It faded on the crowing of the cock.<sup>80</sup>  
Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes  
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,  
The bird of dawning singeth all night long :  
And then, they say, no spirit dare stir abroad ;  
The nights are wholesome ; then no planets strike,  
No fairy takes,<sup>81</sup> nor witch hath power to charm ;  
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

*Hor.* So have I heard, and do in part believe it.  
But, look, the Morn, in russet mantle clad,  
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill :  
Break we our watch up ; and, by my advice,  
Let us impart what we have seen to-night  
Unto young Hamlet ; for, upon my life,  
This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him.  
Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,  
As needful in our loves, fitting our duty ?<sup>82</sup>

*Mar.* Let's do't, I pray ; and I this morning know  
Where we shall find him most conveniently. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *The Same. A room of State in the Castle.*

*Enter the KING, the QUEEN, HAMLET, POLONIUS, LAERTES,  
VOLTIMAND, CORNELIUS, Lords, and Attendants.*

*King.* Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death  
The memory be green, and that it us befitted  
To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom  
To be contracted in one brow of woe ;  
Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature,  
That we with wisest sorrow think on him,  
Together with remembrance of ourselves.  
Therefore our sometime sister, now our Queen,  
Th' imperial jointress of this warlike State,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>80</sup> This is a very ancient superstition. There is a Hymn of Prudentius, and another of St. Ambrose, in which it is mentioned ; and there are some lines in the latter very much resembling Horatio's speech.

<sup>81</sup> *Take* was used for *blast*, *infect*, or *smite with disease*. So, in *King Lear*, ii. 4 : "Strike her young bones, you *taking* airs, with lameness." — *Gracious*, in *Shakespeare*, sometimes means *full of grace* or of the *Divine favour*.

<sup>82</sup> These last three speeches are admirably conceived. The speakers are in a highly kindled state : when the Ghost vanishes, their terror presently subsides into an inspiration of the finest quality, and their intense excitement, as it passes off, blazes up in a subdued and pious rapture of poetry.

<sup>1</sup> *Jointress* is the same as *heiress*. The Poet herein follows the history, which represents the former King to have come to the throne by marriage ; so that whatever of hereditary claim Hamlet has to the crown is in right of his mother.

Have we, as 'twere, with a defeated joy, —  
 With one auspicious, and one dropping eye ;<sup>2</sup>  
 With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage,  
 In equal scale weighing delight and dole, —  
 Taken to wife : nor have we herein barr'd  
 Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone  
 With this affair along : For all our thanks.<sup>3</sup>

Now follows, that you know, young Fortinbras,  
 Holding a weak supposal of our worth,  
 Or thinking, by our late dear brother's death,  
 Our State to be disjoint and out of frame,  
 Colleagu'd with this dream of his advantage,  
 He hath not fail'd to pester us with message,  
 Importing the surrender of those lands  
 Lost by his father, with all bands of law,  
 To our most valiant brother. So much for him.  
 Now for ourself, and for this time of meeting :  
 Thus much the business is : We have here writ  
 To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras, —  
 Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears  
 Of this his nephew's purpose, — to suppress  
 His further gait herein ;<sup>4</sup> in that the levies,  
 The lists, and full proportions, are all made  
 Out of his subject. — And we here despatch  
 You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltimand,  
 For bearers of this greeting to old Norway ;  
 Giving to you no further personal power  
 To business with the King, more than the scope  
 Of these dilated articles allow.<sup>5</sup>

Farewell ; and let your haste commend your duty.

*Cor. Vol.* In that and all things will we show our duty.

*King.* We doubt it nothing : heartily farewell. —

[*Exeunt VOLTIMAND and CORNELIUS.*

<sup>2</sup> The same thought occurs in *The Winter's Tale*, v. 2 : "She had *one eye declin'd* for the loss of her husband, *another elevated* that the oracle was fulfill'd." There is an old proverbial phrase, "To laugh with one eye, and cry with the other."

<sup>3</sup> Note the strained, elaborate, and antithetic style of the King's speech thus far. As he is there shamming and playing the hypocrite, he naturally tries how finely he can word it. In what follows, he speaks like a man, his mind moving with simplicity and earnestness as soon as he comes to plain matters of business.

<sup>4</sup> *Gait* here signifies *course, progress*. *Gait* for road, way, path, is still in use.

<sup>5</sup> The scope of these articles when dilated or explained in full. Such elliptical expressions are common with the Poet, from his having more thought than space. The rules of modern grammar would require *allows* instead of *allow* ; but in old writers, when the noun and the verb have a genitive intervening, it is very common for the verb to take the number of the genitive.

And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?  
 You told us of some suit; what is't, Laertes?  
 You cannot speak of reason to the Dane,  
 And lose your voice: What would'st thou beg, Laertes,  
 That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?  
 The head is not more native to the heart,  
 The hand more instrumental to the mouth,  
 Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.<sup>6</sup>  
 What would'st thou have, Laertes?

*Laer.* Dread my lord,  
 Your leave and favour to return to France;  
 From whence though willingly I came to Denmark,  
 To show my duty in your coronation;  
 Yet now, I must confess, that duty done,  
 My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France,  
 And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

*King.* Have you your father's leave? — What says Polonius?

*Pol.* He hath, my lord, wrung from me my slow leave  
 By laboursome petition; and, at last,  
 Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent:  
 I do beseech you, give him leave to go.

*King.* Take thy fair hour, Laertes; time be thine,  
 And thy best graces spend it at thy will!<sup>7</sup> —  
 But now my cousin Hamlet, and my son, —

*Ham.* [*Aside.*] A little more than kin, and less than kind.<sup>8</sup>

*King.* — How is it that the clouds still hang on you?

*Ham.* Not so, my lord; I am too much i' the sun.<sup>9</sup>

*Queen.* Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour off,  
 And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.  
 Do not, for ever, with thy vailed lids<sup>10</sup>  
 Seek for thy noble father in the dust:

<sup>6</sup> The various parts of the body enumerated are not more *allied*, more *necessary* to each other, than the king of Denmark is bound to your father to do him service.

<sup>7</sup> Take an auspicious hour, Laertes; be your time your own, and thy best virtues guide thee in spending of it at thy will.

<sup>8</sup> The King is "a little more than kin" to Hamlet, because, in being at once his uncle and his father he is *twice* kin. And he is "less than kind," because his incestuous marriage, as Hamlet views it, is *unnatural* or *out of nature*. The Poet repeatedly uses *kind* in that sense. See page 80, note 4.

<sup>9</sup> A sarcastic quibble is probably intended here between *sun* and *son*. Hamlet does not like to be called son by that man. And perhaps there is the further meaning implied, that he finds too much sunshine of jollity in the Court, considering what has lately happened. While he is all sadness within, around him all "goes merry as a marriage bell."

<sup>10</sup> With downcast eyes. To *vail* was to *lower* or *let fall*. — The folio has *nightly* instead of *nighted*.

Thou know'st 'tis common ; all that live must die,  
 Passing through nature to eternity.

*Ham.* Ay, Madam, it is common.

*Queen.*

If it be,

Why seems it so particular with thee?

✓ *Ham.* Seems, Madam ! nay, it is ; I know not *seems*.

'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,  
 Nor customary suits of solemn black,  
 Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,  
 No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,  
 Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,  
 Together with all forms, modes, shows of grief,  
 That can denote me truly : these, indeed, seem,  
 For they are actions that a man might play ;  
 But I have that within which passeth show ;  
 These but the trappings and the suits of woe.

*King.* 'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet,  
 To give these mourning duties to your father :  
 But you must know your father lost a father ;  
 That father lost, lost his ; and the survivor bound,  
 In filial obligation, for some term  
 To do obsequious sorrow.<sup>11</sup> But to persevere  
 In obstinate condolement, is a course  
 Of impious stubbornness ; 'tis unmanly grief :  
 It shows a will most incorrect to Heaven ;<sup>12</sup>  
 A heart unfortified, a mind impatient,  
 An understanding simple and unschool'd :  
 For what we know must be, and is as common  
 As any the most vulgar thing to sense,  
 Why should we, in our peevish opposition,  
 Take it to heart ? Fie ! 'tis a fault to Heaven,  
 A fault against the dead, a fault to Nature,  
 To reason most absurd ; whose common theme  
 Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,  
 From the first corse till he that died to-day,  
*This must be so.* We pray you, throw to earth  
 This unprevailing woe,<sup>13</sup> and think of us  
 As of a father : for let the world take note,  
 You are the most immediate to our throne ;  
 And with no less nobility of love  
 Than that which dearest father bears his son,

<sup>11</sup> The Poet sometimes uses *obsequious* as having the sense of *obsequies*.

<sup>12</sup> *Incorrect* is here used, apparently, in the sense of *incorrigible*.

<sup>13</sup> *Unprevailing* was used in the sense of *unavailing* as late as Dryden's time.

Do I impart toward you.<sup>14</sup> For your intent  
In going back to school in Wittenberg,<sup>15</sup>  
It is most retrograde to our desire ;  
And we beseech you, bend you to remain  
Here, in the cheer and comfort of our eye,  
Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.

*Queen.* Let not thy mother lose her prayers, Hamlet :  
I pray thee, stay with us ; go not to Wittenberg.

*Ham.* I shall in all my best obey you, Madam. ✕

*King.* Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply :  
Be as ourself in Denmark. — Madam, come ;  
This gentle and unforc'd accord of Hamlet  
Sits smiling to my heart ; in grace whereof,  
No jocund health that Denmark drinks to-day,  
But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell ;  
And the King's rouse the heavens shall bruit again,<sup>16</sup>  
Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come away.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt all but HAMLET.*

*Ham.* O, that this too-too solid flesh would melt,  
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew !<sup>17</sup>  
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd  
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter ! O God ! O God !  
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable  
Seem to me all the uses of this world !  
Fie on 't ! O fie ! 'tis an unweeded garden,  
That grows to seed ; things rank and gross in nature  
Possess it merely.<sup>18</sup> That it should come to this !  
But two months dead ! — nay, not so much, not two :  
So excellent a king ; that was, to this,  
Hyperion to a satyr :<sup>19</sup> so loving to my mother, ✕

<sup>14</sup> *Impart towards you* is plainly equivalent here to *bestow upon you*. I do not remember another instance of *impart* so used. See, however, *St. Luke* iii. 11.

<sup>15</sup> *School* was applied to places not only of academical, but also of professional study ; and in the olden time men were wont to spend their whole lives in such cloistered retirements of learning. So that we need not suppose Hamlet was "going back to school" as an undergraduate. See page 94, note 18. — Certain events of the Reformation had made the University of Wittenberg well known in England in Shakespeare's time.

<sup>16</sup> A *rouse* was a deep draught to one's health, wherein it was the custom to empty the cup or goblet. Its meaning, and probably its origin, was the same as *carouse*. To *bruit* is to *noise* ; used with *again*, the same as *echo* or *reverberate*.

<sup>17</sup> To *resolve* had anciently the same meaning as to *dissolve*.

<sup>18</sup> *Merely* is here used in one of the Latin senses of *mere* ; *wholly, entirely*. — Observe how, in this speech, Hamlet's brooding melancholy leads him to take a morbid pleasure in making things worse than they are.

<sup>19</sup> *Hyperion*, which literally means *sublimity*, was one of the names of Apollo, the most beautiful of all the gods, and much celebrated in classic poetry for his golden locks.

That he might not beteem the winds of heaven  
 Visit her face too roughly.<sup>20</sup> Heaven and Earth!  
 Must I remember? why, she would hang on him,  
 As if increase of appetite had grown  
 By what it fed on: and yet, within a month, —  
 Let me not think on 't; — Frailty, thy name is woman! —  
 A little month; or ere those shoes were old,  
 With which she follow'd my poor father's body,  
 Like Niobe, all tears; <sup>21</sup> — why she, even she —  
 O God! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,<sup>22</sup>  
 Would have mourn'd longer — married with my uncle,  
 My father's brother; but no more like my father  
 Than I to Hercules: within a month;  
 Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears  
 Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,<sup>23</sup>  
 She married. — O, most wicked speed, to post  
 With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!  
 It is not, nor it cannot come to, good:  
 But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue!

*Enter* HORATIO, BERNARDO, and MARCELLUS.

*Hor.* Hail to your lordship!

*Ham.* I 'm glad to see you well:

Horatio, — or I do forget myself.

*Hor.* The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.

*Ham.* Sir, my good friend; I'll change that name with  
 you.<sup>24</sup>

And what make you from Wittenberg,<sup>25</sup> Horatio? —  
 Marcellus?

*Mar.* My good lord, —

*Ham.* I 'm very glad to see you. — [*To BER.*] Good even,  
 sir.<sup>26</sup> —

But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?

<sup>20</sup> *Beteem* is an old word for *permit* or *suffer*.

<sup>21</sup> Niobe was the wife of Amphion, King of Thebes. As she had twelve children, she went to crowing one day over Latona, who had only two, Apollo and Diana. In return for this, all her twelve were slain by Latona's two; and Jupiter, in pity of her sorrow, transformed her into a rock, from which her tears issued in a perennial stream.

<sup>22</sup> *Discourse of reason*, in old philosophical language, is *rational* discourse, or *discursive* reason; the faculty of pursuing a train of thought, or of passing from thought to thought in the way of inference or conclusion.

<sup>23</sup> Shakespeare has *leave* repeatedly in the sense of *leave off*, or *cease*. *Flushing* is the redness of the eyes caused by what the Poet elsewhere calls "eye-offending brine."

<sup>24</sup> As if he had said, — No, not my poor servant: we are *friends*; that is the style I will exchange with you.

<sup>25</sup> "What *make* you" is old language for what *do* you. See page 42, note 1.

<sup>26</sup> The words, *Good even, sir*, are evidently addressed to Bernardo, whom Hamlet has not before known; but as he now meets him in company with

*Hor.* A truant disposition, good my lord.

*Ham.* I would not hear your enemy say so ;<sup>27</sup>  
Nor shall you do mine ear that violence — X  
To make it truster of your own report ✓  
Against yourself: I know you are no truant. X  
But what is your affair in Elsinore?  
We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.

*Hor.* My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

*Ham.* I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student ; X  
I think it was to see my mother's wedding. X

*Hor.* Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.

*Ham.* Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral bak'd meats<sup>28</sup> ✓  
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables. X  
Would I had met my dearest foe in Heaven<sup>29</sup> ✓ X  
Or ever I had seen that day,<sup>30</sup> Horatio! — X  
My father, — methinks, I see my father. X

*Hor.* O, where, my lord?

*Ham.* In my mind's eye, Horatio. X

*Hor.* I saw him once; he was a goodly king.

*Ham.* He was a man, take him for all in all,<sup>31</sup>  
I shall not look upon his like again.

*Hor.* My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

*Ham.* Saw who?

*Hor.* My lord, the King your father.

*Ham.* The King my father!

*Hor.* Season your admiration for a while<sup>32</sup>  
With an attent ear, till I may deliver,  
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,  
This marvel to you.

*Ham.* For God's love, let me hear.

old acquaintances, like a true gentleman, as he is, he gives him a salutation of kindness. Some editors have changed *even* to *morning*, because Marcellus has said before of Hamlet, — "I this *morning* know where we shall find him." It needs but be remembered that *good even* was the common salutation after noon.

<sup>27</sup> So the quartos; the folio reads *have* instead of *hear*.

<sup>28</sup> Scott, in *The Bride of Lammermoor*, has made the readers of romance familiar with the old custom of "funeral bak'd meats," which was kept up in Scotland till a recent period. — *Thrift* means *economy*: all was done merely to save cost.

<sup>29</sup> In Shakespeare's time *dearest* was applied to any person or thing that excites the liveliest interest, whether of love or hate. See page 237, note 6.

<sup>30</sup> The use of *or ever* for *before* occurs repeatedly in the Bible. Thus, in *Daniel* vi. 24: "And the lions brake all their bones in pieces *or ever* they came at the bottom of the den."

<sup>31</sup> Some would read this, "He was a man: take him for all in all," laying marked stress on *man*, as if it were meant to intimate a correction of Horatio's "goodly king." There is no likelihood that the Poet had any such thought, as there is no reason why he should have had.

<sup>32</sup> *Admiration* is here used in its Latin sense of *wonder*. — *Season* is *qualify* or *temper*. — Of course, *attent* is for *attentive*.

*Hor.* Two nights together had these gentlemen,  
 Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,  
 In the dead vast and middle of the night,<sup>83</sup>  
 Been thus encounter'd. A figure like your father,  
 Arm'd at all points, exactly, cap-à-pé,  
 Appears before them, and with solemn march  
 Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he walk'd  
 By their oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes,  
 Within his truncheon's length; whilst they, distill'd  
 Almost to jelly with the act of fear,<sup>84</sup>  
 Stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to me  
 In dreadful secrecy impart they did;  
 And I with them the third night kept the watch;  
 Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,  
 Form of the thing, each word made true and good,  
 The apparition comes. I knew your father;  
 These hands are not more like.

*Ham.* But where was this?

*Mar.* My lord, upon the platform where we watch'd.

*Ham.* Did you not speak to it?

*Hor.* My lord, I did,  
 But answer made it none; yet once methought  
 It lifted up its head,<sup>85</sup> and did address  
 Itself to motion, like as it would speak:  
 But even then the morning cock crew loud,  
 And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,  
 And vanish'd from our sight.

*Ham.* 'Tis very strange.

*Hor.* As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true;  
 And we did think it writ down in our duty  
 To let you know of it.

*Ham.* Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me.  
 Hold you the watch to-night?

*Mar. Ber.* We do, my lord.

*Ham.* Arm'd, say you?

*Mar. Ber.* Arm'd, my lord.

<sup>83</sup> So the quarto of 1603; the other old copies have *wast* and *waste* instead of *vast*. Modern editions have differed whether it should be *waste* or *waist*, the latter meaning *middle*. I have no doubt that *vast* is the right word. It means *vord* or *vacancy*.

<sup>84</sup> So all the quartos; the folio has *bestill'd* instead of *distill'd*. To *distill* is to fall in drops, to melt; so that *distill'd* is a very natural and fit expression for the cold sweat caused by intense fear. "The act of fear" is the action or the effect of fear.

<sup>85</sup> The old copies have "*it* head." So, again, in v. 1, of this play: "*Fordo it* own life." The point is rather curious as showing the Poet's reluctance to use *its*, which was then a candidate for admission into the language. He has *it* used possessively in some fourteen other places. See page 488, note 8.

*Ham.* From top to toe?

*Mar. Ber.* My lord, from head to foot.

*Ham.* Then, saw you not his face?

*Hor.* O, yes, my lord; he wore his beaver up.<sup>86</sup>

*Ham.* What, look'd he frowningly?

*Hor.* A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

*Ham.* Pale, or red?

*Hor.* Nay, very pale.

*Ham.* And fix'd his eyes upon you?

*Hor.* Most constantly.

*Ham.* I would I had been there.

*Hor.* It would have much amaz'd you.

*Ham.* Very like, very like. Stay'd it long?

*Hor.* While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.

*Mar. Ber.* Longer, longer.

*Hor.* Not when I saw't.

*Ham.* His beard was grizzl'd? — no?

*Hor.* It was, as I have seen it in his life,

A sable silver'd.

*Ham.* I'll watch to-night; perchance 'twill walk again.

*Hor.* I warrant it will.

*Ham.* If it assume my noble father's person,  
I'll speak to it, though Hell itself should gape,  
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,  
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,  
Let it be tenable in your silence still;  
And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,  
Give it an understanding, but no tongue:  
I will requite your loves. So, fare ye well:  
Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,  
I'll visit you.

*All.* Our duties to your Honour.

*Ham.* Your loves, as mine to you: Farewell. —

[*Exeunt all but HAMLET.*

My father's spirit in arms! all is not well;  
I doubt some foul play:<sup>87</sup> would the night were come!  
Till then sit still, my soul. Foul deeds will rise,  
Though all the Earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.

[*Exit.*

<sup>86</sup> The beaver was a moveable part of the helmet, which could be drawn down over the face, or pushed up over the forehead.

<sup>87</sup> The Poet has *doubt* repeatedly in the sense of *fear*, or of *suspect*.

SCENE III. *The Same. A Room in POLONIUS' House.**Enter LAERTES and OPHELIA.*

*Laer.* My necessities are embark'd; farewell:  
And, sister, as the winds give benefit,  
And convoy is assistant,<sup>1</sup> do not sleep,  
But let me hear from you.

*Oph.* Do you doubt that?

*Laer.* For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour,  
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood;  
A violet in the youth of primy nature,  
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,  
The perfume and suppliance of a minute;  
No more.<sup>2</sup>

*Oph.* No more but so?

*Laer.* Think it no more:  
For nature, crescent, does not grow alone  
In thews and bulk;<sup>3</sup> but, as this temple waxes,  
The inward service of the mind and soul  
Grows wide withal.<sup>4</sup> Perhaps he loves you now;  
And now no soil nor cautel doth besmirch<sup>5</sup>  
The virtue of his will: but you must fear;  
His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own,  
For he himself is subject to his birth:<sup>6</sup>  
He may not, as unvalu'd persons do,  
Carve for himself; for on his choice depends  
The safety and the health of the whole State;<sup>7</sup>  
And therefore must his choice be circumscrib'd  
Unto the voice and yielding of that body  
Whereof he is the head. Then, if he says he loves you,  
It fits your wisdom so far to believe it,  
As he in his particular act and place<sup>8</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Convoy* is used for *conveyance*. Communication with France being by sea, of course there needed both a ship to carry letters, and a wind to drive the ship.

<sup>2</sup> This scene must be regarded as one of Shakespeare's lyric movements in the play, and the skill with which it is interwoven with the dramatic parts is peculiarly an excellence with our Poet. *You experience the sensation of a pause, without the sense of a stop.* — COLERIDGE.

<sup>3</sup> *Thews* is an old word for *sinews* or *muscles*. See page 447, note 13.

<sup>4</sup> The idea is, that Hamlet's love is but a youthful fancy which, as his mind comes to maturity, he will outgrow. The passage would seem to infer that the Prince is not so old as he is elsewhere represented to be.

<sup>5</sup> *Cautel* is a debauched relation of *caution*, and means *fraud* or *deceit*. See page 453, note 21.

<sup>6</sup> Subject to the *conditions* which his birth entails upon him.

<sup>7</sup> The folio has *sanctity* instead of *safety*. The quartos have *safety*, but lack the article *the* before *health*. It is supplied by Dyce, to fill the line.

<sup>8</sup> The folio has "*peculiar sect and force*" instead of "*particular act and place*."

May give his saying deed ; which is no further  
 Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.  
 Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain,  
 If with too credent ear you list his songs,<sup>9</sup>  
 Or lose your heart, or your chaste treasure open  
 To his unmaster'd importunity.

Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister ;  
 And keep you in the rear of your affection,  
 Out of the shot and danger of desire.

The chariest maid is prodigal enough,  
 If she unmask her beauty to the Moon.

Virtue itself 'scapes not calumnious strokes :

The canker galls the infants of the Spring,

Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd ;<sup>10</sup>

And in the morn and liquid dew of youth

Contagious blastments are most imminent.

Be wary, then ; best safety lies in fear :

Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.

*Oph.* I shall th' effect of this good lesson keep,  
 As watchman to my heart. But, good my brother,  
 Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,<sup>11</sup>

Show me the steep and thorny way to Heaven,

Whilst, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,

Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,

And recks not his own read.<sup>12</sup>

*Laer.*

O, fear me not.

I stay too long ; — but here my father comes.

*Enter* POLONIUS.

A double blessing is a double grace ;

Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

*Pol.* Yet here, Laertes ? aboard, aboard, for shame !

The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,

And you are stay'd for. There, my blessing with thee !

[*Laying his Hand on LAERTES' Head.*]

And these few precepts in thy memory

See thou charácter.<sup>13</sup> Give thy thoughts no tongue,

Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.

Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar :<sup>14</sup>

<sup>9</sup> If with too credulous ear you listen to his songs.

<sup>10</sup> In Shakespeare's time, *canker* was often used of the worm that kills the early buds before they open out into flowers. Perhaps it here means a disease that sometimes infests plants, and eats out their life. — *Buttons* is buds, and *disclose* is used in the sense of open or unfold.

<sup>11</sup> Pastors that have not the grace to practise what they preach.

<sup>12</sup> Regards not his own lesson.

<sup>13</sup> To character is to engrave or imprint.

<sup>14</sup> *Vulgar* is here used in its old sense of common.

The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,  
 Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;  
 But do not dull thy palm with entertainment<sup>15</sup>  
 Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware  
 Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,  
 Bear't, that th' opposed may beware of thee.  
 Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice:  
 Take each man's censure,<sup>16</sup> but reserve thy judgment.  
 Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,  
 But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy:  
 For the apparel oft proclaims the man;  
 And they in France, of the best rank and station,  
 Are most select and generous, chief in that.<sup>17</sup>  
 Neither a borrower nor a lender be;  
 For loan oft loses both itself and friend,  
 And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.  
 This above all, — to thine own self be true;  
 And it must follow, as the night the day,  
 Thou canst not then be false to any man.  
 Farewell: my blessing season this in thee!<sup>18</sup>

*Laer.* Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.

*Pol.* The time invites you: go; your servants tend.

*Laer.* Farewell, Ophelia; and remember well  
 What I have said to you.

*Oph.* 'Tis in my memory lock'd,  
 And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

*Laer.* Farewell. [*Exit* LAERTES.]

*Pol.* What is't, Ophelia, he hath said to you?

*Oph.* So please you, something touching the Lord Hamlet.

*Pol.* Marry, well bethought:  
 'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late  
 Given private time to you; and you yourself  
 Have of your audience been most free and bounteous.  
 If it be so, — as so 'tis put on me,  
 And that in way of caution, — I must tell you,  
 You do not understand yourself so clearly  
 As it behooves my daughter and your honour.  
 What is between you? give me up the truth.

*Oph.* He hath, my lord, of late made many tenders  
 Of his affection to me.

<sup>15</sup> Do not *blunt* thy feeling by taking every new acquaintance by the hand, or by admitting him to the intimacy of a friend.

<sup>16</sup> *Censure* was continually used for *opinion*.

<sup>17</sup> The old copies give this line, "Are of a most select and generous *cheff* in that." Both sense and verse concur in favor of the present reading, as Mr. Dyce also does.

<sup>18</sup> *Season* is here used, apparently, in the sense of *ingrain*; the idea being that of so *steeping* the counsel into his mind that it will not fade out.

*Pol.* Affection! pooh! you speak like a green girl,  
Unsifted in such perilous circumstance.

Do you believe his *tenders*, as you call them?

*Oph.* I do not know, my lord, what I should think.

*Pol.* Marry, I'll teach you: think yourself a baby;  
That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay,  
Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more dearly;  
Or — not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,  
Running it thus — you'll tender me a fool.<sup>19</sup>

*Oph.* My lord, he hath importun'd me with love<sup>20</sup>  
In honourable fashion; —

*Pol.* Ay, *fashion* you may call't; go to, go to.

*Oph.* And hath given countenance to his speech, my lord,  
With almost all the holy vows of Heaven.

*Pol.* Ay, springes to catch woodcocks.<sup>21</sup> I do know,  
When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul  
Lends the tongue vows. These blazes, daughter,  
Giving more light than heat, — extinct in both,  
Even in their promise, as it is a-making, —  
You must not take for fire. From this time, daughter,  
Be somewhat scanter of your maiden presence;  
Set your entreatments at a higher rate  
Than a command to parley.<sup>22</sup> For Lord Hamlet,  
Believe so much in him, that he is young;  
And with a larger tether may he walk<sup>23</sup>  
Than may be given you. In few, Ophelia,  
Do not believe his vows; for they are brokers,  
Not of that dye which their investments show,<sup>24</sup>  
But mere implorators of unholy suits,  
Breathing like sanctified and pious bawds,<sup>25</sup>

<sup>19</sup> The quartos have *wrong* and the folio *roaming*, instead of *running*, which is Mr. Collier's correction, and is generally received. Polonius is comparing the phrase to a poor nag which, if run too hard, will be *wind-broken*.

<sup>20</sup> *Importun'd* has the second syllable long here, as, I believe, it always has in *Shakespeare*.

<sup>21</sup> This was a proverbial phrase. There is a collection of epigrams under that title: the woodcock being accounted a witless bird, from a vulgar notion that it had no brains. "Springes to catch woodcocks" means arts to entrap simplicity.

<sup>22</sup> Be more difficult of access, and let the *suits to you* for that purpose be of higher respect than a command to parley.

<sup>23</sup> That is, with a *longer line*; a horse, fastened by a string to a stake, is *tethered*.

<sup>24</sup> So the quartos; the folio, *eye* instead of *dye*. *Eye* was sometimes used in the sense of *shade*; as, in *The Tempest*, we have "an *eye* of green," but never, I believe, by itself to denote colour. Both Knight and White retain *eye* here.

<sup>25</sup> The Poet has other like instances of language. See page 42, note 3. This joining of words that are really incompatible, or qualifying of a noun with adjectives that literally quench it, sometimes gives great strength of expression. — The old copies read "pious *bonds*," which can hardly be made

The better to beguile. This is for all, —  
 I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,  
 Have you so slander any moment's leisure  
 As to give words or talk with the Lord Hamlet.  
 Look to't, I charge you: come your ways.

*Oph.* I shall obey, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The Same. The Platform before the Castle.*

*Enter HAMLET, HORATIO, and MARCELLUS.*

*Ham.* The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.

*Hor.* It is a nipping and an eager air.<sup>1</sup>

*Ham.* What hour now?

*Hor.* I think it lacks of twelve.

*Mar.* No, it is struck.

*Hor.* Indeed? I heard it not: then it draws near the season  
 Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.

[*A Flourish of Trumpets, and Ordnance shot off, within.*  
 What does this mean, my lord?

*Ham.* The King doth wake to-night, and takes his rouse,<sup>2</sup>  
 Keeps wassel, and the swaggering up-spring reels;<sup>3</sup>  
 And, as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,  
 The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out ✓  
 The triumph of his pledge.

*Hor.* Is it a custom?

*Ham.* Ay, marry, is't:

But to my mind — though I am native here,  
 And to the manner born — it is a custom ✓  
 More honour'd in the breach than the observance.  
 This heavy-headed revel east and west ✓  
 Makes us traduc'd and tax'd of other nations: ✓  
 They clepe us drunkards, and with swinish phrase ✓  
 Soil our addition; ✓<sup>5</sup> and indeed it takes ✓

to yield any sense. Theobald proposed the change; and the use of *brokers*, which formerly meant the same as *pander*, shows it to be right.

<sup>1</sup> *Eager* was used in the sense of the French *aigre*, sharp, biting.

<sup>2</sup> To *wake* is to *hold a late revel* or *debauch*. A *rouse* is what we now call a *bumper*. — *Wassel* originally meant a drinking to one's health; from *was hæl*, health be to you: hence it came to be used for any festivity of the bottle and the bowl.

<sup>3</sup> Reels *through* the swaggering *up-spring*, which was the name of a rude, boisterous German dance, as appears from a passage in Chapman's *Alphonsus*: "We Germans have no changes in our dances; an almain and an *up-spring*, that is all."

<sup>4</sup> This and the following twenty-one lines are wanting in the folio.

<sup>5</sup> *Clepe* is an old Saxon word for *call*. — The Poet often uses *addition* for *title*; so that the meaning is, they sully our title by likening us to swine. The character here ascribed to the Danes appears to have had a basis of fact.

From our achievements, though perform'd at height,  
 The pith and marrow of our attribute.  
 So, oft it chances in particular men,  
 That, for some vicious mole of nature in them,  
 As in their birth, (wherein they are not guilty, X  
 Since nature cannot choose his origin;) X  
 By the o'ergrowth of some complexion,<sup>6</sup> +  
 Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason; X  
 Or by some habit, that too much o'er-leavens — X  
 The form of plausible manners;<sup>7</sup> — that these men, —  
 Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect, X  
 Being nature's livery, or fortune's star,<sup>8</sup> —  
 Their virtues else — be they as pure as grace,  
 As infinite as man may undergo, —  
 Shall in the general censure take corruption ✓  
 From that particular fault: the dram of vile ✓  
 Doth all the noble substance oft abate,<sup>9</sup>  
 To his own scandal; —

*Hor.*

Look, my lord, it comes!

*Enter the Ghost.*

*Ham.* Angels and ministers of grace defend us! — X  
 Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd;  
 Bring with thee airs from Heaven, or blasts from Hell; X  
 Be thy intents wicked or charitable;  
 Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,<sup>10</sup>  
 That I will speak to thee: I'll call thee Hamlet,  
 King, father, royal Dane: O, answer me! T

Heywood, in his *Drunkard Opened*, 1635, speaking of "the vinosity of nations," says the Danes have made profession thereof from antiquity, and are the first upon record "that have brought their wassel bowls and elbowdeep healths into this land."

<sup>6</sup> *Complexion* was often used to denote, not the colour of the skin, but any constitutional aptitude or predisposition. See page 183, note 4.

<sup>7</sup> *Plausible*, for *approvable*: another instance of the usage, so frequent in *Shakespeare*, of the active form with the passive sense. See page 66, note 4.

<sup>8</sup> Alluding to the old astrological notion, of a man's character or fortune being determined by the star that was in the ascendant on the day of his birth. Observe the change of the subject here from *these men* to *their virtues*.

<sup>9</sup> As already stated, this passage is not in the folio; and the quartos have "dram of *eale*" for "dram of *vile*," and *of a doubt* instead of *oft abate*. *Eale* is no word at all, and *bale*, *base*, *ill*, and *vile*, have all been proposed as substitutes for it. I prefer *vile* as being more likely to have been misprinted in *eale*. Some editors change *of a doubt* to *often doubt*, construing *doubt* in the sense of *throwing doubt* or *distrust upon*; others change it to *often dout*, taking *dout* in the sense of *do out* or *destroy*; as the Poet has a like use of *doff* and *don*. I have ventured to change *of* into *oft*, and *a doubt* into *abate*, which was often used by old writers in the sense of *cast down* or *depress*. Perhaps *attaint* would give a slightly more congruous sense; but I prefer *abate* as more apt to have been misprinted *a doubt*. Mr. Dyce in his last edition changes "of *a doubt*" into "oft *debase*;" which may be right.

<sup>10</sup> "A *questionable* shape" is a shape that may be *questioned*, or *conversed with*. In like manner the Poet often uses *question* for *conversation*.

Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell  
 Why thy canóniz'd bones, hearsed in death,  
 Have burst their cerements;<sup>11</sup> why the sepulchre,  
 Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urn'd,  
 Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws  
 To cast thee up again! What may this mean,  
 That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel,  
 Revisitest thus the glimpses of the Moon,  
 Making night hideous; and we fools of Nature  
 So horribly to shake our disposition  
 With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?<sup>12</sup>  
 Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?

[*The Ghost beckons* HAMLET.

*Hor.* It beckons you to go away with it,  
 As if it some impartment did desire  
 To you alone.

*Mar.* Look, with what courteous action  
 It waves you to a more removed ground:  
 But do not go with it.

*Hor.* No, by no means.

*Ham.* It will not speak; then I will follow it.

*Hor.* Do not, my lord.

*Ham.* Why, what should be the fear?  
 I do not set my life at a pin's fee;  
 And for my soul, what can it do to that,  
 Being a thing immortal as itself?  
 It waves me forth again: I'll follow it.

*Hor.* What if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord,  
 Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff  
 That beetles o'er his base into the sea,<sup>13</sup>  
 And there assume some other horrible form,  
 Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason,<sup>14</sup>

<sup>11</sup> *Canoniz'd* has the second syllable long, and means made sacred by the canonical rites of sepulture. — *Cerements* is a dissyllable. It is from a Latin word meaning *wax*, and was so applied from the use of wax or pitch in sealing up coffins or caskets so as to make them water-proof.

<sup>12</sup> "We fools of nature," in the sense here implied, is, we who cannot by nature know the mysteries of the supernatural world. Strict grammar would require *us* instead of *we*. — The general idea of the passage seems to be, that man's intellectual eye is not strong enough to bear the unmuffled light of eternity.

<sup>13</sup> Overhangs *its* base. Thus in Sidney's *Arcadia*: "Hills lift up their beetle brows, as if they would overlooke the pleasantnesse of their under prospect."

<sup>14</sup> To "deprive your sovereignty of reason" signifies to take from you the government of reason. We have similar instances of raising the idea of virtues or qualities by giving them rank, in Banquo's "*royalty of nature*;" and in this play we have "*nobility of love*," and "*dignity of love*." *Deprive* was often thus used in the sense of *take away*. — *Toys*, second line after, means *whims* or *fancies*.

And draw you into madness? think of it:  
The very place puts toys of desperation,  
Without more motive, into every brain  
That looks so many fathoms to the sea,  
And hears it roar beneath.<sup>15</sup>

*Ham.* It waves me still. — Go on, I'll follow thee.

*Mar.* You shall not go, my lord.

*Ham.* Hold off your hands.

*Hor.* Be rul'd; you shall not go.

*Ham.* My fate cries out,

And makes each petty artery in this body ✓

As hardy as the Némean lion's nerve. — [ *Ghost beckons.*

Still am I call'd. — Unhand me, gentlemen; —

[ *Breaking from them.*

By Heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me: <sup>16</sup>

I say, away! — Go on; I'll follow thee.

[ *Exeunt Ghost and HAMLET.*

*Hor.* He waxes desperate with imagination.

*Mar.* Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

*Hor.* Have after. — To what issue will this come?

*Mar.* Something is rotten in the State of Denmark.

*Hor.* Heaven will direct it.

*Mar.* Nay, let's follow him. [ *Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The Same. A more remote Part of the Platform.*

*Enter the Ghost and HAMLET.*

*Ham.* Where wilt thou lead me? speak; I'll go no further.

*Ghost.* Mark me.

*Ham.* I will.

*Ghost.* My hour is almost come,

When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames

Must render up myself.

*Ham.* Alas, poor ghost!

*Ghost.* Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing  
To what I shall unfold.

*Ham.* Speak; I am bound to hear.

*Ghost.* So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.

*Ham.* What?

*Ghost.* I am thy father's spirit;  
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,  
And for the day confin'd to fast in fires,

<sup>15</sup> It was anciently believed that evil spirits sometimes assumed the guise of departed persons, to do what is here apprehended of the Ghost, drawing men into madness and suicide.

<sup>16</sup> To *let*, in old language, is to *hinder* or *prevent*.

Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature  
 Are burnt and purg'd away.<sup>1</sup> But that I am forbid  
 To tell the secrets of my prison-house,  
 I could a tale unfold whose lightest word  
 Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young blood;  
 Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres;  
 Thy knotted and combined locks to part,  
 And each particular hair to stand on end,  
 Like quills upon the fretful porpentine:<sup>2</sup>  
 But this eternal blazon must not be  
 To ears of flesh and blood. List, list, O, list!  
 If thou didst ever thy dear father love, —

*Ham.* O God!

*Ghost.* — Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

*Ham.* Murder!

*Ghost.* Murder most foul, as in the best it is;  
 But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

*Ham.* Haste me to know't; that I, with wings as swift  
 As meditation or the thoughts of love,  
 May sweep to my revenge.

*Ghost.* I find thee apt;  
 And duller should'st thou be than the fat weed  
 That roots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,<sup>3</sup>  
 Would'st thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear:  
 'Tis given out that, sleeping in mine orchard,  
 A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Denmark  
 Is by a forged process of my death  
 Rankly abus'd: but know, thou noble youth,  
 The serpent that did sting thy father's life  
 Now wears his crown.

*Ham.* O my prophetic soul!<sup>4</sup> my uncle!

*Ghost.* Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,  
 With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts, —  
 O wicked wit and gifts, that have the power  
 So to seduce! — won to his shameful lust  
 The will of my most seeming-virtuous Queen.  
 O, Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!  
 From me, whose love was of that dignity,  
 That it went hand in hand even with the vow  
 I made to her in marriage; and to decline

<sup>1</sup> Chaucer in the *Persones Tale* says, "The misese of hell shall be in defeaute of mete and drinke." So, too, in *The Wyll of the Devyll*: "Thou shalt lye in frost and fire, with sicknes and hunger."

<sup>2</sup> Such is the old form of the word, and so Shakespeare always has it. It is commonly printed *porcupine*, both here and in other places; but this perhaps savours too much of modernizing the Poet's language.

<sup>3</sup> So the quartos; the folio has *rots* instead of *roots*.

<sup>4</sup> Hamlet has divined the truth before; hence the word *prophetic* here.

Upon a wretch whose natural gifts were poor  
 To those of mine !  
 But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,  
 Though lewdness court it in a shape of Heaven ;  
 So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,  
 Will sate itself in a celestial bed,  
 And prey on garbage.  
 But, soft ! methinks I scent the morning air :  
 Brief let me be. — Sleeping within mine orchard,  
 My custom always in the afternoon,  
 Upon my sécure hour thy uncle stole,<sup>5</sup>  
 With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial,  
 And in the porches of mine ears did pour  
 The leperous distilment ;<sup>6</sup> whose effect  
 Holds such an enmity with blood of man,  
 That, swift as quicksilver, it courses through  
 The natural gates and alleys of the body ;<sup>7</sup>  
 And with a sudden vigour it doth posset  
 And curd, like eager droppings into milk,<sup>8</sup>  
 The thin and wholesome blood. So did it mine ;  
 And a most instant tetter bark'd about,<sup>9</sup>  
 Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,  
 All my smooth body.  
 Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand  
 Of life, of crown, of Queen, at once despatch'd ;  
 Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,  
 Unhousell'd, disappointed, unanel'd ;<sup>10</sup>  
 No reckoning made, but sent to my account  
 With all my imperfections on my head.

<sup>5</sup> *Secure* has the sense of the Latin *securus* ; *unguarded*, *unsuspecting*.

<sup>6</sup> *Hebenon* is probably derived from *henbane*, the oil of which, according to Pliny, dropped into the ears, disturbs the brain ; and there is sufficient evidence that it was held poisonous. So, in Anton's *Satires*, 1606 : " The poison'd *henbane*, whose cold juice doth kill." It is, however, possible that poisonous qualities may have been ascribed to *ebony* ; called *ebene*, and *ebeno*, by old English writers. So Marlow, in his *Jew of Malta*, speaking of noxious things : " The blood of Hydra, Lerna's bane, the juyce of *hebon*, and *cocytus* breath."

<sup>7</sup> The Poet here implies as much as was then known touching the circulation of the blood. See page 458, note 39. I suspect, indeed, that the physicians have as much right to claim him as the lawyers. The clergy, I believe, have never thought of claiming him.

<sup>8</sup> In the preceding scene, note 1, we have had *eager* in the sense of *sharp*, *biting*. "*Eager* droppings" are drops of *acid*.

<sup>9</sup> So the quartos ; the folio has *bak'd* instead of *bark'd*, which means *formed a bark* or *scab*. — *Instant* is used in the Latin sense of *instans*, *urgent*, *importunate*, *itching*.

<sup>10</sup> *Unhousell'd* is without having received the sacrament. *Disappointed* is *unappointed*, *unprepared*. A man well furnished for an enterprise is said to be *well-appointed*. *Unanel'd* is without extreme unction. Thus, in Cavendish's *Life of Wolsey* : " Then we began to put him in mind of Christ's passion ; and sent for the abbot of the place to *anneal* him."

*Ham.* O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!<sup>11</sup>

*Ghost.* If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;  
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be  
A couch for luxury and damned incest.  
But, howsoever thou pursu'st this act,  
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive  
Against thy mother aught: leave her to Heaven,  
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge  
To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!  
The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,  
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire:<sup>12</sup>  
Adieu, adieu, adieu! remember me.

[*Exit.*

*Ham.* O all you host of Heaven! O Earth! What else?  
And shall I couple Hell?—O, fie!—Hold, hold, my heart;  
And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,  
But bear me stiffly up.—Remember thee!  
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat  
In this distracted globe.<sup>13</sup> Remember thee!  
Yea, from the table of my memory  
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,  
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,  
That youth and observation copied there;  
And thy commandment all alone shall live  
Within the book and volume of my brain,  
Unmix'd with baser matter: yes, by Heaven.—  
O most pernicious woman!—  
O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!—  
My tables:<sup>14</sup> meet it is I set it down,  
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;<sup>15</sup>  
At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmark.—  
So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word;  
It is, *Adieu, adieu! remember me.*  
I have sworn't.

*Hor.* [*Within.*] My lord, my lord,—

*Mar.* [*Within.*] Lord Hamlet,—

<sup>11</sup> The old copies print this line as part of the *Ghost's* speech. Johnson thought it should be transferred to Hamlet, and Garrick delivered it as belonging to the Prince, according to the tradition of the stage. These authorities and the example of Mr. Verplanck have determined me to the change.

<sup>12</sup> *Uneffectual* is shining without *heat*.

<sup>13</sup> By *globe* Hamlet means his *head*.

<sup>14</sup> "*Tables* or books, or registers for memorie of things," were then used by all ranks, and contained prepared leaves from which what was written with a silver style could easily be effaced.

<sup>15</sup> I remember nothing equal to this burst, unless it be the first speech of Prometheus, in the Greek drama, after the *exit* of Vulcan and the two Afrites. But Shakespeare alone could have produced the vow of Hamlet to make his memory a blank of all maxims and generalized truths that "*observation had copied there,*"—followed immediately by the speaker noting down the generalized fact, "*That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain.*" — COLERIDGE.

*Hor.* [*Within.*] Heaven secure him!

*Mar.* [*Within.*] So be it!

*Hor.* [*Within.*] Illo, ho, ho, my lord!

*Ham.* Hillo, ho, ho, boy! come, bird, come.<sup>16</sup>

*Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS.*

*Mar.* How is't, my noble lord?

*Hor.* What news, my lord?

*Ham.* O, wonderful!

*Hor.* Good my lord, tell it.

*Ham.* No; you'll reveal it.

*Hor.* Not I, my lord, by Heaven.

*Mar.* Nor I, my lord.

*Ham.* How say you, then; would heart of man once think it? —

But you'll be secret?

*Hor. Mar.* Ay, by Heaven, my lord.

*Ham.* There's ne'er a villain dwelling in all Deumark  
But he's an arrant knave.<sup>17</sup>

*Hor.* There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave  
To tell us this.

*Ham.* Why, right; you are i' the right;  
And so, without more circumstance at all,<sup>18</sup>  
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part:  
You, as your business and desire shall point you, —  
For every man hath business and desire,  
Such as it is; — and, for mine own poor part,  
Look you, I'll go pray.

*Hor.* These are but wild and whirling words, my lord.

*Ham.* I'm sorry they offend you, heartily; yes,  
'Faith, heartily.

*Hor.* There's no offence, my lord.

*Ham.* Yes, by Saint Patrick,<sup>19</sup> but there is, Horatio,  
And much offence too. Touching this vision here,  
It is an honest ghost,<sup>20</sup> that let me tell you:

<sup>16</sup> This is the call which falconers use to their hawk in the air when they would have him come down to them.

<sup>17</sup> Dr. Isaac Ray, late of Providence, a man of large science and ripe experience in the treatment of insanity, says of Hamlet's behaviour in this scene, that "it betrays the excitement of delirium, — the wandering of a mind reeling under the first stroke of disease."

<sup>18</sup> The Poet often uses *circumstance* for *circumlocution*. So, in *Othello*, i. 1: "A bombast *circumstance* horribly stuff'd with epithets of war." See, also, page 104, note 27.

<sup>19</sup> Warburton has ingeniously defended Shakespeare for making the Danish Prince swear by *St. Patrick*, by observing that the whole northern world had their learning from Ireland.

<sup>20</sup> Hamlet means that the Ghost is a real ghost, just what it appears to be, and not "the Devil" in "a pleasing shape," as Horatio had apprehended it to be. See page 539, note 15.

For your desire to know what is between us,  
O'ermaster't as you may. And now, good friends,  
As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,  
Give me one poor request.

*Hor.* What is't, my lord? we will.

*Ham.* Never make known what you have seen to-night.

*Hor. Mar.* My lord, we will not.

*Ham.* Nay, but swear't.

*Hor.* In faith, my lord, not I.

*Mar.* Nor I, my lord, in faith.

*Ham.* Upon my sword.

*Mar.* We've sworn, my lord, already.<sup>21</sup>

*Ham.* Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.

*Ghost.* [*Beneath.*] Swear.

*Ham.* Ha, ha, boy! say'st thou so? art thou there, true-penny? <sup>22</sup> —

Come on, — you hear this fellow in the cellarage, —  
Consent to swear.

*Hor.* Propose the oath, my lord.

*Ham.* Never to speak of this that you have seen,  
Swear by my sword.

*Ghost.* [*Beneath.*] Swear.

*Ham.* *Hic et ubique!* then we'll shift our ground. —  
Come hither, gentlemen,  
And lay your hands again upon my sword:  
Never to speak of this that you have heard,  
Swear by my sword.

*Ghost.* [*Beneath.*] Swear.

*Ham.* Well said, old mole! canst work i' the ground so fast?  
A worthy pioneer! — Once more remove, good friends.

*Hor.* O day and night! but this is wondrous strange.

*Ham.* And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.  
There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,  
Than are dream'd of in your philosophy.<sup>23</sup>  
But come; —

Here, as before, never, so help you Mercy,  
How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself; —

<sup>21</sup> The oath they have already sworn is *in faith*. But this has not enough of ritual solemnity in it, to satisfy Hamlet. The custom of swearing by the sword, or rather by the cross at the hilt of it, is very ancient. The Saviour's name was sometimes inscribed on the handle. So that swearing by one's sword was the most solemn oath a Christian soldier could take.

<sup>22</sup> *True-penny* is an old familiar term for a right honest fellow.

<sup>23</sup> So read all the quartos; the folio, "*our* philosophy." The passage has had so long a lease of familiarity, as it stands in the text, that it seems best not to change it. Besides, *your* gives a nice characteristic shade of meaning that is lost in *our*. It is not *Horatio's* philosophy, but *your philosophy*, that Hamlet is speaking of.

As I, perchance, hereafter shall think meet  
 To put an antic disposition on; <sup>24</sup> —  
 That you, at such times seeing me, never shall,  
 With arms encumber'd thus, or this head-shake,  
 Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,  
 as, *Well, well, we know*; or, *We could, an if we would*; or, *If*  
*we list to speak*; or, *There be, an if they might*;  
 Or such ambiguous giving-out, to note  
 That you know aught of me: — this not to do,  
 So Grace and Mercy at your most need help you,  
 Swear.

*Ghost.* [*Beneath.*] Swear.

[*They kiss the Hilt of Hamlet's Sword.*]

*Ham.* Rest, rest, perturbed spirit! — So, gentlemen,  
 With all my love I do commend me to you;  
 And what so poor a man as Hamlet is  
 May do t' express his love and friending to you,  
 God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together;  
 And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.  
 The time is out of joint: — O cursed spite,  
 That ever I was born to set it right! —  
 Nay, come; let's go together.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I. *Elsinore. A Room in POLONIUS' House.*

*Enter POLONIUS and REYNALDO.*

*Pol.* Give him this money and these notes, Reynaldo.

*Rey.* I will, my lord.

*Pol.* You shall do marvellous wisely, good Reynaldo,  
 Before you visit him, to make inquiry  
 Of his behaviour.

*Rey.* My lord, I did intend it.

*Pol.* Marry, well said; very well said. Look you, sir,  
 Inquire me first what Danskers are in Paris; <sup>1</sup>

<sup>24</sup> This has been taken as proving that Hamlet's "antic disposition" is merely assumed for a special purpose. But our ripest experts in the matter are far from regarding it so. They tell us that veritable madmen are sometimes inscrutably cunning in arts for disguising their state; saying, in effect, "To be sure, you may find me acting rather strangely at times, but you must not think me crazy; I know what I am about, and have a purpose in it."

<sup>1</sup> *Dansker* is *Dane*; *Dansk* being the ancient name of Denmark.

And how, and who; what means, and where they keep,<sup>2</sup>  
 What company, at what expense; and finding,  
 By this encompassment and drift of question,  
 That they do know my son, come you more nearer  
 Than your particular demands will touch it:  
 Take you, as 'twere, some distant knowledge of him;  
 As thus, *I know his father and his friends,*  
*And in part him;*—do you mark this, Reynaldo?

*Rey.* Ay, very well, my lord.

*Pol.* *And in part him; but, you may say, not well:*  
*But, if't be he I mean, he's very wild;*  
*Addicted so and so;—and there put on him*  
*What forgeries you please; marry, none so rank*  
*As may dishonour him, take heed of that;*  
*But, sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips,*  
*As are companions noted and most known*  
*To youth and liberty.*

*Rey.* As gaming, my lord?

*Pol.* Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing,  
 Quarrelling, drabbing:—you may go so far.

*Rey.* My lord, that would dishonour him.

*Pol.* 'Faith, no; as you may season it in the charge.  
 You must not put another scandal on him,  
 That he is open to incontinency;  
 That's not my meaning: but breathe his faults so quaintly,<sup>3</sup>  
 That they may seem the taints of liberty;  
 The flash and outbreak of a fiery mind;  
 A savageness in unreclaimed blood,  
 Of general assault.<sup>4</sup>

*Rey.* But, my good lord,—

*Pol.* Wherefore should you do this?

*Rey.* Ay, my lord, I would know that.

*Pol.* Marry, sir, here's my drift;  
 And I believe it is a fetch of warrant:<sup>5</sup>  
 You laying these slight sullies on my son,  
 As 'twere a thing a little soil'd i' the working,  
 Mark you,  
 Your party in converse, him you would sound,  
 Having ever seen in the prenominate crimes  
 The youth you breathe of guilty,<sup>6</sup> be assur'd

<sup>2</sup> The Poet repeatedly has *keep* in the sense of *lodge* or *dwell*. See page 267, note 22.

<sup>3</sup> *Quaintly*, from the Latin *comptus*, properly means *elegantly*, but is here used in the sense of *adroitly* or *ingeniously*. See page 121, note 2.

<sup>4</sup> A wildness of untamed blood, such as youth is generally assailed by.

<sup>5</sup> "A fetch of warrant" seems to mean an allowable stratagem or artifice.

<sup>6</sup> Having at any time seen the youth you speak of guilty in the forenamed

He closes with you in this consequence :  
*Good sir*, or so ; or *friend*, or *gentleman*, —  
 According to the phrase, or the addition,  
 Of man and country ; —

*Rey.* Very good, my lord.

*Pol.* And then, sir, does he this, — he does — what was I about to say ? — By the Mass,<sup>7</sup> I was about to say something : — where did I leave ?

*Rey.* At, closes in the consequence,  
 At *friend* or so and *gentleman*.

*Pol.* At closes in the consequence, — ay, marry ;  
 He closes with you thus : *I know the gentleman ;*  
*I saw him yesterday, or t'other day,*  
 Or then, or then ; *with* such, or such ; *and, as you say,*  
*There was he gaming ; there o'ertook in's rouse ;*  
*There falling out at tennis.* See you now,  
 Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth ;<sup>8</sup>  
 And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,  
 With windlaces and with assays of bias,<sup>9</sup>  
 By indirections find directions out :  
 So, by my former lecture and advice,  
 Shall you my son. You have me, have you not ?

*Rey.* My lord, I have.

*Pol.* God b' wi' you ! fare you well.

*Rey.* Good my lord !

*Pol.* Observe his inclination in yourself.<sup>10</sup>

*Rey.* I shall, my lord.

*Pol.* And let him ply his music.<sup>11</sup>

*vices.* — “Closes with you in this consequence” means, apparently, *agrees* with you in this *conclusion*. — *Addition* again for *title*.

<sup>7</sup> *Mass* is the old name of the Lord's Supper, and is still used by the Roman Catholics. It was often sworn by, as in this instance. — As *marry* occurs several times here, it may be well to remark that this use of the word grew from the custom of swearing by Saint Mary the Virgin.

<sup>8</sup> The shrewd old wire-puller is fond of angling arts. The *carp* is a species of fish.

<sup>9</sup> “Of wisdom and of reach” is here equivalent to *by cunning and over-reaching*. — *Windlaces* is here used in the sense of taking a winding, circuitous, or round-about course to a thing, instead of going *directly* to it ; or, as we sometimes say, “beating about the bush,” instead of coming straight to the point. This is shown by a late writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, who quotes two passages in illustration of it from Golding's translation of *Ovid*, which is known to have been one of the Poet's books. Here is one of the quotations :

“The winged god, beholding them returning in a troupe,  
 Continu'd not directly forth, but gan me down to stoupe,  
 And fetch'd a *windlass* round about.”

“Assays of bias” are *trials* of *inclination*. A bias is a weight in one side of a ball, which keeps it from rolling straight to the mark, as in ninepins.

<sup>10</sup> Use your own eyes and judgment upon him, as well as learn from others.

<sup>11</sup> Eye him sharply, but do it *slyly*, and let him fiddle his secrets all out.

*Rey.* Well, my lord.

*Pol.* Farewell!—

[*Exit REYNALDO.*]

*Enter OPHELIA.*

How now, Ophelia! what's the matter?

*Oph.* Alas, my lord, I have been so affrighted!

*Pol.* With what, i' the name of God?

*Oph.* My lord, as I was sewing in my chamber,  
Lord Hamlet,—with his doublet all unbrac'd;<sup>12</sup>  
No hat upon his head; his stockings foul'd,  
Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ankle;<sup>13</sup>  
Pale as his shirt; his knees knocking each other;  
And with a look so piteous in purport  
As if he had been loosed out of Hell  
To speak of horrors,—he comes before me.

*Pol.* Mad for thy love?

*Oph.* My lord, I do not know;  
But, truly, I do fear it.

*Pol.* What said he?

*Oph.* He took me by the wrist, and held me hard;  
Then goes he to the length of all his arm;  
And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow,  
He falls to such perusal of my face  
As he would draw it. Long stay'd he so:  
At last,—a little shaking of mine arm,  
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,—  
He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound,  
That it did seem to shatter all his bulk,<sup>14</sup>  
And end his being. That done, he lets me go,  
And, with his head over his shoulder turn'd,  
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes;  
For out o' doors he went without their help,  
And, to the last, bended their light on me.

*Pol.* Come, go with me: I will go seek the King.  
This is the very ecstasy of love;  
Whose violent property fordoes itself,<sup>15</sup>  
And leads the will to desperate undertakings,  
As oft as any passion under heaven

<sup>12</sup> *Unbrac'd* is the same as our *unbuttoned*. So used twice in *Julius Caesar*.

<sup>13</sup> Hanging down like the loose cincture which confines the fetters or gyves round the ankles.

<sup>14</sup> *Bulk* is *breast*. "The *bulke* or *breast* of a man, Thorax, la poitrine." — BARET.

<sup>15</sup> *Fordo* was the same as *undo* or *destroy*. — *Ecstasy* occurs several times in this play for *madness*. Such was the more common meaning of the word in Shakespeare's time; though it was also used for any violent working of the mind.

That does afflict our natures. I am sorry, —  
What, have you given him any hard words of late?

*Oph.* No, my good lord; but, as you did command,  
I did repel his letters, and denied  
His access to me.

*Pol.* That hath made him mad.  
I'm sorry that with better heed and judgment  
I had not quoted him:<sup>16</sup> I fear'd he did but trifle,  
And meant to wreck thee; but, beshrew my jealousy!<sup>17</sup>  
By Heaven, it is as proper to our age  
To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions,  
As it is common for the younger sort  
To lack discretion.<sup>18</sup> Come, go we to the King:  
This must be known; which, being kept close, might move  
More grief to hide than hate to utter love.<sup>19</sup> [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The Same. A Room in the Castle.*

*Enter the KING, the QUEEN, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN,  
and Attendants.*

*King.* Welcome, dear Rosencrantz and Guildenstern!  
Moreover that we much did long to see you,<sup>1</sup>  
The need we had to use you did provoke  
Our hasty sending. Something have you heard  
Of Hamlet's transformation; so I call it,  
Since nor th' exterior nor the inward man  
Resembles that it was. What it should be,  
More than his father's death, that thus hath put him  
So much from th' understanding of himself,  
I cannot dream of: I entreat you both,  
That, — being of so young days brought up with him,  
And since so neighbour'd to his youth and humour, —  
That you vouchsafe your rest here in our Court  
Some little time; so by your companies  
To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather,  
So much as from occasion you may glean,

<sup>16</sup> To quote is to note, to mark, or observe.

<sup>17</sup> In this admirable scene, Polonius, who is throughout the skeleton of his own former skill in state-craft, hunts the trail of policy at a dead scent, supplied by the weak fever-smell in his own nostrils. — COLERIDGE.

<sup>18</sup> We old men are as apt to overreach ourselves with our own policy, as the young are to miscarry through inconsideration.

<sup>19</sup> The sense is rather obscure, but appears to be, — By keeping Hamlet's love secret, we may cause more of grief to others, than of hatred on his part by disclosing it. The Poet sometimes goes out of his way to close a scene with a rhyme.

<sup>1</sup> I do not recollect another instance of *moreover that* used in this way. It means the same as *besides that*.

Whether aught, to us unknown, afflicts him thus,  
That, open'd, lies within our remedy.

*Queen.* Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you ;  
And sure I am two men there are not living  
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you  
To show us so much gentry and good will <sup>2</sup>  
As to expend your time with us awhile,  
For the supply and profit of our hope,<sup>3</sup>  
Your visitation shall receive such thanks  
As fits a king's remembrance.

*Ros.* Both your Majesties  
Might, by the sovereign power you have of us,  
Put your dread pleasures more into command  
Than to entreaty.

*Guil.* But we both obey ;  
And here give up ourselves, in the full bent,  
To lay our service freely at your feet,  
To be commanded.

*King.* Thanks, Rosencrantz and gentle Guildenstern.

*Queen.* Thanks, Guildenstern and gentle Rosencrantz :  
And I beseech you instantly to visit  
My too-much-changed son. — Go, some of you,  
And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.

*Guil.* Heavens make our presence and our practices  
Pleasant and helpful to him !

*Queen.* Ay, amen !

[*Exeunt ROS., GUIL., and some Attendants.*

*Enter POLONIUS.*

*Pol.* Th' ambassadors from Norway, my good lord,  
Are joyfully return'd.

*King.* Thou still hast been the father of good news.

*Pol.* Have I, my lord? Assure you, my good liege,  
I hold my duty, as I hold my soul,  
Both to my God and to my gracious King :<sup>4</sup>  
And I do think (or else this brain of mine  
Hunts not the trail of policy so sure  
As it hath us'd to do) that I have found  
The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.

*King.* O, speak of that ; that do I long to hear.

*Pol.* Give, first, admittance to th' ambassadors ;  
My news shall be the fruit to that great feast.

*King.* Thyself do grace to them, and bring them in. —

[*Exit POLONIUS.*

<sup>2</sup> *Gentry* for *gentle courtesy*.

<sup>3</sup> "The supply and profit" is the *feeding* and *realizing*.

<sup>4</sup> I hold my duty both to my God and to my King, as I do my soul.

He tells me, my sweet Queen, that he hath found  
The head and source of all your son's distemper.

*Queen.* I doubt it is no other but the main ;  
His father's death, and our o'erhasty marriage.

*King.* Well, we shall sift him. —

*Re-enter* POLONIUS, *with* VOLTIMAND *and* CORNELIUS.

Welcome, my good friends !

Say, Voltimand, what from our brother Norway ?

*Vol.* Most fair return of greetings and desires.

Upon our first, he sent out to suppress  
His nephew's levies ; which to him appear'd  
To be a preparation 'gainst the Polack ;  
But, better look'd into, he truly found  
It was against your Highness : whereat griev'd, —  
That so his sickness, age, and impotence,  
Was falsely borne in hand,<sup>5</sup> — sends out arrests  
On Fortinbras ; which he, in brief, obeys ;  
Receives rebuke from Norway ; and, in fine,  
Makes vow before his uncle never more  
To give th' assay of arms against your Majesty.  
Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,  
Gives him three thousand crowns in annual fee,<sup>6</sup>  
And his commission to employ those soldiers,  
So levied as before, against the Polack :  
With an intreaty, herein further shown, [ *Giving a Paper.*  
That it might please you to give quiet pass  
Through your dominions for this enterprise ;  
On such regards of safety and allowance  
As therein are set down.

*King.* It likes us well ;<sup>7</sup>

And at our more consider'd time we'll read,  
Answer, and think upon this business :  
Meantime we thank you for your well-took labour.  
Go to your rest ; at night we'll feast together :  
Most welcome home !

[*Exeunt* VOLTIMAND *and* CORNELIUS.

*Pol.* This business is well ended. —

My Liege, and Madam, to expostulate<sup>8</sup>  
What Majesty should be, what duty is,

<sup>5</sup> To *bear in hand* is to lead along by false assurances or expectations.  
See page 347, note 7.

<sup>6</sup> *Fee* was often used for *fee-simple*, which is the strongest tenure in English law, and means an estate held in absolute and perpetual right.

<sup>7</sup> This phrase was continually used for "it pleases us," or "we like it."

<sup>8</sup> *Expostulate* here has the right Latin sense of *inquire*.

Why day is day, night night, and time is time,  
 Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time.  
 Therefore, since brevity is the soul of wit,  
 And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,  
 I will be brief. Your noble son is mad :  
 Mad call I it ; for, to define true madness,  
 What is't but to be nothing else but mad ?  
 But let that go.

*Queen.* More matter, with less art.

*Pol.* Madam, I swear I use no art at all.  
 That he is mad, 'tis true : 'tis true, 'tis pity ;  
 And pity 'tis, 'tis true : a foolish figure ;  
 But farewell it, for I will use no art.  
 Mad let us grant him, then ; and now remains  
 That we find out the cause of this effect ;  
 Or rather say, the cause of this defect,  
 For this effect defective comes by cause :  
 Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.  
 Perpend :<sup>9</sup>

I have a daughter, — have, whilst she is mine, —  
 Who in her duty and obedience, mark,  
 Hath given me this : Now gather and surmise.

[Reads.] *To the celestial and my soul's idol, the most beauti-  
 fied Ophelia, — That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase ; beautified  
 is a vile phrase ; but you shall hear. — Thus : In her excellent  
 white bosom, these, &c.*<sup>10</sup>

*Queen.* Came this from Hamlet to her ?

*Pol.* Good Madam, stay awhile ; I will be faithful. —

[Reads.] *Doubt thou the stars are fire ;  
 Doubt that the Sun doth move ;  
 Doubt truth to be a liar ;  
 But never doubt I love.*

*O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers ; I have not art  
 to reckon my groans : but that I love thee best, O most best,  
 believe it. Adieu.*

*Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst  
 this machine is to him, HAMLET.*

This in obedience hath my daughter shown me ;  
 And, more above, hath his solicitings,  
 As they fell out by time, by means, and place,  
 All given to mine ear.

*King.* But how hath she  
 Receiv'd his love ?

<sup>9</sup> *Perpend* is weigh or consider.

<sup>10</sup> The word *these* was usually added at the end of the superscription of letters.

*Pol.* What do you think of me?

*King.* As of a man faithful and honourable.

*Pol.* I would fain prove so. But what might you think, —  
When I had seen this hot love on the wing,  
(As I perceiv'd it, I must tell you that,  
Before my daughter told me,) what might you,  
Or my dear Majesty your Queen here, think,  
If I had play'd the desk or table-book;<sup>11</sup>  
Or given my heart a winking, mute and dumb;<sup>12</sup>  
Or look'd upon this love with idle sight;  
What might you think? No, I went round to work,<sup>13</sup>  
And my young mistress thus did I bespeak:  
*Lord Hamlet is a prince, out of thy star;*<sup>14</sup>  
*This must not be:* and then I precepts gave her,  
That she should lock herself from his resort,  
Admit no messengers, receive no tokens.  
Which done, she took the fruits of my advice;  
And he, repulsed, (a short tale to make,)  
Fell into a sadness; then into a fast;  
Thence to a watch; thence into a weakness;  
Thence to a lightness; and, by this declension,  
Into the madness wherein now he raves,  
And all we wait for.

*King.* Do you think 'tis this?

*Queen.* It may be, very likely.

*Pol.* Hath there been such a time — I'd fain know that —  
That I have positively said '*Tis so*,  
When it prov'd otherwise?

*King.* Not that I know.

*Pol.* [*Pointing to his Head and Shoulder.*] Take this from  
this, if this be otherwise:  
If circumstances lead me, I will find  
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed  
Within the centre.

*King.* How may we try it further?

*Pol.* You know, sometimes he walks four hours together<sup>15</sup>  
Here in the lobby.

*Queen.* So he does, indeed.

*Pol.* At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him:

<sup>11</sup> By keeping dark about the matter. A desk or table-book does not prate of what it contains. A table-book is a case or set of tablets, to carry in the pocket, and write memoranda upon. See page 542, note 14.

<sup>12</sup> If I had given my heart a *hint* to be mute about their passion. "Con-nivencia, a *winking at*; a sufferance; a *feigning not to see or know*."

<sup>13</sup> To be *round* is to be *plain, downright, outspoken*.

<sup>14</sup> Not within thy *destiny*; alluding to the supposed influence of the stars on the fortune of life.

<sup>15</sup> I have little doubt that this should read "walks *for* hours together."

Be you and I behind an arras then ;<sup>16</sup>  
 Mark the encounter : if he love her not,  
 And be not from his reason fall'n thereon,  
 Let me be no assistant for a State,  
 But keep a farm and carters.

*King.*

We will try it.

*Queen.* But, look, where sadly the poor wretch comes reading.<sup>17</sup>

*Pol.* Away ! I do beseech you, both away :  
 I'll board him presently :<sup>18</sup> O, give me leave. —

[*Exeunt King, Queen, and Attendants.*]

*Enter HAMLET, reading.*

How does my good Lord Hamlet ?

*Ham.* Well, God-'a-mercy.

*Pol.* Do you know me, my lord ?

*Ham.* Excellent well ; you're a fishmonger.<sup>19</sup> X

*Pol.* Not I, my lord.

*Ham.* Then I would you were so honest a man.

*Pol.* Honest, my lord !

*Ham.* Ay, sir ; to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man pick'd out of ten thousand.

*Pol.* That's very true, my lord.

*Ham.* [Pretending to read.] *For if the Sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a god kissing carrion,*<sup>20</sup> — Have you a daughter ?

*Pol.* I have, my lord.

*Ham.* Let her not walk i' the Sun : — friend, look to't.

*Pol.* How say you by that ? — [*Aside.*] Still harping on my daughter : yet he knew me not at first ; he said I was a fishmonger. He is far gone, far gone : and truly in my youth

<sup>16</sup> In Shakespeare's time the chief rooms of houses were lined with tapestry hangings, which were suspended on frames some distance from the walls, to keep them from being rotted by the damp. See page 291, note 51. These tapestries were called *arras* from the town *Arras*, in France, where they were made.

<sup>17</sup> *Wretch* was the strongest term of endearment in the language ; generally implying, however, a dash of pity. So, in *Othello*, iii. 3, the hero, speaking of Desdemona, exclaims in a rapture of tenderness, "Excellent wretch, perdition catch my soul, but I do love thee !"

<sup>18</sup> To board him is to accost or address him. See page 180, note 10.

<sup>19</sup> *Fishmonger* meant an angler as well as a dealer in fish. Hamlet probably means that Polonius has come to fish out his secret.

<sup>20</sup> The old copies have *good* instead of *god* ; but *god* is probably right, as the Poet elsewhere speaks of the Sun as Titan, "kissing a dish of butter," and as "common-kissing Titan." — A great deal of ink has been spent in trying to explain the passage ; but the true explanation is, that it is not meant to be understood. Hamlet is merely bantering and tantalizing the old man.

I suffer'd much extremity for love; very near this. I'll speak to him again. — What do you read, my lord?

*Ham.* Words, words, words.

*Pol.* What is the matter, my lord?

*Ham.* Between who?

*Pol.* I mean, the matter that you read, my lord.

*Ham.* Slanders, sir: for the satirical rogue says here, that old men have gray beards; that their faces are wrinkled; their eyes purging thick amber and plum-tree gum; and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams: all which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down; for you yourself, sir, should be as old as I am, if like a crab you could go backward.

*Pol.* [*Aside.*] Though this be madness, yet there's method in't. — Will you walk out of the air, my lord?

*Ham.* Into my grave?

*Pol.* Indeed, that is out o' the air. — [*Aside.*] How pregnant sometimes his replies are! a happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be deliver'd of. I will leave him, and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him and my daughter. — My honourable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you.

*Ham.* You cannot, sir, take from me any thing that I will more willingly part withal; — [*Aside.*] except my life, except my life, except my life.

*Pol.* Fare you well, my lord.

*Ham.* These tedious old fools!

*Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.*

*Pol.* You go to seek the Lord Hamlet; there he is.

*Ros.* [*To POLONIUS.*] God save you, sir! [*Exit POLON.*]

*Guil.* My honour'd lord!

*Ros.* My most dear lord!

*Ham.* My excellent good friends! How dost thou, Guildenstern? — Ah, Rosencrantz! — Good lads, how do ye both?

*Ros.* As the indifferent children of the Earth.

*Guil.* Happy, in that we are not overhappy;  
On Fortune's cap we're not the very button.

*Ham.* Nor the soles of her shoe?

*Ros.* Neither, my lord.

*Ham.* What news?

*Ros.* None, my lord, but that the world's grown honest.

*Ham.* Then is dooms-day near. But your news is not true. Let me question more in particular: What have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of Fortune, that she sends you to prison hither?

*Guil.* Prison, my lord!

*Ham.* Denmark's a prison.

*Ros.* Then is the world one.

*Ham.* A goodly one; in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons, Denmark being one o' the worst.

*Ros.* We think not so, my lord.

*Ham.* Why, then 'tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to me it is a prison.

*Ros.* Why, then your ambition makes it one: 'tis too narrow for your mind.

*Ham.* O God! I could be bounded in a nut-shell, and count myself a king of infinite space, were it not that I have bad dreams.

*Guil.* Which dreams, indeed, are ambition; for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream.

*Ham.* A dream itself is but a shadow.

*Ros.* Truly; and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality, that it is but a shadow's shadow.

*Ham.* Then are our beggars bodies, and our monarchs and outstretch'd heroes the beggars' shadows.<sup>21</sup> Shall we to the Court? for, by my fay, I cannot reason.<sup>22</sup>

*Ros. Guil.* We'll wait upon you.

*Ham.* No such matter: I will not sort you with the rest of my servants; for, to speak to you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended.<sup>23</sup> But, in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore?

*Ros.* To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.

*Ham.* Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks, but I thank you; and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear a half-penny. Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? is it a free visitation? Come, deal justly with me: come, come; nay, speak.

*Guil.* What should we say, my lord?

*Ham.* Why, any thing, but to the purpose. You were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks, which your modesties have not craft enough to colour: I know the good King and Queen have sent for you.

*Ros.* To what end, my lord?

*Ham.* That you must teach me. But let me conjure you by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our

<sup>21</sup> Hamlet is here playing or fencing with words, and loses himself in the riddles he is making. The meaning, however, seems to be, our beggars can at least dream of being kings and heroes; and if the substance of such ambitious men is but a dream, and if a dream is but a shadow, then our kings and heroes are but the shadows of our beggars.

<sup>22</sup> *Fay* is merely a diminutive of *faith*.

<sup>23</sup> Probably referring to the "bad dreams" already spoken of.

youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for, or no.

*Ros.* [*Aside to GUIL.*] What say you?

*Ham.* [*Aside.*] Nay, then I have an eye of you.<sup>24</sup> — If you love me, hold not off.

*Guil.* My lord, we were sent for.

*Ham.* I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the King and Queen moult no feather.<sup>25</sup> I have of late — but wherefore I know not — lost all my mirth, foregone all custom of exercises; and indeed it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament,<sup>26</sup> this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, — why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me; no, nor woman neither, though by your smiling you seem to say so.

*Ros.* My lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts.

*Ham.* Why did you laugh then, when I said, *man delights not me*?

*Ros.* To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainment the players shall receive from you:<sup>27</sup> we coted them on the way, and hither are they coming to offer you service.

*Ham.* He that plays the King shall be welcome; his Majesty shall have tribute of me: the adventurous knight shall use his foil and target; the lover shall not sigh gratis; the humorous man shall end his part in peace;<sup>28</sup> the clown shall

<sup>24</sup> I will watch you sharply: *of* for *on*, a common usage.

<sup>25</sup> Hamlet's fine sense of honour is well shown in this. He will not tempt them to any breach of confidence; and he means that, by telling them the reason, he will forestall and prevent their disclosure of it. — *Moult* is an old word for *change*; used especially of birds when casting their feathers. So, in Bacon's *Natural History*: "Some birds there be, that upon their *moulting* do turn colour; as robin-rebreasts, after their moulting, grow red again by degrees."

<sup>26</sup> So the quartos; the folio omits *firmament*, and so turns *o'erhanging* into a substantive. It may well be thought that by the omission the language becomes more Shakespearian, without any loss of eloquence. But the passage, as it stands, is so much a household word, that it seems best not to change it. *Brave* is *grand*, *splendid*.

<sup>27</sup> "Lenten entertainment" is entertainment for the season of *Lent*, when players were not allowed to perform in public. See page 184, note 8. — To *cote* is to pass *alongside*, to *pass by* or *overtake*.

<sup>28</sup> *Humorous man* here means a man made unhappy by his own crotchets.

make those laugh whose lungs are tickled o' the sere ;<sup>29</sup> and the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for't. — What players are they ?

*Ros.* Even those you were wont to take such delight in, the tragedians of the city.

*Ham.* How chances it they travel ? their residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.<sup>30</sup>

*Ros.* I think their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.<sup>31</sup>

*Ham.* Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city ? are they so follow'd ?

*Ros.* No, indeed, they are not.

*Ham.* How comes it ? do they grow rusty ?

*Ros.* Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace : but there is, sir, an aiery of children, little eyases,<sup>32</sup> that cry out on the top of question,<sup>33</sup> and are most tyrannically clapp'd for't : these are now the fashion ; and so berattle the common stages,<sup>34</sup> (so they call them,) that many wearing rapiers are afraid of goose quills, and dare scarce come thither.<sup>35</sup>

*Humour* was used for any wayward, eccentric impulse causing a man to be full of ups and downs, or of flats and sharps. Such characters were favourites on the stage. The melancholy Jaques in *As You Like It* is an instance.

<sup>29</sup> Hamlet is not pleased with the behaviour of the clowns, and is disparaging them by ironical praise. "Tickled o' the sere" is tickled with *dryness*, or afflicted with a *dry cough*. So that the meaning is, the clown shall have the pleasure of thinking those to be laughing at his jokes, who are merely coughing from huskiness.

<sup>30</sup> The London theatrical companies, when not allowed to play in the city, were wont to travel about the country, and exercise their craft in the towns. This was less reputable, and at the same time brought less pay, than residing in the city. Stratford was often visited by such strolling companies during the Poet's boyhood, and hence it was, probably, that he found his way to the stage.

<sup>31</sup> Referring, no doubt, to an order of the Privy Council, issued in June, 1600. By this order the players were *inhibited* from acting in or near the city during the season of Lent, besides being very much restricted at all other seasons, and hence "chances it they travel," or *stroll* into the country. See page 210, note 5.

<sup>32</sup> *Aiery*, from *eyren*, eggs, properly means a *brood* but sometimes a *nest*. *Eyas* is a name for an unfledged hawk.

<sup>33</sup> There is some doubt as to the meaning of this. Mr. White thinks it means that they "assume superiority;" Mr. Dyce, that they "recite at the very highest pitch of their voice." The context infers that they are mightily "cracked up" as excelling in something which a sober judgment would regard as a fault. To *top*, in *Shakespeare*, is generally to *surpass*; as in *Coriolanus*, ii. 1: "Topping all others in boasting." And in iv. 7, of this play: "So far he *topp'd* my thought." And a little later in this scene Hamlet has the words, "whose judgments cried in the *top* of mine," clearly meaning, whose judgments were *better than mine*. — *Question* has repeatedly occurred in the sense of *speech* or *conversation*.

<sup>34</sup> To *berattle* is to *berate* or *squib*. The sense of what follows is, that pop-guns outface pistols.

<sup>35</sup> The allusion is to the children of St. Paul's and of the Revels, whose performing of plays was much in fashion at the time this play was written. From an early date, the choir-boys of St. Paul's, Westminster, Windsor,

*Ham.* What, are they children? who maintains 'em? how are they escoted?<sup>36</sup> Will they pursue the quality no longer than they can sing? will they not say afterwards, if they should grow themselves to common players, (as it is most like, if their means are no better,) their writers do them wrong, to make them exclaim against their own succession?<sup>37</sup>

*Ros.* 'Faith, there has been much to-do on both sides; and the nation holds it no sin to tarre them to controversy:<sup>38</sup> there was, for a while, no money bid for argument, unless the poet and the player went to cuffs in the question.

*Ham.* Is't possible?

*Guil.* O, there has been much throwing about of brains.<sup>39</sup>

*Ham.* Do the boys carry it away?

*Ros.* Ay, that they do, my lord; Hercules and his load too.<sup>40</sup>

*Ham.* It is not very strange; for my uncle is King of Denmark, and those that would make mows at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, an hundred ducats a-piece for his picture in little. 'Sblood, there is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out.

[*Flourish of Trumpets within.*

*Guil.* There are the players:

*Ham.* Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore. Your hands, come: the appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony: let me comply with you in this garb;<sup>41</sup> lest my extent to the players (which, I tell you, must show fairly outward) should more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome; but my uncle-father and aunt-mother are deceiv'd.

*Guil.* In what, my dear lord?

and the Chapel Royal, were engaged in such performances, and sometimes played at Court. The complaint here is, that these juveniles so abuse "the common stages," that is, the theatres, as to deter many from visiting them. In *Jack Drum's Entertainment*, 1601, one of the speakers says they were heard "with much applause;" and another speaks thus: "I sawe the children of Powles last night, and, troth, they pleas'd me prettie, prettie well: the apes in time will do it handsomely."

<sup>36</sup> *Escoted* is paid; from the French *escot*, a shot or reckoning. — *Quality* is profession or calling; often so used. — "No longer than they can sing" means no longer than they keep the voices of boys.

<sup>37</sup> *Run down* the profession to which they are themselves to succeed.

<sup>38</sup> *To-do*, commonly printed *to do*, is the same as *ado*. — *To tarre* is to set on, or incite; a phrase borrowed from setting on dogs. — I am not sure that I understand what follows. *Argument* was commonly used for *subject* or *matter*, but it hardly seems to mean that here. Perhaps *inducement* comes nearest to the meaning of it.

<sup>39</sup> Bandyng of wit, or pelting each other with words.

<sup>40</sup> That is, carry all the world before them: there is perhaps an allusion to the *Globe* theatre, the sign of which is said to have been Hercules carrying the globe.

<sup>41</sup> *To comply with*, as here used, evidently means to be *formally civil* or *polite to*, or to *compliment*. We have it again in the same sense, in v. 2, where Hamlet says of Osric, "He did *comply with* his dug before he suck'd it."

*Ham.* I am but mad north-north-west: when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a handsaw.<sup>42</sup>

*Re-enter* POLONIUS.

*Pol.* Well be with you, gentlemen!

*Ham.* Hark you, Guildenstern,—and you too;—at each ear a hearer: that great baby you see there is not yet out of his swaddling-clouts.

*Ros.* Haply he's the second time come to them; for they say an old man is twice a child.

*Ham.* I will prophesy he comes to tell me of the players; mark it.—You say right, sir: o' Monday morning; 'twas then, indeed.<sup>43</sup>

*Pol.* My lord, I have news to tell you.

*Ham.* My lord, I have news to tell you: when Roscius was an actor in Rome,—

*Pol.* The actors are come hither, my lord.

*Ham.* Buz, buz!<sup>44</sup>

*Pol.* Upon my honour,—

*Ham.* Then came each actor on his ass.

*Pol.*—the best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene indivisible, or poem unlimited:<sup>45</sup> Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light. For the law of writ, and the liberty, these are the only men.<sup>46</sup>

*Ham.* O, Jephthah, judge of Israel, what a treasure hadst thou!

*Pol.* What treasure had he, my lord?

*Ham.* Why,

*One fair daughter, and no more,  
The which he loved passing well.*

<sup>42</sup> "To know a hawk from a handsaw" was a proverb in Shakespeare's time. *Handsaw* is merely a corruption of *hernshaw*, which means a *heron*.

<sup>43</sup> This is spoken in order to blind Polonius as to what they have been talking about.

<sup>44</sup> Hamlet affects to discredit the news: all a mere *buzzing* or *rumour*. Polonius then assures him, "On my honour;" which starts the poor joke, If they are come on your honour, "then came each actor on his ass;" these words being probably a quotation.

<sup>45</sup> I am not quite sure as to the meaning of this. In the Classic Drama generally, the scene continued the same, or *undivided*, all through the piece. In the Gothic Drama, as Shakespeare found and fixed it, the changes of scene are without definite limitations. This seems to be the difference meant. Seneca was considered the best of the Roman tragic writers, and Plautus of the comic.

<sup>46</sup> "The meaning," says Collier, "probably is, that the players were good, whether at written productions or at extemporal plays, where liberty was allowed to the performers to invent the dialogue, in imitation of the Italian *commedie al improvviso*."

*Pol.* [*Aside.*] Still on my daughter.

*Ham.* Am I not i' the right, old Jephthah?

*Pol.* If you call me Jephthah, my lord, I have a daughter that I love passing well.

*Ham.* Nay, that follows not.

*Pol.* What follows, then, my lord?

*Ham.* Why, *As by lot, God wot*; and then, you know, *It came to pass, as most like it was*,<sup>47</sup> — The first row of the pious chanson will show you more; for look, where my abridgment comes.<sup>48</sup> —

*Enter Four or Five Players.*

You are welcome, masters; welcome, all; I am glad to see ye well; welcome, good friends. — O, my old friend! thy face is valanc'd since I saw thee last:<sup>49</sup> com'st thou to beard me in Denmark? — What, my young lady and mistress! By'r-Lady, your ladyship is nearer to heaven than when I saw you last by the altitude of a chopine.<sup>50</sup> 'Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not crack'd within the ring.<sup>51</sup> — Masters, you are all welcome. We'll e'en to't like French falconers, fly at any thing we see: we'll have a speech straight.

<sup>47</sup> Here again Hamlet is tantalizing and bewildering the old fox, and quibbling between a logical and a literal sequence. The lines he quotes are from an old ballad, entitled *Jephtha, Judge of Israel*. A copy of the ballad, as Shakespeare knew it, was reprinted in Evans' *Old Ballads*, in 1810; the first stanza being as follows:

"I have read that many years agoe,  
When Jephtha, judge of Israel,  
Had one fair daughter and no moe,  
Whom he loved passing well;  
As by lot, God wot,  
It came to passe, most like it was,  
Great warrs there should be,  
And who should be the chiefe but he, but he."

<sup>48</sup> *Chanson* is something to be *sung* or *chanted*; and "the first row" probably means the first *column*, or, perhaps, *stanza*. — *Abridgment* was sometimes used in the sense of *pastime*. Probably Hamlet means it also in the further sense of *abridging* or *cutting short* his talk with Polonius.

<sup>49</sup> *Valanc'd* is *fringed*, and here means that the player has lately grown a beard. — *By'r Lady* is a contraction of *by our Lady*, referring to the Virgin Mary. In the Poet's time, female parts were acted by boys; and Hamlet is addressing one whom as a boy he had seen playing some heroine.

<sup>50</sup> *Chopine* was the name of an enormously thick-soled shoe which Spanish and Italian ladies were in a habit of wearing, in order, as would seem, to make themselves as tall as the men, perhaps taller; or it may have been, to keep their long skirts from mopping the sidewalks too much. Old Coriarte has it that some of those worn by the Venetian ladies were "half a yard high." The fashion is said to have been used at one time by the English.

<sup>51</sup> The old gold coin was thin and liable to crack. There was a *ring*, or circle on it, within which the sovereign's head was stamped; if the crack extended beyond this ring, it was rendered uncurrent: it was therefore a simile applied to any other injured object. There is some humour in applying it to a cracked voice.

— Come, give us a taste of your quality ; come, a passionate speech.

1 *Play*. What speech, my good lord ?

*Ham*. I heard thee speak me a speech once, — but it was never acted ; or, if it was, not above once ; for the play, I remember, pleas'd not the million ; 'twas caviare to the general :<sup>52</sup> but it was — as I receiv'd it, and others, whose judgments in such matters cried in the top of mine — an excellent play ; well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning. I remember, one said there were no sallets in the lines to make the matter savoury,<sup>53</sup> nor no matter in the phrase that might indict the author of affectation ; but call'd it an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine. One speech in it I chiefly lov'd : 'twas *Æneas*' tale to Dido ; and thereabout of it especially where he speaks of Priam's slaughter. If it live in your memory, begin at this line : let me see, let me see ; —

*The rugged Pyrrhus, like th' Hyrcanian beast, —*

'tis not so ; — it begins with Pyrrhus :

*The rugged Pyrrhus — he whose sable arms,  
Black as his purpose, did the night resemble  
When he lay couched in the ominous horse —  
Hath now this dread and black complexion smear'd  
With heraldry more dismal : head to foot  
Now he is total gules ;<sup>54</sup> horridly trick'd  
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons,  
Bak'd and impasted with the parching streets,  
That lend a tyrannous and a damned light  
To their vile murders. Roasted in wrath and fire,  
And thus o'er-sized with coagulate gore,  
With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus  
Old grandsire Priam seeks. —*

So proceed you.

*Pol*. 'Fore God, my lord, well spoken ; with good accent and good discretion.

1 *Play*.

*Anon he finds him*

<sup>52</sup> *Caviare* was the pickled roes of certain fish of the sturgeon kind, called in Italy *caviale*, and much used there and in other countries. Great quantities were prepared on the river Volga formerly. As a dish of high seasoning and peculiar flavour, it was not relished by the *many* ; that is, the *general*.

<sup>53</sup> No impertinent high-seasoning or false brilliancy, to give it an unnatural relish. *Sallet* is explained "a pleasant and merry word that maketh folk to laugh." — This passage shows that the Poet understood the essential poverty of "fine writing."

<sup>54</sup> *Gules* is red, in the language of heraldry : to *trick* is to colour.

*Striking too short at Greeks ; his antique sword,  
 Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,  
 Repugnant to command. Unequal match'd,  
 Pyrrhus at Priam drives ; in rage, strikes wide ;  
 But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword  
 Th' unnerved father falls. Then senseless Ilium,  
 Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top  
 Stoops to his base ; and with a hideous crash  
 Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear : for, lo ! his sword,  
 Which was declining on the milky head  
 Of reverend Priam, seem'd i' the air to stick :  
 So, as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood ;  
 And, like a neutral to his will and matter,  
 Did nothing.*

*But, as we often see, against some storm,  
 A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,<sup>55</sup>  
 The bold winds speechless, and the orb below  
 As hush as death, anon the dreadful thunder  
 Doth rend the region ; so, after Pyrrhus' pause,  
 Aroused vengeance sets him new a-work ;  
 And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall  
 On Mars's armour, forg'd for proof eterne,  
 With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword  
 Now falls on Priam. —*

*Out, out, thou [harlot,] Fortune ! All you gods,  
 In general synod, take away her power ;  
 Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel,  
 And bowl the round nave down the hill of heaven,  
 As low as to the fiends !<sup>56</sup>*

*Pol.* This is too long.

*Ham.* It shall to the barber's, with your beard. — Pr'y-  
 thee, say on : He's for a jig,<sup>57</sup> or he sleeps : — Say on : come  
 to Hecuba.

1 Play. *But who, O, who had seen the mobled Queen —*

*Ham.* The mobled queen ?

<sup>55</sup> *Rack*, from *reek*, is used by old writers to signify the highest and therefore lightest clouds. Thus, in Fletcher's *Women Pleased*, iv. 2: "Far swifter than the sailing rack that gallops upon the wings of angry winds." So that the heavens must be silent indeed, when "the rack stands still."

<sup>56</sup> This admirable substitution of the epic for the dramatic, giving such reality to the dramatic diction of Shakespeare's own dialogue, and authorized, too, by the actual style of the tragedies before his time, is well worthy of notice. The fancy that a burlesque was intended sinks below criticism: the lines, as epic narrative, are superb. — In the thoughts, and even in the separate parts of the diction, this description is highly poetical: in truth, taken by itself, that is its fault, that it is too poetical! — the language of lyric vehemence and epic pomp, and not of the drama. But if Shakespeare had made the diction truly dramatic, where would have been the contrast between *Hamlet* and the play in *Hamlet*? — COLERIDGE.

<sup>57</sup> *Giga*, in Italian, was a fiddle or crowd; *gigaro*, a fiddler, or minstrel. Hence a *jig* was a ballad, or ditty, sung to the fiddle.

*Pol.* That's good; *mobled* queen is good.<sup>58</sup>

*1 Play.*—Run barefoot up and down, threatening the flames  
With *bisson* rheum; <sup>59</sup> a clout upon that head  
Where late the diadem stood; and, for a robe,  
About her lank and all o'er-teemed loins,  
A blanket, in th' alarm of fear caught up;—  
Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steep'd  
'Gainst Fortune's State would treason have pronounc'd:  
But if the gods themselves did see her then,  
When she saw *Pyrrhus* make malicious sport  
In mincing with his sword her husband's limbs;  
The instant burst of clamour that she made—  
Unless things mortal move them not at all—  
Would have made milch the burning eye of heaven,  
And passion in the gods.<sup>60</sup>

*Pol.* Look, whether he has not turn'd his colour, and has tears in's eyes. — Pr'ythee, no more.

*Ham.* 'Tis well; I'll have thee speak out the rest soon. — Good my lord, will you see the players well bestow'd? Do you hear? let them be well us'd; for they are the abstracts and brief chronicles of the time: after your death you were better have a bad epitaph than their ill report while you live.

*Pol.* My lord, I will use them according to their desert.

*Ham.* 'Od's bodykins, man, better: <sup>61</sup> use every man after his desert, and who shall 'scape whipping? Use them after your own honour and dignity: the less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

*Pol.* Come, sirs.

*Ham.* Follow him, friends: we'll hear a play to-morrow. —

[*Exit POLONIUS with all of the Players except the First.*  
Dost thou hear me, old friend? can you play *The Murder of Gonzago*?

*1 Play.* Ay, my lord.

*Ham.* We'll have't to-morrow night. You could, for a need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines, which I would set down and insert in't, could you not?

*1 Play.* Ay, my lord.

<sup>58</sup> *Mobled* is *hastily* or *carelessly* dressed. To *mob* or *mab* is still used in the north of England for to dress in a slatternly manner; and Coleridge says "*mob-cap* is still a word in common use for a morning cap."

<sup>59</sup> *Bisson* is *blind*. *Bisson rheum* is therefore *blinding tears*.

<sup>60</sup> By a hardy poetical license this expression means, "Would have filled with tears the burning eye of heaven." We have "*Lemosus, milch-hearted*," in Huloet's and Lyttleton's Dictionaries. It is remarkable that, in old Italian, *lattuos* is used for *luttuos*, in the same metaphorical manner.

<sup>61</sup> 'Od's *bodykins* is a diminutive of *God's body*, an ancient oath. See page 270, note 7.

*Ham.* Very well. Follow that lord; and look you mock him not. [*Exit Player.*]—My good friends, [*To Ros. and GUIL.*] I'll leave you till night: you are welcome to Elsinore.

*Ros.* Good my lord!

*Ham.* Ay, so, God b' wi' ye. — [*Exeunt ROSE. and GUILD.*

Now I am alone.

O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!

Is it not monstrous, that this player here,

But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,

Could force his soul so to his own conceit,<sup>62</sup>

That from her working all his visage wann'd;

Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect,

A broken voice, and his whole function suiting ✓

With forms to his conceit? And all for nothing! +

For Hecuba!

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba, +

That he should weep for her? † What would he do,

Had he the motive and the cue for passion<sup>63</sup> ✓

That I have? He would drown the stage with tears, +

And cleave the general ear with horrid speech;

Make mad the guilty, and appal the free,

Confound the ignorant, and amaze, indeed,

The very faculties of eyes and ears.

Yet I,

A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,

Like John a-dreams,<sup>64</sup> unpregnant of my cause,

And can say nothing; no, not for a king ✓

Upon whose property and most dear life ✓

A damn'd defeat was made.<sup>65</sup> Am I a coward? ↓

Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?

Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?

Tweaks me by th' nose? gives me the lie i' the throat,

As deep as to the lungs?<sup>66</sup> Who does me this, ha?

<sup>62</sup> *Conceit* is used repeatedly by the Poet for *conception* or *imagination*.

<sup>63</sup> The *hint* or *prompt-word*, a technical phrase among players. "A prompter," says Florio, "one who keeps the booke for the plaiers, and teacheth them or schollers their *kue*."

<sup>64</sup> This John was probably distinguished as a sleepy, apathetic fellow, a sort of dreaming or droning simpleton or flunky. The only other mention of him that has reached us is in Armin's *Nest of Ninnies*, 1608: "His name is John, indeed, says the cinnick, but neither John a-nods nor *John a-dreams*, yet either, as you take it."

<sup>65</sup> Thus Chapman, in his *Revenge for Honour*: "That he might in the mean time make a sure *defeat* on our good aged father's life."

<sup>66</sup> This was giving one the lie with the most galling additions and terms of insult, or belaboring him with extreme provocation, and then rubbing it in; so that the not resenting it would stamp him as the most hopeless of cowards. So, in *King Richard II.*, when Norfolk would drive home his charge upon Bolingbroke with the utmost force, he exclaims: "As low as to thy heart, through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest."

'Zounds, I should take it; for it cannot be ✓  
 But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall ✓  
 To make oppression bitter; <sup>67</sup> or, ere this,  
 I should have fatted all the region kites <sup>68</sup> ✓  
 With this slave's offal. Bloody, bawdy villain!  
 Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain! <sup>69</sup> ✓  
 O, vengeance! —  
 Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave;  
 That I, the son of a dear father murder'd, ✓  
 Prompted to my revenge by Heaven and Hell, <sup>70</sup> ✓  
 Must, like a [trull,] unpack my heart with words,  
 And fall a-cursing like a very drab,  
 A scullion!  
 Fie upon't! foh! — About, my brain! <sup>71</sup> I've heard ✓  
 That guilty creatures sitting at a play ✓  
 Have by the very cunning of the scene ✓  
 Been struck so to the soul, that presently ✓  
 They have proclaim'd their malefactions;  
 For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak  
 With most miraculous organ. I'll have these players ✓  
 Play something like the murder of my father ✓  
 Before mine uncle: I'll observe his looks;  
 I'll tent him to the quick: if he but blench, <sup>72</sup> ✓  
 I know my course. The spirit that I have seen ✓  
 May be the Devil: and the Devil hath power ✓  
 T' assume a pleasing shape; yea, and perhaps,  
 Out of my weakness and my melancholy,  
 (As he is very potent with such spirits,) ✓  
 Abuses me to damn me. <sup>73</sup> I'll have grounds ✓

<sup>67</sup> Lack gall to make me feel the bitterness of oppression. — The gentleness of doves and pigeons was supposed to proceed from their not having any gall in them.

<sup>68</sup> All the kites of the *element*, or of the *airy* region, the sky. So, in one of the Player's speeches a little before: "Anon the dreadful thunder doth rend the *region*." See page 176, note 7.

<sup>69</sup> *Kindless* is *unnatural*. See page 525, note 8. — Observe how Hamlet checks himself in this strain of objurgation, and then, in mere shame of what he has just done, turns to ranting at himself for having ranted.

<sup>70</sup> By all the best and all the worst passions of his nature. — In the preceding line, the quarto of 1611 and some copies of the undated quarto read as in the text: the other quartos and the folio have "the son of *the* dear murdered," which some modern editors prefer.

<sup>71</sup> "About, my brain," is nothing more than "to work, my brain." The phrase to go *about* a thing, is still common.

<sup>72</sup> To *tent* was to *probe*, to search a wound. To *blench* is to *shrink* or *start*.

<sup>73</sup> That Hamlet was not alone in the suspicion here started, appears from Sir Thomas Browne's *Religio Medici*: "I believe that those apparitions and ghosts of departed persons are not the wandering souls of men, but the unquiet walks of devils, prompting and suggesting us into mischief, blood, and villainy; instilling and stealing into our hearts that the blessed spirits are

More relative than this:<sup>74</sup> the play's the thing ✓  
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the King. [Exit.

46

ACT III. SCENE I. *Elsinore. A Room in the Castle.*

*Enter the KING, the QUEEN, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.*

*King.* And can you, by no drift of circumstance,  
Get from him why he puts on this confusion,  
Grating so harshly all his days of quiet  
With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?

*Ros.* He does confess he feels himself distracted;  
But from what cause he will by no means speak.

*Guil.* Nor do we find him forward to be sounded;  
But with a crafty madness keeps aloof,  
When we would bring him on to some confession  
Of his true state.

*Queen.* Did he receive you well?

*Ros.* Most like a gentleman.

*Guil.* But with much forcing of his disposition.

*Ros.* Niggard of question; but, of our demands,  
Most free in his reply.

*Queen.* Did you assay him to any pastime?

*Ros.* Madam, it so fell out, that certain players  
We o'er-raught on the way:<sup>1</sup> of these we told him;  
And there did seem in him a kind of joy  
To hear of it. They are about the Court;  
And, as I think, they have already order  
This night to play before him.

*Pol.* 'Tis most true:  
And he beseech'd me to entreat your Majesties  
To hear and see the matter.

*King.* With all my heart; and it doth much content me  
To hear him so inclin'd. —

Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,  
And drive his purpose on to these delights.

*Ros.* We shall, my lord. [Exeunt ROSE. and GUILD.

not at rest in their graves, but wander, solicitous of the affairs of the world." To *abuse*, in the Poet's language, is to *deceive*, or *practise upon* with illusions.

<sup>74</sup> Grounds standing in closer and clearer relation with the matter alleged by the Ghost.

<sup>1</sup> O'er-raught is overtook, raught being the old form of reached,

*King.* Sweet Gertrude, leave us too ;  
 For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither,  
 That he, as 'twere by accident, may here  
 Affront Ophelia:<sup>2</sup>  
 Her father and myself, lawful espials,  
 Will so bestow ourselves that, seeing, unseen,  
 We may of their encounter frankly judge ;  
 And gather by him, as he is behav'd,  
 If't be th' affliction of his love or no  
 That thus he suffers for.

*Queen.* I shall obey you : —  
 And for your part, Ophelia, I do wish  
 That your good beauties be the happy cause  
 Of Hamlet's wildness : so shall I hope your virtues  
 Will bring him to his wonted way again,  
 To both your honours.

*Oph.* Madam, I wish it may. [*Exit QUEEN.*]

*Pol.* Ophelia, walk you here. — Gracious, so please you,  
 We will bestow ourselves. — [*To OPH.*] Read on this book ;  
 That show of such an exercise may colour  
 Your loneliness. — We're oft to blame in this, —  
 'Tis too much prov'd, — that with devotion's visage  
 And pious action we do sugar o'er  
 The Devil himself.

*King.* O, 'tis too true ! —  
 [*Aside.*] How smart a lash that speech doth give my conscience.  
 The harlot's cheek, beautied with plastering art,  
 Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it<sup>3</sup>  
 Than is my deed to my most painted word :  
 O heavy burden !

*Pol.* I hear him coming : let's withdraw, my lord.

[*Exeunt KING and POLONIUS.*]

*Enter HAMLET.*

*Ham.* To be, or not to be, — that is the question : — ✓  
 Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer ✓  
 The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, ✕ ✕  
 Or to take arms against a sea of troubles, ✕  
 And by opposing end them. — To die ; — to sleep, —  
 No more : and by a sleep to say we end ✓  
 The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks ✓  
 That flesh is heir to, — 'tis a consummation ✓ ✕  
 Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, — to sleep ; —

<sup>2</sup> *Affront* was sometimes used for *meet*, or, as it is explained a little after, *encounter*. So, in *Cymbeline*, iv. 3: "Your preparation can *affront* no less than what you hear of."

<sup>3</sup> Not more ugly *in comparison with* the thing that helps it. *To* is in several places so used by the Poet.

To sleep! perchance to dream; — ay, there's the rub;  
 For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,  
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,<sup>4</sup>  
 Must give us pause. There's the respect ✓  
 That makes calamity of so long life:<sup>5</sup>  
 For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,  
 Th' oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely, ✕  
 The pangs of dispriz'd love,<sup>6</sup> the law's delay,  
 The insolence of office, and the spurns ✓  
 That patient merit of th' unworthy takes,  
 When he himself might his quietus make ✓  
 With a bare bodkin?<sup>7</sup> who'd these fardels bear,<sup>8</sup>  
 To grunt and sweat under a weary life,  
 But that the dread of something after death —  
 The undiscover'd country from whose bourn ✓  
 No traveller returns — puzzles the will,  
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have ✓  
 Than fly to others that we know not of?  
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;  
 And thus the native hue of resolution ✓  
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;<sup>9</sup>  
 And enterprises of great pith and moment,  
 With this regard, their currents turn awry,  
 And lose the name of action. — Soft you now!  
 The fair Ophelia! — Nymph, in thy orisons ✕  
 Be all my sins remember'd. ✕

*Oph.*

Good my lord,

How does your Honour for this many a day?

*Ham.* I humbly thank you; well, well, well.<sup>10</sup>

*Oph.* My lord, I have remembrances of yours,  
 That I have longed long to re-deliver;  
 I pray you, now receive them.

<sup>4</sup> "This mortal coil" is the tumult and bustle of this mortal life; or, as Wordsworth has it, "the fretful stir unprofitable, and the fever of the world." Perhaps coil here means, also, the body.

<sup>5</sup> That is, the *consideration* that induces us to undergo the calamity of so long a life. This use of *respect* is very frequent. See page 101, note 16.

<sup>6</sup> So the folio; the quartos, *despis'd*. The folio reading is the stronger; for if a love *unprized* be hard to bear, a love *scorned* must be much harder.

<sup>7</sup> The allusion is to the term *quietus est*, used in settling accounts at exchequer audits. Thus, in Sir Thomas Overbury's character of a *Franklin*: "Lastly, to *entl* him, he cares not when his end comes; he needs not feare his audit, for his *quietus* is in heaven." — *Bodkin* was the ancient term for a small dagger.

<sup>8</sup> So the folio; the quartos, "who would fardels bear." I prefer "who'd *these* fardels bear," because it makes what follows more continuous with what precedes; and it seems more natural that Hamlet should still keep his mind on the crosses already mentioned. *Fardel* is an old word for *burden*.

<sup>9</sup> The pale *complexion of grief*. See page 203, note 10.

<sup>10</sup> Thus the folio; the quartos have *well* but once. The repetition seems very apt and forcible, as suggesting the opposite of what the word means.

*Ham.*

No, not I;

I never gave you aught.

*Oph.* My honour'd lord, I know right well you did;<sup>11</sup>  
And, with them, words of so sweet breath compos'd  
As made the things more rich: their perfume lost,  
Take these again; for, to the noble mind,  
Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.  
There, my lord.

*Ham.* Ha, ha! are you honest?

*Oph.* My lord?

*Ham.* Are you fair?<sup>12</sup>

*Oph.* What means your lordship?

*Ham.* That if you be honest and fair, your honesty should  
admit no discourse to your beauty.<sup>13</sup>

*Oph.* Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than  
with honesty?

*Ham.* Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will sooner transform honesty from what it is to a bawd, than the force of honesty can translate beauty into his likeness: this was sometime a paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I did love you once.

*Oph.* Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

*Ham.* You should not have believ'd me; for virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock, but we shall relish of it. I loved you not.

*Oph.* I was the more deceived.

*Ham.* Get thee to a nunnery: why would'st thou be a breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent honest; but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better my mother had not borne me: I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious; with more offences at my beck,<sup>14</sup> than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in. What should such fellows as I do crawling between

<sup>11</sup> The quartos have "*you know*" instead of "*I know*." The folio reading seems to have more of delicacy, and at least equal feeling.

<sup>12</sup> Here it is evident that the penetrating Hamlet perceives, from the strange and forced manner of Ophelia, that the sweet girl was not acting a part of her own, but was a decoy; and his after-speeches are not so much directed to her as to the listeners and spies. Such a discovery in a mood so anxious and irritable accounts for a certain harshness in him; and yet a wild up-working of love, sporting with opposites in a wilful, self-tormenting strain of irony, is perceptible throughout. — COLERIDGE.

<sup>13</sup> Your honesty should not admit your beauty to any discourse with it. — It should be noted, that in these speeches Hamlet refers, not to Ophelia personally, but to the sex in general. So, especially, when he says, "*I have heard of your paintings too*," he does not mean that Ophelia paints, but that the use of paintings is common with her sex.

<sup>14</sup> *At my beck* is ready to come about me on a signal of permission. Some would read "*at my back*."

Heaven and Earth? We are arrant knaves, all; believe none of us. Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where's your father?

*Oph.* At home, my lord.

*Ham.* Let the doors be shut upon him; that he may play the fool nowhere but in's own house. Farewell.

*Oph.* O, help him, you sweet Heavens!

*Ham.* If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry: Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery, go; farewell. Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for wise men know well enough what monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go; and quickly too. Farewell.

*Oph.* O, heavenly powers, restore him!

*Ham.* I have heard of your paintings too, well enough: God has given you one face, and you make yourselves another: you jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nickname God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance.<sup>15</sup> Go to; I'll no more on't: it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more marriages: those that are married already, all but one, shall live; the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go. [*Exit.*]

*Oph.* O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!  
The courtier's, scholar's, soldier's, eye, tongue, sword;  
Th' expectancy and rose of the fair State,  
The glass of fashion and the mould of form,<sup>16</sup>  
Th' observ'd of all observers, — quite, quite down!  
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,  
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,  
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,  
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh;  
That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth  
Blasted with ecstasy. O, woe is me!  
T' have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

*Re-enter the KING and POLONIUS.*

*King.* Love! his affections do not that way tend;  
Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a little,  
Was not like madness. There's something in his soul,  
O'er which his melancholy sits on brood;  
And I do doubt<sup>17</sup> the hatch and the disclose

<sup>15</sup> You mistake by *wanton* affectation, and pretend to mistake by *ignorance*.

<sup>16</sup> This is well explained in what Lady Percy says of her lost Hotspur, in 2 *King Henry IV.*, ii. 8: "By his light did all the chivalry of England move; he was indeed the glass wherein the noble youth did dress themselves."

<sup>17</sup> *Doubt* is very often used by the Poet in the sense of *fear* or *suspect*.

Will be some danger: which to prevent,  
 I have in quick determination  
 Thus set it down: He shall with speed to England,  
 For the demand of our neglected tribute:  
 Haply, the seas, and countries different,  
 With variable objects, shall expel  
 This something-settled matter in his heart;  
 Whereon his brains still beating puts him thus  
 From fashion of himself. What think you on't?

*Pol.* It shall do well: but yet do I believe  
 The origin and commencement of his grief  
 Sprung from neglected love. — How now, Ophelia!  
 You need not tell us what Lord Hamlet said;  
 We heard it all. — My lord, do as you please;  
 But, if you hold it fit, after the play  
 Let his Queen-mother all alone intreat him  
 To show his grief: let her be round with him;<sup>18</sup>  
 And I'll be plac'd, so please you, in the ear  
 Of all their conference. If she find him not,  
 To England send him; or confine him where  
 Your wisdom best shall think.

*King.* It shall be so:  
 Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Same. A Hall in the Same.*

*Enter HAMLET, and certain Players.*<sup>1</sup>

*Ham.* Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounc'd it to you, trippingly on the tongue: but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently: for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, the whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings;<sup>2</sup> who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb-shows and noise: I would have such a

<sup>18</sup> *Round* is plain-spoken, downright.

<sup>1</sup> "This dialogue of Hamlet with the players," says Coleridge, "is one of the happiest instances of Shakespeare's power of diversifying the scene while he is carrying on the plot."

<sup>2</sup> The ancient theatres were far from the commodious, elegant structures which later times have seen. The *pit* was, truly, what its name denotes, an unfloored space in the area of the house, sunk considerably beneath the level of the stage. Hence this part of the audience were called *groundlings*.

fellow whipp'd for o'erdoing Termagant ; it out-herods Herod :<sup>3</sup> pray you, avoid it.

1 *Play*. I warrant your Honour.

*Ham*. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor : suit the action to the word, the word to the action ; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature : for any thing so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature ; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure.<sup>4</sup> Now, this overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve ; the censure of the which one must, in your allowance,<sup>5</sup> o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players that I have seen play, — and heard others praise, and that highly, — not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, Pagan, or Turk,<sup>6</sup> have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of Nature's journeymen had made the men,<sup>7</sup> and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

1 *Play*. I hope we have reform'd that indifferently with us.

*Ham*. O, reform it altogether. And let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them. For there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too ; though in the mean time some necessary question of the play be then to be considered : that's villainous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready. —

[*Exeunt Players.*]

<sup>3</sup> *Termagaunt* is the name given in old romances to the tempestuous god of the Saracens. He is usually joined with *Mahound*, or Mahomet. John Florio calls him "*Termigisto*, a great boaster, quarreller, killer, tamer or ruler of the universe ; the child of the earthquake and of the thunder, the brother of death." Hence this personage was introduced into the old Miracle-plays as a demon of outrageous and violent demeanour ; or, as Bale says, "*Termagauntes* altogether, and very devils incarnate." The murder of the innocents was a favourite subject for a Miracle-play ; and wherever Herod is introduced, he plays the part of a vaunting braggart, a tyrant of tyrants, and does indeed outdo *Termagant*.

<sup>4</sup> *Pressure* is *impression* here ; as when, in i. 5 : Hamlet says, "I'll wipe away all forms, all pressures past."

<sup>5</sup> *Allowance* is *estimation*. — "The censure of the which one" means the judgment of one of which. See page 476, note 3.

<sup>6</sup> *Turk* is from the quarto of 1603. The folio has "Christian, Pagan, or Norman," which is absurd. The other quartos, "Christian, pagan, nor man," which, to say the least, does not seem right.

<sup>7</sup> The old copies read "had made men ;" which includes all men, that is, humanity itself, in the meaning of the passage. So that the article *the* is plainly needful, to limit the sense to the players in question. Malone proposed to read *them*, which would give the same meaning.

*Enter* POLONIUS, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

How now, my lord! will the King hear this piece of work?

*Pol.* And the Queen too, and that presently.

*Ham.* Bid the players make haste. — [*Exit* POLONIUS.]

Will you two help to hasten them?

*Both.* We will, my lord. [*Exeunt* ROSE. and GUILD.]

*Ham.* What, ho! Horatio!

*Enter* HORATIO.

*Hor.* Here, sweet lord, at your service.

*Ham.* Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man  
As e'er my conversation cop'd withal.

*Hor.* O, my dear lord, —

*Ham.* Nay, do not think I flatter; +  
For what advancement may I hope from thee,  
That no revenue hast,<sup>8</sup> but thy good spirits, +  
To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor be flatter'd? +  
No; let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp, ✓  
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee<sup>9</sup> ✓  
Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?  
Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice, ✓  
And could of men distinguish, her election ✓  
Hath seal'd thee for herself; for thou hast been +  
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;  
A man that Fortune's buffets and rewards ✓  
Hast ta'en with equal thanks: and blest are those ✓  
Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled, +  
That they are not a pipe for Fortune's finger ✓  
To sound what stop she please. Give me that man ✓  
'That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him ✓  
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,  
As I do thee. — Something too much of this. —  
There is a play to-night before the King;  
One scene of it comes near the circumstance ✓  
Which I have told thee of my father's death.  
I pr'ythee, when thou seest that act a-foot,  
Even with the very comment of thy soul ✓  
Observe mine uncle: if his occulted guilt ✓  
Do not itself unkennel in one speech,  
It is a damned ghost that we have seen;

<sup>8</sup> Shakespeare generally, though not always, uses *revenue* with the second syllable long, as here. See page 26, note 12.

<sup>9</sup> *Pregnant* is *ready, prompt*. — *Candied* is *sugared*; a tongue steeped in the sweetness of adulation. — *Thrift* is *profit*; the gold that flatterers lie for.

And my imaginations are as foul ✓  
 As Vulcan's stithy.<sup>10</sup> Give him heedful note,  
 For I mine eyes will rivet to his face,  
 And, after, we will both our judgments join ✓  
 In censure of his seeming.

*Hor.* Well, my lord;  
 If he steal aught the whilst this play is playing,  
 And 'scape detecting, I will pay the theft.

*Ham.* They're coming to the play; I must be idle: <sup>11</sup> ✕  
 Get you a place.

*Danish March. A Flourish. Enter the KING, the QUEEN, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, and Others.*

*King.* How fares our cousin Hamlet?

*Ham.* Excellent, i' faith; of the chameleon's dish: I eat the air, promise-cramm'd.<sup>12</sup> You cannot feed capons so.

*King.* I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet; these words are not mine.

*Ham.* No, nor mine now. — [*To POLON.*] My lord, you play'd once i' the University, you say?

*Pol.* That did I, my lord; and was accounted a good actor.

*Ham.* And what did you enact?

*Pol.* I did enact Julius Cæsar: I was kill'd i' the Capitol; Brutus kill'd me.<sup>13</sup>

*Ham.* It was a brute part of him to kill so capital a calf there.<sup>14</sup> — Be the players ready?

*Ros.* Ay, my lord; they stay upon your patience.

*Queen.* Come hither, my dear Hamlet, sit by me.

*Ham.* No, good mother; here's metal more attractive.

*Pol.* [*To the KING.*] O ho! do you mark that?

*Ham.* Lady, shall I lie in your lap?

[*Lying down at OPHELIA'S Feet.*]

*Oph.* No, my lord.

*Ham.* I mean, my head upon your lap?

<sup>10</sup> Vulcan's workshop or *smithy*; *stith* being an *anvil*.

<sup>11</sup> Must *seem* idle; must behave as if his mind were purposeless, or intent upon nothing in particular.

<sup>12</sup> Because the chameleon was supposed to live on air. In fact, this and various other reptiles will live a long time without any visible food. — The King snuffs offence in "I eat the air, promise-cramm'd," as implying that he has not kept his promise to Hamlet.

<sup>13</sup> A Latin play on Cæsar's death was performed at Christ Church, Oxford, in 1582. Malone thinks that there was an English play on the same subject previous to Shakespeare's. Cæsar was killed in *Pompey's portico*, and not in the Capitol; but the error is at least as old as Chaucer's time.

<sup>14</sup> He *acted* the part of a brute. — The play on *Capitol* and *capital* is obvious enough.

*Oph.* Ay, my lord. You are merry, my lord.

*Ham.* Who, I?

*Oph.* Ay, my lord.

*Ham.* O God, your only jig-maker. What should a man do but be merry? for, look you, how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died within's two hours.

*Oph.* Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.

*Ham.* So long? Nay, then let the Devil wear black, 'fore I'll have a suit of sables.<sup>15</sup> O Heavens! die two months ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year: but, by'r Lady, he must build churches then, or else shall he suffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horse; whose epitaph is, *For, O, for, O, the hobby-horse is forgot.*<sup>16</sup>

*Hautboys play. The Dumb-Show enters.*

*Enter a King and a Queen, very lovingly; the Queen embracing him. She kneels, and makes show of protestation unto him. He takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck; lays him down upon a bank of flowers: she, seeing him asleep, leaves him. Anon comes in a Fellow, takes off his crown, kisses it, and pours poison in the King's ears, and exit. The Queen returns, finds the King dead, and makes passionate action. The Poisoner, with some two or three Mutes, comes in again, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away. The Poisoner wooes the Queen with gifts: she seems loth and unwilling awhile, but in the end accepts his love.* [Exeunt.

*Oph.* What means this, my lord?

*Ham.* Marry, this is miching mallecho; it means mischief.<sup>17</sup>

*Oph.* Belike this show imports the argument of the play.

<sup>15</sup> Let the Devil put on mourning *before* I will. The old copies have *for* instead of *'fore*; which has been a great puzzle to the editors, since "a suit of sables" is black. *'Fore* is Warburton's correction, and is clearly right, notwithstanding so many have rejected it.

<sup>16</sup> The *Hobby-horse* was a part of the old Morris-dance, which was used in the May-games. It was the figure of a horse fastened round a man's waist, the man's legs going through the horse's body, and enabling him to walk, but covered by a long footcloth; while false legs appeared where those of the man's should be, astride the horse. The Puritans waged a furious war against the Morris-dance; which caused the Hobby-horse to be left out of it: hence the burden of a song, which passed into a proverb. The plays of the times have many allusions to it.

<sup>17</sup> *Miching mallecho* is lurking mischief, or evil doing. To *mich*, for to skulk, to lurk, was an old English verb in common use in Shakespeare's time; and *mallecho* or *malhecho*, misdeed, he borrowed from the Spanish.

*Enter Prologue.*

*Ham.* We shall know by this fellow: the players cannot keep counsel; they'll tell all.

*Oph.* Will he tell us what this show meant?

*Ham.* Ay.

*Prologue.* *For us, and for our tragedy,  
Here stooping to your clemency,  
We beg your hearing patiently.*

[Exit.

*Ham.* Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?

*Oph.* 'Tis brief, my lord.

*Ham.* As woman's love.

*Enter a King and a Queen.*

*P. King.* *Full thirty times hath Phæbus' cart gone round<sup>18</sup>  
Neptune's salt wash and Tellus' orbed ground;  
And thirty dozen moons with borrow'd sheen  
About the world have times twelve thirties been,  
Since love our hearts, and Hymen did our hands,  
Unite commutual in most sacred bands.*

*P. Queen.* *So many journeys may the Sun and Moon  
Make us again count o'er ere love be done!  
But, woe is me! you are so sick of late,  
So far from cheer, and from your former state,  
That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust,  
Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must;  
For women's fear and love hold quantity;  
In neither aught, or in extremity.*

*Now, what my love is, proof hath made you know;  
And as my love is siz'd, my fear is so:  
Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear;  
Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.*

*P. King.* *'Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly too;  
My operant powers their functions leave to do:  
And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,  
Honour'd, belov'd; and haply one as kind  
For husband shalt thou —*

*P. Queen.* *O, confound the rest!  
Such love must needs be treason in my breast:  
In second husband let me be accurst!  
None wed the second, but who kill'd the first.*

<sup>18</sup> *Cart, car, and chariot* were used indiscriminately. — "The style," says Coleridge, "of the interlude here is distinguished from the real dialogue by rhyme, as in the first interview with the players by epic verse."

*Ham. [Aside.] Wormwood, wormwood !*

*P. Queen. The instances that second marriage move  
Are base respects of thrift, but none of love :  
A second time I kill my husband dead,  
When second husband kisses me in bed.*

*P. King. I do believe you think what now you speak ;  
But what we do determine oft we break.  
Purpose is but the slave to memory,  
Of violent birth, but poor validity ;  
Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree,  
But full, unshaken, when they mellow be.  
Most necessary 'tis that we forget  
To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt :  
What to ourselves in passion we propose,  
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.  
The violence of either grief or joy  
Their own enactures with themselves destroy :<sup>19</sup>  
Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament ;  
Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.  
This world is not for aye ; nor 'tis not strange  
That even our loves should with our fortunes change ;  
For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,  
Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune love.  
The great man down, you mark, his favourite flies ;  
The poor advanc'd makes friends of enemies :  
And hitherto doth love on fortune tend ;  
For who not needs shall never lack a friend ;  
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,  
Directly seasons him his enemy.  
But, orderly to end where I begun,  
Our wills and fates do so contrary run,  
That our devices still are overthrown ;  
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own :  
So, think thou wilt no second husband wed ;  
But die thy thoughts when thy first lord is dead.*

*P. Queen. Nor earth to me give food, nor heaven light !  
Sport and repose lock from me day and night !  
To desperation turn my trust and hope !  
An anchor's cheer in prison be my scope !<sup>20</sup>  
Each opposite, that blanks the face of joy,<sup>21</sup>  
Meet what I would have well, and it destroy !*

<sup>19</sup> *Enactures* are determinations ; what they enact.

<sup>20</sup> *Anchor* is for *anchoret*, an old word for *hermit*.

<sup>21</sup> To blank the face is to make it *white* or *pale* ; to take the blood out of it.

*Both here and hence pursue me lasting strife,  
If, once a widow, ever I be wife!*

*Ham.* [*To OPH.*] If she should break it now!

*P. King.* 'Tis deeply sworn. Sweet, leave me here awhile:  
*My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile  
The tedious day with sleep.* [Sleeps.]

*P. Queen.* Sleep rock thy brain;  
*And never come mischance between us twain!* [Exit.]

*Ham.* Madam, how like you this play?

*Queen.* The lady doth protest too much, methinks.

*Ham.* O, but she'll keep her word.

*King.* Have you heard the argument? Is there no offence in't?

*Ham.* No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest; no offence i' the world.

*King.* What do you call the play?

*Ham.* The mouse-trap. Marry, how? Tropically.<sup>22</sup> This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna: Gonzago is the Duke's name;<sup>23</sup> his wife, Baptista. You shall see anon: 'tis a knavish piece of work; but what of that? your Majesty, and we that have free souls, it touches us not: let the gall'd jade wince, our withers are unwrung.<sup>24</sup> —

*Enter LUCIANUS.*

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the King.

*Oph.* You are as good as a chorus, my lord.<sup>25</sup>

*Ham.* I could interpret between you and your love, if I could see the puppets dallying.

*Oph.* You are keen, my lord, you are keen.

*Ham.* Begin, murderer; leave thy damnable faces, and begin. Come: — The croaking raven doth bellow for revenge.

*Luc.* *Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit and time agreeing;*

<sup>22</sup> Tropically is figuratively, or in the way of trope.

<sup>23</sup> All the old copies read thus. Yet in the dumb-show we have, "Enter a King and Queen;" and at the end of this speech, "Lucianus, nephew to the king." This seeming inconsistency, however, may be reconciled. Though the interlude is the image of the murder of the Duke of Vienna, or in other words founded upon that story, the Poet might make the principal person in his fable a king. Baptista is always the name of a man.

<sup>24</sup> The allusion is to a horse wincing as the saddle galls his withers. See page 269, note 2.

<sup>25</sup> The use to which Shakespeare put the chorus may be seen in *King Henry V.* Every motion or puppet-show was accompanied by an interpreter or showman.

*Confederate season, else no creature seeing ;  
Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,  
With Hecate's ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,<sup>26</sup>  
Thy natural magic and dire property,  
On wholesome life usurp immediately.*

[Pours the Poison into the Sleeper's Ears.]

*Ham.* He poisons him i' the garden for 's estate. His name's Gonzago: the story is extant, and writ in choice Italian. You shall see anon how the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.

*Oph.* The King rises.

*Ham.* What, frightened with false fire !

*Queen.* How fares my lord ?

*Pol.* Give o'er the play.

*King.* Give me some light : — away !

*All.* Lights, lights, lights !

[*Exeunt all but HAMLET and HORATIO.*]

*Ham.* Why, let the stricken deer go weep,  
The hart ungalled play ;

For some must watch, while some must sleep :

Thus runs the world away. —

Would not this, sir, and a forest of feathers,<sup>27</sup> (if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me,) with two Provincial roses on my raz'd shoes,<sup>28</sup> get me a fellowship in a cry of players, sir ?<sup>29</sup>

*Hor.* Half a share.<sup>30</sup>

*Ham.* A whole one, ay.<sup>31</sup>

For thou dost know, O Damon dear,  
This realm dismantled was

<sup>26</sup> Poisonous weeds were supposed to be more poisonous if gathered in the night. *Hecate* was the name given to the Queen of the witches; and her *banning* or cursing brought the poison to the highest intensity.

<sup>27</sup> Alluding, probably, to a custom which the London players seem to have had in Shakespeare's time, of flaunting it in gaudy apparel, and with *plumes* in their caps, the more the better. Some one calling himself a Soldier wrote to Secretary Walsingham in 1586, complaining, — "It is a woeful sight, to see two hundred *proud players jet in their silks*, where five hundred poor people starve in the streets." — To *turn Turk* with any one was to *desert* or *betray* him, or turn traitor to him. A common phrase of the time.

<sup>28</sup> *Provincial* roses took their name from *Provins*, in Lower Brie, and not from *Provence*. *Raz'd shoes* are most probably *embroidered shoes*. To *race*, or *raze*, was to *stripe*. So in Markham's *County Farm*, speaking of wafer cakes: "Baking all-together between two irons, having within them many *raced* and checkered draughts after the manner of small squares."

<sup>29</sup> "A *fellowship* in a *cry* of players" is a *partnership* in a *company* of players. The Poet repeatedly uses *cry* thus for *set*, *pack*, or *troop*.

<sup>30</sup> The players were paid not by salaries, but by *shares* or portions of the profit, according to merit.

<sup>31</sup> The old copies, and modern editions generally, have *I* instead of *ay*. The affirmative *ay* was printed *I* in the Poet's time. See page 489, note 5.

Of Jove himself ;<sup>82</sup> and now reigns here

A very, very — peacock.<sup>83</sup>

*Hor.* You might have rhym'd.<sup>84</sup>

*Ham.* O, good Horatio ! I'll take the Ghost's word for a thousand pound. Didst perceive ?

*Hor.* Very well, my lord.

*Ham.* Upon the talk of the poisoning, —

*Hor.* I did very well note him.

*Ham.* Ah, ha ! — Come ; some music ! come ; the recorders !<sup>85</sup>

For if the King like not the comedy,

Why then, belike, — he likes it not, perdy.<sup>86</sup> —  
Come ; some music !

*Re-enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.*

*Guil.* Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

*Ham.* Sir, a whole history.

*Guil.* The King, sir, —

*Ham.* Ay, sir, what of him ?

*Guil.* — is, in his retirement, marvellous distemper'd.

*Ham.* With drink, sir ?

*Guil.* No, my lord, with choler.

*Ham.* Your wisdom should show itself more richer to signify this to his doctor ; for, for me to put him to his purgation would perhaps plunge him into more choler.

*Guil.* Good my lord, put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildly from my affair.

*Ham.* I am tame, sir : — pronounce.

*Guil.* The Queen your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

*Ham.* You are welcome.

*Guil.* Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome

<sup>82</sup> The meaning is, that Denmark was robbed of a king who had the majesty of Jove. — Hamlet calls Horatio Damon, in allusion to the famous friendship of Damon and Pythias.

<sup>83</sup> The old copies have *paiock* and *paiocks*. There being no such word known, Pope changed it to *peacock* ; which is probably right, the allusion being, perhaps, to the fable of the crow that decked itself with peacock's feathers. Or the meaning may be the same as explained by Florio, thus : "*Pavoneggiare*, to court it, to brave it, to *peacockize* it, to wantonise it, to get up and down fondly, gazing upon himself as a peacock does."

<sup>84</sup> If Hamlet had rhymed, *peacock* would have been *ass*.

<sup>85</sup> The recorder was a soft-toned instrument, something like the flute. So, in *Paradise Lost*, i. : " They move in perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood of flutes and soft recorders." To *record* was also used for to *warble* or *sing*. Thus, in Drayton's *Eclogues* : " Fair Philomel, night-music of the Spring, sweetly *records* her tuneful harmony."

<sup>86</sup> *Perdy* is a corruption of the French *par Dieu*.

answer, I will do your mother's commandment; if not, your pardon and my return shall be the end of my business.

*Ham.* Sir, I cannot.

*Guil.* What, my lord?

*Ham.* Make you a wholesome answer; my wit's diseas'd: but, sir, such answer as I can make, you shall command; or rather, as you say, my mother: therefore no more, but to the matter. My mother, you say, —

*Ros.* Then thus she says: Your behaviour hath struck her into amazement and admiration.

*Ham.* O wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother! — But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration? impart.

*Ros.* She desires to speak with you in her closet, ere you go to bed.

*Ham.* We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any further trade with us?

*Ros.* My lord, you once did love me.

*Ham.* So I do still, by these pickers and stealers.<sup>87</sup>

*Ros.* Good my lord, what is your cause of distemper? you do, surely, bar the door of your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

*Ham.* Sir, I lack advancement.

*Ros.* How can that be, when you have the voice of the King himself for your succession in Denmark?

*Ham.* Ay, sir, but *While the grass grows*, — The proverb is something musty.<sup>88</sup>

*Re-enter Players with Recorders.*

O, the recorders: — let me see one. — To withdraw with you:<sup>39</sup> why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?<sup>40</sup>

*Guil.* O, my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.<sup>41</sup>

<sup>87</sup> This is explained by a clause in the *Church Catechism*: "To keep my hands from *picking* and *stealing*." — The quartos have "*And* do still," instead of "*So I* do still." The latter reading gives a different sense, so being emphatic, and strongly ironical.

<sup>88</sup> The "musty proverb" probably is, "While the grass grows the horse will starve."

<sup>39</sup> To *withdraw* was sometimes used as a hunting term, meaning to *draw back*, to leave the scent or trail.

<sup>40</sup> "To *recover the wind* of me" is a term borrowed from hunting, and means to take advantage of the animal pursued, by getting to the windward of it, that it may not scent its pursuers. — *Toil* is *snare* or *trap*.

<sup>41</sup> Hamlet may well say, "I do not well understand that." The meaning, however, seems to be, — If I am using an unmannerly boldness with you, it is my love that makes me do so.

*Ham.* I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

*Guil.* My lord, I cannot.

*Ham.* I pray you.

*Guil.* Believe me, I cannot.

*Ham.* I do beseech you.

*Guil.* I know no touch of it, my lord.

*Ham.* 'Tis as easy as lying: govern these ventages with your finger and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops.<sup>42</sup>

*Guil.* But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill.

*Ham.* Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me! You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass: and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ; yet cannot you make it speak. 'Sblood! do you think I am easier to be play'd on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me,<sup>43</sup> you cannot play upon me. —

*Enter* POLONIUS.

God bless you, sir!

*Pol.* My lord, the Queen would speak with you, and presently.

*Ham.* Do you see yonder cloud, that's almost in shape of a camel?

*Pol.* By the Mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed.

*Ham.* Methinks it is like a weasel.

*Pol.* It is back'd like a weasel.

*Ham.* Or like a whale?

*Pol.* Very like a whale.

*Ham.* Then will I come to my mother by-and-by. — They fool me to the top of my bent.<sup>44</sup> — I will come by-and-by.

*Pol.* I will say so.

[*Exit.*

*Ham.* *By-and-by* is easily said. — Leave me, friends. —

[*Exeunt all but* HAMLET.

<sup>42</sup> The *ventages* are the holes of the pipe. *Stops* signifies the mode of stopping the ventages so as to make the notes. — The folio has "most excellent music."

<sup>43</sup> Hamlet keeps up the allusion to a musical instrument. The *frets* of a lute or guitar are the ridges crossing the finger-board, upon which the strings are pressed or *stopped*. A quibble is intended on *fret*.

<sup>44</sup> They *humour* me to the *full-height* of my inclination. Polonius has been using the method, common in the treatment of crazy people, of assenting to all that Hamlet says. This is what Hamlet refers to.

'Tis now the very witching time of night,  
 When church-yards yawn,<sup>45</sup> and Hell itself breathes out  
 Contagion to this world: now could I drink hot blood,  
 And do such bitter business as the day  
 Would quake to look on. Soft! now to my mother. —  
 O heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever  
 The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom:<sup>46</sup>  
 Let me be cruel, not unnatural.  
 I will speak daggers to her, but use none;  
 My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites:  
 How in my words soever she be shent,  
 To give them seals never, my soul, consent!<sup>47</sup> [Exit.

SCENE III. *The Same. A Room in the Same.*

*Enter the KING, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.*

*King.* I like him not; nor stands it safe with us  
 To let his madness range. Therefore prepare you:  
 I your commission will forthwith despatch,  
 And he to England shall along with you.  
 The terms of our estate may not endure  
 Hazard so dangerous as doth hourly grow  
 Out of his lunacies.

*Guil.* We will ourselves provide.  
 Most holy and religious fear it is  
 To keep those many many bodies safe  
 That live and feed upon your Majesty.

*Ros.* The single and peculiar life is bound,  
 With all the strength and armour of the mind,  
 To keep itself from 'noyance; but much more  
 That spirit upon whose weal depend and rest  
 The lives of many. The cease of Majesty  
 Dies not alone;<sup>1</sup> but like a gulf doth draw  
 What's near it with it: 'tis a massy wheel,  
 Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,

<sup>45</sup> Church-yards *yawn* to let forth the ghosts, who did all their walking in the night. And the crimes which darkness so often covers might well be spoken of as caused by the nocturnal contagion of Hell.

<sup>46</sup> Nero is aptly referred to here, as he was the murderer of his mother, Agrippina. It may be worth noting that the name of the King in this play is *Claudius*; and that, after the death of Domitius her husband, Agrippina married with her uncle the Emperor Claudius.

<sup>47</sup> To *shend* is to *injure*, whether by reproof, blows, or otherwise. Shakespeare generally uses *shent* for reproved, threatened with angry words. "To give his words *seals*" is therefore to carry his punishment beyond *reproof*. The allusion is the sealing a deed to render it effective.

<sup>1</sup> Tautological in word, but not in sense. The *death* of Majesty comes not alone.

To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things  
Are mortis'd and adjoin'd; which when it falls,<sup>2</sup>  
Each small annexment, petty consequence,  
Attends the boisterous ruin. Ne'er alone  
Did the King sigh, but with a general groan.

*King.* Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy voyage;  
For we will fetters put upon this fear,  
Which now goes too free-footed.

*Ros. Guil.*

We will haste us. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter* POLONIUS.

*Pol.* My lord, he's going to his mother's closet.  
Behind the arras I'll convey myself,  
To hear the process: I'll warrant she'll tax him home;  
And, as you said, and wisely was it said,  
'Tis meet that some more audience than a mother,  
Since Nature makes them partial, should o'erhear  
The speech of vantage.<sup>3</sup> Fare you well, my liege:  
I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,  
And tell you what I know.

*King.*

Thanks, dear my lord. —

[*Exit* POLONIUS.]

O, my offence is rank, it smells to Heaven;  
It hath the primal eldest curse upon't,  
A brother's murder! — Pray can I not:  
Though inclination be as sharp as will,  
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent;<sup>4</sup>  
And, like a man to double business bound,  
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,  
And both neglect. What if this cursed hand  
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood,  
Is there not rain enough in the sweet Heavens,  
To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves mercy  
But to confront the visage of offence?  
And what's in prayer but this two-fold force, —  
To be forestalled ere we come to fall,  
Or pardon'd being down? Then I'll look up:  
My fault is past. But, O, what form of prayer  
Can serve my turn? *Forgive me my foul murder?* —

<sup>2</sup> This doubling of the subject, as *which* and *it*, in relative clauses, has been noted before. See page 89, note 2.

<sup>3</sup> Speech having an advantage in that Nature makes the speakers partial to each other. This favours the conclusion that the Queen was not privy and consenting to the murder of Hamlet's father. Both the King and Polonius have some distrust of her.

<sup>4</sup> Though I were not only willing, but strongly inclined to pray, my guilt would prevent me. I suspect we ought to read, with Hamner "as sharp as 'twill."

That cannot be ; since I am still possess'd  
 Of those effects for which I did the murder,  
 My crown, mine own ambition, and my Queen.  
 May one be pardon'd, and retain th' offence?  
 In the corrupted currents of this world  
 Offence's gilded hand may shove-by justice;  
 And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself  
 Buys out the law : but 'tis not so above;  
 There is no shuffling, — there the action lies  
 In his true nature; and we ourselves compell'd,  
 Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,  
 To give in evidence. What then? what rests?  
 Try what repentance can? what can it not?  
 Yet what can it when one can not repent?  
 O wretched state ! O bosom black as death !  
 O limed soul,<sup>5</sup> that, struggling to be free,  
 Art more engag'd ! Help, angels ! make assay :  
 Bow, stubborn knees ; and, heart with strings of steel,  
 Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe !  
 All may be well.<sup>6</sup> [Retires and kneels.]

*Enter HAMLET.*

*Ham.* Now might I do it pat, now he is praying ;  
 And now I'll do't : — and so he goes to Heaven ;  
 And so am I reveng'd : — That would be scann'd :  
 A villain kills my father ; and, for that,  
 I, his sole son, do this same villain send  
 To Heaven.  
 Why, this is hire and salary, not revenge.  
 He took my father grossly, full of bread ;  
 With all his crimes broad-blown, as flush as May ;  
 And how his audit stands who knows save Heaven ?  
 But, in our circumstance and course of thought,  
 'Tis heavy with him : and am I, then, reveng'd,  
 To take him in the purging of his soul,

<sup>5</sup> Alluding to an old mode of catching birds, by spreading upon the twigs, where they are likely to light, a sticky substance called *bird-lime*. The birds were thus caught and held by the feet, and the more they tried to get away, the more they couldn't. The thing grew to be a common figure for any sort of snare. Shakespeare often uses it so.

<sup>6</sup> The final — "All may be well" is remarkable ; — the degree of merit attributed by the self-flattering soul to its own struggles, though baffled, and to the indefinite half promise, half command, to persevere in religious duties. — COLERIDGE.

<sup>7</sup> In the speech of our day, "this *should* be scann'd." I have already noted more than once, that in the Poet's time the auxiliaries *could*, *should*, *would*, &c., had not become fully differentiated, and so were often used interchangeably.

When he is fit and season'd for his passage? X

No.

Up, sword; and know thou a more horrid hent:<sup>8</sup>

When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage;

At gaming, swearing; or about some act ✓ X

That has no relish of salvation in't:

Then trip him, that his heels may kick at Heaven; X

And that his soul may be as damn'd and black ✓

As Hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays:

This physic but prolongs thy sickly days.<sup>9</sup>

[*Exit.*

*The KING rises and advances.*

*King.* My words fly up, my thoughts remain below:

Words without thoughts never to Heaven go.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *The Same. Another Room in the Same.*

*Enter the QUEEN and POLONIUS.*

*Pol.* He will come straight. Look you lay home to him:

Tell him his pranks have been too broad to bear with;

And that your Grace hath screen'd and stood between

Much heat and him. I'll sconce me even here.

Pray you, be round with him.

*Ham.* [*Within.*] Mother, mother, mother!

*Queen.*

I'll warrant you;

Fear me not: withdraw; I hear him coming.

[*POLONIUS hides himself.*

*Enter HAMLET.*

*Ham.* Now, mother, what's the matter? X

*Queen.* Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

*Ham.* Mother, you have my father much offended. X

*Queen.* Come, come; you answer with an idle tongue.

*Ham.* Go, go; you question with a wicked tongue.

*Queen.* Why, how now, Hamlet!

*Ham.*

What's the matter now?

*Queen.* Have you forgot me?

*Ham.*

No, by the rood, not so:<sup>1</sup>

<sup>8</sup> That is, more horrid *seizure*, *grasp*, or *hold*. *Hent* was often used as a verb in the same sense.

<sup>9</sup> Hamlet here flies off to an *ideal* revenge, in order to quiet his filial feelings without violating his conscience; effecting a compromise between them, by *adjourning* a purpose which, as a man, he dare not execute, nor, as a son, abandon. He afterwards asks Horatio, — "Is't not *perfect* conscience, to quit him with this arm?" which confirms the view here taken, as it shows that even then his mind was not at rest on that score.

<sup>1</sup> *Rood* is an old word for *cross*. It was often used, as here, to intensify the expression.

You are the Queen, your husband's brother's wife;  
And — would it were not so! — you are my mother.

*Queen.* Nay, then I'll set those to you that can speak.

*Ham.* Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not  
budge:

You go not till I set you up a glass  
Where you may see the inmost part of you.

*Queen.* What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder me? —  
Help, help, ho!

*Pol.* [*Behind.*] What, ho! help, help, help!

*Ham.* [*Drawing.*] How now! a rat? Dead, for a ducat,  
dead! [*Makes a pass through the Arras.*]

*Pol.* [*Behind.*] O, I am slain! [*Falls, and dies.*]

*Queen.* O me! what hast thou done?

*Ham.* Nay, I know not: Is it the King?

*Queen.* O, what a rash and bloody deed is this!

*Ham.* A bloody deed! almost as bad, good mother,  
As kill a king, and marry with his brother.

*Queen.* As kill a king!

*Ham.* Ay, lady, 'twas my word. —

[*He lifts up the Arras and sees POLONIUS.*]

Thou wretched, rash-intruding fool, farewell!

I took thee for thy better: take thy fortune;

Thou find'st to be too busy is some danger. —

Leave wringing of your hands: Peace! sit you down,

And let me wring your heart: for so I shall,

If it be made of penetrable stuff;

If damned custom have not braz'd it so,

That it is proof and bulwark against sense.

*Queen.* What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy  
tongue

In noise so rude against me?

*Ham.* Such an act

That blurs the grace and blush of modesty;

Calls virtue hypocrite; takes off the rose

From the fair forehead of an innocent love,

And sets a blister there; makes marriage-vows

As false as dicers' oaths: O, such a deed

As from the body of contraction plucks

The very soul;<sup>2</sup> and sweet religion makes

A rhapsody of words! Heaven's face doth glow,

<sup>2</sup> *Contraction* here means the *marriage contract*; of which Hamlet holds religion to be the life and soul, insomuch that without this it is but as a lifeless body, and must soon become a nuisance. Rather superstitious, perhaps; but it should be considered that this play was written nearly three hundred years ago, when marriage was more a "despotism" than it is now.

Yea, this solidity and compound mass,<sup>3</sup>  
 With tristful visage, as against the doom,  
 Is thought-sick at the act.

*Queen.* Ah me! what act,  
 That roars so loud, and thunders in the index?<sup>4</sup>

*Ham.* Look here upon this picture, and on this;  
 The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.<sup>5</sup>  
 See what a grace was seated on this brow;  
 Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;<sup>6</sup>  
 An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;  
 A station like the herald Mercury<sup>7</sup>  
 New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;  
 A combination and a form indeed,  
 Where every god did seem to set his seal,  
 To give the world assurance of a man:  
 This was your husband. Look you now, what follows:  
 Here is your husband; like a mildew'd ear,  
 Blasting his wholesome brother.<sup>8</sup> Have you eyes?  
 Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,  
 And batten on this moor?<sup>9</sup> Ha! have you eyes?  
 You cannot call it love; for at your age  
 The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,  
 And waits upon the judgment: and what judgment  
 Would step from this to this? Sense, sure, you have,  
 Else could you not have motion; but, sure, that sense  
 Is apoplex'd: for madness would not err,  
 Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd,  
 But it reserv'd some quantity of choice,<sup>10</sup>

<sup>3</sup> This solid globe, the Earth. Hamlet in his high-wrought stress of passion, kindling as he goes on, makes the fine climax, that not only the heavenly powers burn with indignation, but even the gross beings of this world are smitten with grief and horror, as if the day of judgment were at hand.

<sup>4</sup> The *index*, or table of contents, was formerly placed at the beginning of books. In *Othello*, ii. 1, we have, "an *index* and obscure *prologue* to the history of lust and foul thoughts."

<sup>5</sup> *Counterfeit presentment*, or *counterfeit* simply, was used for *likeness*. See page 140, note 20. It is to be supposed that Hamlet wears a miniature of his father, while his mother wears one of the present King.

<sup>6</sup> The statues of Jupiter represented him as the most intellectual of all the gods, as Apollo was the most beautiful; while in Mercury we have the ideal of swiftness and despatch.

<sup>7</sup> *Station* does not here mean the spot where any one is placed, but the *act of standing*, the *attitude*. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, iii. 3: "Her motion and her *station* are as one."

<sup>8</sup> The allusion is to the blasted ears of corn that destroyed the full and good ears, in Pharaoh's dream; *Genesis* xli. 5-7.

<sup>9</sup> To *batten* is to *feed rankly* or *grossly*; it is usually applied to the fattening of animals.

<sup>10</sup> Sense was never so *dominated* by the delusions of *insanity*, but that it still retained some *power* of choice.

To serve in such a difference. What devil was't,  
 That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind?<sup>11</sup>  
 Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,  
 Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all,  
 Or but a sickly part of one true sense  
 Could not so mope.<sup>12</sup>

O shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious Hell,  
 If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,<sup>13</sup>  
 To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,  
 And melt in her own fire: proclaim no shame,  
 When the compulsive ardour gives the charge,  
 Since frost itself as actively doth burn,  
 And reason panders will.

*Queen.* O Hamlet, speak no more:  
 Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul;  
 And there I see such black and grained spots  
 As will not leave their tinct.<sup>14</sup>

*Ham.* Nay, but to live  
 In the rank sweat of an enseamed bed,<sup>15</sup>  
 Stew'd in corruption, —

*Queen.* O, speak to me no more!  
 These words like daggers enter in mine ears:  
 No more, sweet Hamlet.

*Ham.* A murderer and a villain;  
 A slave that is not-twentieth part the tithe  
 Of your precedent lord; a Vice of kings;<sup>16</sup>  
 A cutpurse of the empire and the rule,  
 That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,  
 And put it in his pocket!

*Queen.* No more!

*Ham.* A king of shreds and patches, —

*Enter the Ghost.*<sup>17</sup>

Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,  
 You heavenly guards! — What would your gracious figure?

<sup>11</sup> *Hoodman-blind* is the old game of *blindman's-buff*.

<sup>12</sup> To *mope* is to be *dull and stupid*.

<sup>13</sup> *Mutine* for *mutiny*: This is the old form of the verb. Shakespeare calls *mutineers mutines* in a subsequent scene.

<sup>14</sup> "Grained spots" are spots *ingrained*, or *died in the grain*.

<sup>15</sup> *Enseamed* is a term borrowed from *falconry*. It is well known that the *seam* of any animal was the fat or tallow; and a hawk was said to be *enseamed* when she was too fat or gross for flight.

<sup>16</sup> An allusion to the old Vice or jester, a stereotyped character in the Moral-plays, which were going out of use in the Poet's time. The Vice wore a motley or patchwork dress; hence the *shreds and patches* applied in this instance. See page 233, note 15.

<sup>17</sup> When the Ghost goes out, Hamlet says, — "Look, how it steals away! my father, in his habit as he liv'd." It has been much argued whether the

*Queen.* Alas, he's mad !

*Ham.* Do you not come your tardy son to chide,  
That, laps'd in time and passion,<sup>18</sup> lets go by ✓  
Th' important acting of your dread command?  
O, say !

*Ghost.* Do not forget : This visitation  
Is but to whet thy almost-blunted purpose.  
But, look, amazement on thy mother sits :  
O, step between her and her fighting soul !  
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works :<sup>19</sup>  
Speak to her, Hamlet.

*Ham.* How is it with you, lady ?

*Queen.* Alas, how is't with you,  
That you do bend your eye on vacancy,  
And with th' incorporal air do hold discourse?  
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep ;  
And, as the sleeping soldiers in th' alarm,  
Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,<sup>20</sup>  
Starts up, and stands on end. O gentle son,  
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper  
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look ?

*Ham.* On him, on him ! Look you, how pale he glares !  
His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,  
Would make them capable.<sup>21</sup> — Do not look upon me ;  
Lest with this piteous action you convert ✓  
My stern affects :<sup>22</sup> then what I have to do ✓  
Will want true colour ; tears, perchance, for blood.

*Queen.* To whom do you speak this ?

*Ham.* Do you see nothing there ?

*Queen.* Nothing at all ; yet all that is I see.

*Ham.* Nor did you nothing hear ?

*Queen.* No, nothing but ourselves.

Ghost should wear armour here, as in former scenes. The question is set at rest by the stage-direction in the first quarto: "Enter the Ghost, *in his night-gown*." See, however, note 23, of this scene.

<sup>18</sup> The sense appears to be, having failed *in respect* both of time and of purpose. Or it may be, having allowed passion to cool by lapse of time.

<sup>19</sup> *Conceit* again for *conception*, *imagination*.

<sup>20</sup> That is, like excrements *alive*, or having *life in them*. *Hair*, *nails*, *feathers*, &c., were called *excrements*, as being without life.

<sup>21</sup> Would put sense and understanding into them. The use of *capable* for *susceptible*, *intelligent*, is not peculiar to Shakespeare.

<sup>22</sup> The old copies have *effects*, which was apt to be misprinted for *affects*. The latter was often used for *affections*, which might signify any mood or temper of mind looking to action. Mr. White and some other late editors retain *effects*, but I can find no meaning in it that will run smooth with the context. Hamlet is afraid lest the "piteous action" of the Ghost should make his stern mood or temper of revenge give place to tenderness, so that he will see the ministry enjoined upon him in a false light, and go to shedding tears instead of blood.

*Ham.* Why, look you there! look, how it steals away!  
My father, in his habit as he liv'd!  
Look where he goes, even now, out at the portal! [*Exit Ghost.* X

*Queen.* This is the very coinage of your brain:  
This bodiless creation ecstasy  
Is very cunning in.<sup>23</sup>

*Ham.* Ecstasy!  
My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,  
And makes as healthful music. 'Tis not madness ✓ X  
That I have utter'd: bring me to the test,  
And I the matter will re-word; which madness ✓ X  
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,  
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,  
That not your trespass, but my madness speaks:  
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,  
Whilst rank corruption, mining all within, X  
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to Heaven;  
Repent what's past; avoid what is to come;  
And do not spread the compost on the weeds, X  
To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue;  
For in the fatness of these pursy times ✓ X  
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg;  
Yea, curb and woo for leave to do him good.<sup>24</sup>

*Queen.* O Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart in twain.

*Ham.* O, throw away the worser part of it,  
And live the purer with the other half.  
Good night: but go not to my uncle's bed;  
Assume a virtue, if you have it not.  
That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat ✓  
Of habits evil, is angel yet in this,<sup>25</sup> ✓  
That to the use of actions fair and good  
He likewise gives a frock or livery, X  
That aptly is put on.

<sup>23</sup> The Ghost in this scene, as also in the banquet-scene of *Macbeth*, is plainly what we should call a *subjective* ghost; that is, existing only in the heated imagination of the beholder. As the Queen says, insanity is very fertile in such "bodiless creations." It is not so with the apparition in the former scenes, as the ghost is there seen by other persons. To be sure, it was part of the old belief, that ghosts could, if they chose, make themselves visible only to those with whom they were to deal; but this is just what we mean by *subjective*. The ancients could not take the idea of subjective visions, as we use the term. For this reason I have long thought that the introduction of the Ghost on the stage in this scene ought to be discontinued.

<sup>24</sup> To *curb* is to *curve*, *bend*, or *truckle*; from the French *courber*.

<sup>25</sup> The meaning is, that custom *eats out* all sense or *consciousness* of evil habits. The old copies have *devil* instead of *evil*; but the hopeless disagreement of editors about it, and the hard straining to justify it, show that *devil* can hardly be right. On the other hand, *evil* makes the whole passage orderly, coherent, and apt. Though custom is a monster in that it takes away all sense of evil habits, yet it is an angel in this respect, that it also works in a manner equally favourable to good actions.

For use almost can change the stamp of nature,  
 And either curb the Devil or throw him out<sup>26</sup>  
 With wondrous potency. Once more, good night;  
 And when you are desirous to be bless'd,  
 I'll blessing beg of you. — For this same lord,

[Pointing to POLONIUS.]

I do repent: but Heaven hath pleas'd it so,<sup>27</sup>  
 To punish me with this, and this with me,  
 That I must be their scourge and minister.<sup>28</sup>  
 I will bestow him, and will answer well  
 The death I gave him. So, again, good night. —  
 I must be cruel, only to be kind:  
 Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind. —  
 One word more, good lady.

Queen.

What shall I do?

Ham. Not this, by no means, that I bid you do:  
 Let the bloat King tempt you again to bed;  
 Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you his mouse;<sup>29</sup>  
 And let him, for a pair of reechy kisses,<sup>30</sup>  
 Or paddling in your neck with his damn'd fingers,  
 Make you to ravel all this matter out,  
 That I essentially am not in madness,  
 But mad in craft. 'Twere good you let him know;  
 For who, that's but a queen, fair, sober, wise,  
 Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gib,<sup>31</sup>  
 Such dear concernings hide? who would do so?  
 No, in despite of sense and secrecy,  
 Unpeg the basket on the house's top,  
 Let the birds fly, and, like the famous ape,  
 To try conclusions, in the basket creep,<sup>32</sup>  
 And break your own neck down.

Queen. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,  
 And breath of life, I have no life to breathe  
 What thou hast said to me.

<sup>26</sup> *Curb* is wanting in all the old copies. Sense and verse alike require that or some equivalent word.

<sup>27</sup> It hath pleas'd Heaven so to punish.

<sup>28</sup> The pronoun *their* refers to *Heaven*, which is here a collective noun, put for the *heavenly powers*.

<sup>29</sup> *Mouse* was a term of endearment. Thus Burton, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*: "Pleasant names may be invented, bird, mouse, lamb, puss, pigeon."

<sup>30</sup> *Reeky* and *reechy* are the same word, and applied to any vaporous exhalation.

<sup>31</sup> A *paddock* is a toad; a *gib*, a cat. See page 256, note 9.

<sup>32</sup> To *try conclusions* is the old phrase for *trying experiments*, or putting a thing to the proof. — The passage alludes, apparently, to some fable or story now quite forgotten. Sir John Suckling, in one of his letters, refers to "the story of the jackanapes and the partridges."

*Ham.* I must to England; you know that?

*Queen.*

Alack,

I had forgot: 'tis so concluded on.

*Ham.* There's letters seal'd: and my two school-fellows,  
Whom I will trust as I will adders fang'd, —  
They bear the mandate; they must sweep my way,  
And marshal me to knavery. Let it work;  
For 'tis the sport to have the engineer  
Hoist with his own petar;<sup>33</sup> and 't shall go hard  
But I will delve one yard below their mines,  
And blow them at the Moon. O, 'tis most sweet,  
When in one line two crafts directly meet. —  
This man shall set me packing:  
I'll lug the [corse] into the neighbour room. —  
Mother, good night. — Indeed, this counsellor  
Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,  
Who was in life a foolish prating knave.  
Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you. —  
Good night, mother.

[*Exeunt severally; HAMLET dragging in POLONIUS.*]

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ACT IV. SCENE I. *Elsinore. A Room in the Castle.*

*Enter the KING, the QUEEN, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDEN-  
STERN.*

*King.* There's matter in these sighs, — these profound  
heaves, —

You must translate; 'tis fit we understand them.

Where is your son?

*Queen.* Bestow this place on us a little while. —

[*Exeunt ROSE. and GUILD.*]

Ah, my good lord, what have I seen to-night!

*King.* What, Gertrude? How does Hamlet?

*Queen.* Mad as the sea and wind when both contend  
Which is the mightier. In his lawless fit,  
Behind the arras hearing something stir,  
He whips his rapier out, and cries *A rat! a rat!*  
And in his brainish apprehension kills  
The unseen good old man.

<sup>33</sup> *Hoist* for *hoised*. To *hoyse* was the old verb. A *petar* was a kind of mortar used to blow up gates. — *It shall go hard* means *I will try hard*. See page 134, note 8.

*King.*

O heavy deed!

It had been so with us, had we been there:

His liberty is full of threats to all;

To you yourself, to us, to every one.

Alas, how shall this bloody deed be answer'd?

It will be laid to us, whose providence

Should have kept short, restrain'd, and out of haunt<sup>1</sup>

This mad young man: but so much was our love,

We would not understand what was most fit;

But, like the owner of a foul disease,

To keep it from divulging, let it feed

Even on the pith of life.<sup>2</sup> Where is he gone?

*Queen.* To draw apart the body he hath kill'd;

O'er whom his very madness, like some ore

Among a mineral of metals base,<sup>3</sup>

Shows itself pure: he weeps for what is done.

*King.* O Gertrude, come away!

The Sun no sooner shall the mountains touch,

But we will ship him hence; and this vile deed

We must, with all our majesty and skill,

Both countenance and excuse. — Ho, Guildenstern!

*Re-enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.*

Friends both, go join you with some further aid.

Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,

And from his mother's closet hath he dragg'd him:

Go seek him out; speak fair, and bring the body

Into the chapel. I pray you, haste in this. —

[*Exeunt* ROSE. and GUILD.]

Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest friends,

And let them know both what we mean to do,

And what's untimely done: so, haply slander —

Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,

As level as the cannon to his blank,<sup>4</sup>

Transports his poison'd shot — may miss our name,

And hit the woundless air. — O, come away!

My soul is full of discord and dismay.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>1</sup> Out of *haunt* means out of company.

<sup>2</sup> Certain diseases appear to be attended with an instinct of concealment. I have heard of persons dying of external cancer; yet they had kept so secret about it that their nearest friends had not suspected it.

<sup>3</sup> Shakespeare, with a license not unusual among his contemporaries, uses *ore* for *gold*, and *mineral* for *mine*. Bullokar and Blount both define "*or* or *ore*, *gold*; of a golden colour." And the *Cambridge Dictionary*, 1594, under the Latin word *mineralia*, shows how the English *mineral* came to be used for a mine.

<sup>4</sup> The *blank* was the *mark* at which shots or arrows were aimed. — The words, "so, haply, slander," are not in any old copy, but were supplied by Theobald as necessary to the sense.

SCENE II. *The Same. Another Room in the Same.**Enter HAMLET.**Ham.* Safely stowed.*Ros. and Guil.* [*Within.*] Hamlet! Lord Hamlet!*Ham.* What noise? who calls on Hamlet? O, here they come.*Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.**Ros.* What have you done, my lord, with the dead body?*Ham.* Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis kin.*Ros.* Tell us where 'tis; that we may take it thence,  
And bear it to the chapel.*Ham.* Do not believe it.*Ros.* Believe what.*Ham.* That I can keep your counsel, and not mine own.  
Besides, to be demanded of a sponge, what replication should  
be made by the son of a king?*Ros.* Take you me for a sponge, my lord?*Ham.* Ay, sir; that soaks up the King's countenance, his  
rewards, his authorities. But such officers do the King best  
service in the end: he keeps them, as an ape doth nuts in the  
corner of his jaw;<sup>1</sup> first mouth'd to be last swallowed: When  
he needs what you have glean'd, it is but squeezing you, and,  
sponge, you shall be dry again.*Ros.* I understand you not, my lord.*Ham.* I am glad of it: a knavish speech sleeps in a fool-  
ish ear.<sup>2</sup>*Ros.* My lord, you must tell us where the body is, and go  
with us to the King.*Ham.* The body is with the King, but the King is not with  
the body.<sup>3</sup> The King is a thing —*Guil.* A thing, my lord!*Ham.* — of nothing: bring me to him. Hide fox, and all  
after.<sup>4</sup> [*Exeunt.*

<sup>1</sup> The words, "as an ape doth nuts," are from the quarto of 1603. The other quartos merely have, "like an *apple*;" the folio has "*like an ape*," only.

<sup>2</sup> Perhaps this is best explained by a passage in *Love's Labour's Lost*, v. 2: "A jest's prosperity lies in the ear of him that hears it, never in the tongue of him that makes it."

<sup>3</sup> Hamlet is purposely talking riddles, in order to tease and puzzle his questioners. The meaning of this riddle, to the best of my guessing, is, that the king's body is with the king, but not the king's soul: he's a king without kingliness.

<sup>4</sup> "Hide fox, and all after," was a juvenile sport, most probably what is now called *hide and seek*.

SCENE III. *The Same. Another Room in the Same.**Enter the KING, attended.*

*King.* I've sent to seek him, and to find the body.  
 How dangerous is it that this man goes loose!  
 Yet must not we put the strong law on him:  
 He's lov'd of the distracted multitude,  
 Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes;  
 And where 'tis so, th' offender's scourge is weigh'd,  
 But never the offence.<sup>1</sup> To bear all smooth and even,  
 This sudden sending him away must seem  
 Deliberate pause: diseases desperate grown  
 By desperate appliance are reliev'd,  
 Or not at all. —

*Enter ROSENCRANTZ.*

How now! what hath befall'n?

*Ros.* Where the dead body is bestow'd, my lord,  
 We cannot get from him.

*King.* But where is he?

*Ros.* Without, my lord; guarded, to know your pleasure.

*King.* Bring him before us.

*Ros.* Ho, Guildenstern! bring in my lord.

*Enter HAMLET and GUILDENSTERN.*

*King.* Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?

*Ham.* At supper.

*King.* At supper! where?

*Ham.* Not where he eats, but where he is eaten: a certain convocation of politic worms are e'en at him.<sup>2</sup> Your worm is your only emperor for diet: we fat all creatures else, to fat us; and we fat ourselves for maggots: Your fat king and your lean beggar is but variable service; two dishes, but to one table: that's the end.

*King.* Alas, alas!

*Ham.* A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king, and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm.

*King.* What dost thou mean by this?

*Ham.* Nothing but, to show you how a king may go a progress through a beggar.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Who like not what their judgment approves, for they have none, but what pleases their eyes; and in this case the criminal's punishment is considered, but not his crime.

<sup>2</sup> Alluding, no doubt, to the Diet of Worms, which Protestants regarded as a convocation of politicians.

<sup>3</sup> Alluding to the royal journeys of state, styled progresses.

*King.* Where is Polonius?

*Ham.* In Heaven; send thither to see: if your messenger find him not there, seek him i' the other place yourself. But, indeed, if you find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the lobby.

*King.* [*To Attendants.*] Go seek him there.

*Ham.* He will stay till ye come. [*Exeunt Attendants.*]

*King.* Hamlet, this deed, for thine especial safety, —  
Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve  
For that which thou hast done, — must send thee hence  
With fiery quickness: therefore prepare thyself;  
The bark is ready, and the wind at help,  
Th' associates tend,<sup>4</sup> and every thing is bent  
For England.

*Ham.* For England!

*King.* Ay, Hamlet.

*Ham.* Good.

*King.* So it is, if thou knew'st our purposes.

*Ham.* I see a cherub that sees them.<sup>5</sup> — But, come; for England! — Farewell, dear mother.

*King.* Thy loving father, Hamlet.

*Ham.* My mother: father and mother is man and wife;  
man and wife is one flesh; and so, my mother. — Come, for England! [*Exit.*]

*King.* Follow him at foot; tempt him with speed aboard;  
Delay it not; I'll have him hence to-night:  
Away! for every thing 'is seal'd and done  
That else leans on th' affair: pray you, make haste. —  
[*Exeunt ROSE. and GUILD.*]

And, England, if my love thou hold'st at aught,  
(As my great power thereof may give thee sense;  
Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red  
After the Danish sword, and thy free awe  
Pays homage to us,) thou may'st not coldly set<sup>6</sup>  
Our sovereign process; which imports at full,  
By letters conjuring to that effect,<sup>7</sup>  
The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England;  
For like the hectic in my blood he rages,  
And thou must cure me: till I know 'tis done,  
Howe'er my haps, my joys were ne'er begun. [*Exit.*]

<sup>4</sup> The associates of your voyage *are waiting*. — "The wind *at help*" means the wind *serves*, or is right, to forward you.

<sup>5</sup> Hamlet means that he divines them, or has an inkling of them.

<sup>6</sup> To *set* formerly meant to *estimate*. To *set* much or little by a thing, is to *estimate* it much or little.

<sup>7</sup> In Shakespeare's time the two senses of *conjure* had not acquired each its peculiar way of pronouncing the word. Here *conjuring* has the *first* syllable long, with the sense of *earnestly entreating*.

SCENE IV. *A Plain in Denmark.*

*Enter FORTINBRAS, a Captain, and Forces, marching.*

*For.* Go, Captain, from me greet the Danish King;  
Tell him that by his license Fortinbras  
Claims the conveyance of a promis'd march  
Over his kingdom. You know the rendezvous.  
If that his Majesty would aught with us,  
We shall express our duty in his eye;<sup>1</sup>  
And let him know so.

*Cap.* I will do't, my lord.

*For.* Go softly on. [*Exeunt FORTINBRAS and Forces.*]

*Enter HAMLET, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, &c.*

*Ham.* Good sir, whose powers are these?

*Cap.* They are of Norway, sir.

*Ham.* How purpos'd, sir, I pray you?

*Cap.* Against some part of Poland.

*Ham.* Who commands them, sir?

*Cap.* The nephew to old Norway, Fortinbras.

*Ham.* Goes it against the main of Poland, sir,  
Or for some frontier?

*Cap.* Truly to speak, sir, and with no addition,  
We go to gain a little patch of ground  
That hath in it no profit but the name.  
To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it;  
Nor will it yield to Norway or the Pole  
A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.

*Ham.* Why, then the Polack never will defend it.

*Cap.* Yes, 'tis already garrison'd.

*Ham.* Two thousand souls and twenty thousand ducats  
Will not debate the question of this straw:  
This is th' imposthume of much wealth and peace,<sup>2</sup>  
That inward breaks, and shows no cause without  
Why the man dies. — I humbly thank you, sir.

*Cap.* God b' wi' you, sir. [*Exit Captain.*]

*Ros.* Will't please you go, my lord?

*Ham.* I'll be with you straight. Go a little before. —

[*Exeunt all but HAMLET.*]

How all occasions do inform against me,  
And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,

<sup>1</sup> In the *Regulations for the Establishment of the Queen's Household*, 1627: "All such as doe service in the queen's eye." And in *The Establishment of Prince Henry's Household*, 1610: "All such as doe service in the prince's eye."

<sup>2</sup> *Imposthume* was in common use for *abscess* in the Poet's time.

If his chief good and market of his time  
 Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more.  
 Sure, He that made us with such large discourse,  
 Looking before and after, gave us not  
 That capability and godlike reason  
 To fust in us unus'd. Now, whether it be  
 Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple  
 Of thinking too precisely on th' event, —  
 A thought which, quarter'd, hath but one part wisdom,  
 And ever three parts coward, — I do not know  
 Why yet I live to say *This thing's to do*;  
 Sith I have cause and will, and strength and means,  
 To do't. Examples gross as earth exhort me:  
 Witness this army, of such mass and charge,  
 Led by a delicate and tender prince;  
 Whose spirit, with divine ambition puff'd,  
 Makes mouths at the invisible event;  
 Exposing what is mortal and unsure  
 To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,  
 Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great  
 Is not to stir without great argument,  
 But greatly to find quarrel in a straw  
 When honour's at the stake. How stand I, then,  
 That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,  
 Excitements of my reason and my blood,<sup>8</sup>  
 And let all sleep? while, to my shame, I see  
 The imminent death of twenty thousand men,  
 That for a fantasy and trick of fame  
 Go to their graves like beds; fight for a plot  
 Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause;  
 Which is not tomb enough and continent<sup>4</sup>  
 To hide the slain? — O, from this time forth,  
 My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE V. *Elsinore. A Room in the Castle.*

*Enter the QUEEN and HORATIO.*

*Queen.* I will not speak with her.

*Hor.* She is importunate, indeed distract;  
 Her mood will needs be pitied.

<sup>8</sup> Provocations which excite both my reason and my passions to vengeance.

<sup>4</sup> *Continent* means that which contains or encloses. "If there be no fulness, then is the *continent* greater than the content." — *Bacon's Advancement of Learning.*

Queen.

What would she have?

Hor. She speaks much of her father ; says she hears  
There's tricks i' the world ; and hems, and beats her heart ;  
Spurns enviously at straws ;<sup>1</sup> speaks things in doubt,  
That carry but half sense : her speech is nothing,  
Yet the unshaped use of it doth move  
The hearers to collection ; they aim at it,<sup>2</sup>  
And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts ;  
Which, as her winks and nods and gestures yield them,  
Indeed would make one think there might be thought,  
Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.<sup>3</sup>  
'Twere good she were spoken with ; for she may strew  
Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.

Queen. Let her come in. —

[Exit HORATIO.]

To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,  
Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss :<sup>4</sup>  
So full of artless jealousy is guilt,  
It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.

Re-enter HORATIO, with OPHELIA.<sup>5</sup>

Oph. Where is the beauteous Majesty of Denmark ?<sup>6</sup>

Queen. How now, Ophelia !

Oph. [Sings.] *How should I your true love know  
From another one ?  
By his cockle hat and staff,  
And his sandal shoon.*<sup>7</sup>

Queen. Alas, sweet lady, what imports this song ?

Oph. Say you ? nay, pray you, mark.

<sup>1</sup> Kicks spitefully at straws. Such was the common use of *spurn* in the Poet's time. So, in *The Merchant of Venice*, i. 3: "And foot me as you *spurn* a stranger cur over your threshold." "And in *Julius Caesar*, iii. 1: "I *spurn* thee like a cur out of my way." — It has been repeatedly noted that *envy* and its derivatives were used in the sense of *malice*.

<sup>2</sup> Collection is inference or conjecture. — Aim is guess. See page 439, note 24.

<sup>3</sup> Unhappily is here used in the sense of *mischievously* ; a frequent usage. — In the folio, the next two lines are printed as part of the Queen's speech. The quartos assign them to Horatio, and the sense of them clearly favours that order.

<sup>4</sup> Shakespeare is not singular in the use of *amiss* as a substantive. "Each toy" is each trifle.

<sup>5</sup> In the quarto of 1608, this stage-direction is, "Enter Ophelia, playing on a lute, and her hair down, singing."

<sup>6</sup> There is no part of this play in its representation on the stage more pathetic than this scene ; which, I suppose, proceeds from the utter insensibility Ophelia has to her own misfortunes. A great sensibility, or none at all, seems to produce the same effects. In the latter case the audience supply what is wanting, and with the former they sympathize. — Sir J. REYNOLDS.

<sup>7</sup> These were the badges of pilgrims. The *cockle shell* was an emblem of their intention to go beyond sea. The habit, being held sacred, was often assumed as a disguise in love-adventures.

[Sings.] *He is dead and gone, lady,  
He is dead and gone ;  
At his head a grass-green turf,  
At his heels a stone.*

Queen. Nay, but, Ophelia, —

Oph. Pray you, mark.

[Sings.] *White his shroud as the mountain snow,*

*Enter the KING.*

Queen. Alas, look here, my lord.

Oph. [Sings.] *Larded with sweet flowers ;<sup>8</sup>  
Which bewept to the grave did go,  
With true-love showers.*

King. How do you, pretty lady?

Oph. Well, God 'ield you!<sup>9</sup> They say the owl was a baker's daughter.<sup>10</sup> Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your table!

King. Conceit upon her father.

Oph. Pray you, let's have no words of this; but when they ask you what it means, say you this:

[Sings.] *To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day,  
All in the morning betime,  
And I a maid at your window,  
To be your Valentine.*

The remaining Stanzas to be omitted in Class.<sup>11</sup>

*[Then up he rose, and donn'd his clothes,  
And dupp'd the chamber door ;<sup>12</sup>  
Let in the maid, that out a maid  
Never departed more.*

King. Pretty Ophelia!

Oph. Indeed, la, without an oath, I'll make an end on't:

[Sings.] *By Gis and by Saint Charity,<sup>13</sup>  
Alack, and fie for shame!*

<sup>8</sup> *Larded* is garnished.

<sup>9</sup> God *yield*, or reward you. See page 92, note 8.

<sup>10</sup> There was a tradition that the Saviour went into a baker's shop and asked for some bread. The baker put some dough in the oven to bake for Him, and was rebuked by his daughter for doing so. For this wickedness the daughter was transformed into an owl.

<sup>11</sup> The stanzas which follow are so essential to the right conception of Ophelia that I dare not cut them out of the text. I therefore bracket them, and mark them for omission in class. See the *Preface* to this volume.

<sup>12</sup> To *dupp* is to *do up*, as to *don* is to *do on*.

<sup>13</sup> This use of *Gis* has not been accounted for. Probably it is a corruption, or perhaps a disguise, of the Saviour's name. *Saint Charity* was often used in this way.

*Young men will do't, if they come to't;  
By cock, they are to blame.<sup>14</sup>*

*Quoth she, before you tumbled me,  
You promis'd me to wed.  
So would I ha' done, by yonder Sun,  
An thou hadst not come to my bed.]*

*King.* How long hath she been thus?

*Oph.* I hope all will be well. We must be patient; but I cannot choose but weep, to think they should lay him i' the cold ground. My brother shall know of it; and so I thank you for your good counsel. — Come, my coach! — Good night, ladies; good night, sweet ladies; good night, good night. [*Exit.*

*King.* Follow her close; give her good watch, I pray you. — [*Exit HORATIO.*

O, this is the poison of deep grief; it springs  
All from her father's death. O Gertrude, Gertrude,  
When sorrows come, they come not single spies,  
But in battalions!<sup>15</sup> First, her father slain:  
Next, your son gone; and he most violent author  
Of his own just remove: the people mudded,  
Thick and unwholesome in their thoughts and whispers,  
For good Polonius' death; and we have done but greenly,  
In hugger-mugger to inter him:<sup>16</sup> poor Ophelia  
Divided from herself and her fair judgment,  
Without the which we're pictures, or mere beasts:  
Last, and as much containing as all these,  
Her brother is in secret come from France;  
Feeds on his wonder, keeps himself in clouds,  
And wants not buzzers to infect his ear  
With pestilent speeches of his father's death;  
Wherein necessity, of matter beggar'd,  
Will nothing stick our person to arraign  
In ear and ear. O my dear Gertrude, this,

<sup>14</sup> The origin and meaning of this oath, also, are wrapped in obscurity. It occurs in several old plays, and Shakespeare has it in at least two other places. The most likely account represents it to have been a humorous oath, the *Cock* and *Magpie* being a favourite alehouse sign. In *A Catechism* by George Giffard, 1583, we have, — "Because they will not take the name of God to abuse it, they swear by small things, as *by cock and pye*, by the mouse foot, and many such like."

<sup>15</sup> Men go out *singly*, or one by one, to act as spies; when they go forth to *fight*, they go in armies.

<sup>16</sup> This phrase was much used, before and in the Poet's time, for any thing done hurriedly and by stealth. Thus Florio explains *clandestinare*, "to hide or conceal by stealth, or in *hugger-mugger*." And in Wheeler's *Treatise of Commerce*, 1601: "The straggler shipping his cloth and other commodity in covert manner, *hugger-mugger*, and at obscure ports." And in North's *Plutarch* Antony urges that Cæsar's "body should be honourably buried, and not in *hugger-mugger*."

Like to a murdering-piece, in many places<sup>17</sup>

Gives me superfluous death.

[*A Noise within.*

*Queen.*

Alack, what noise is this?

*King.* Where are my Switzers?<sup>18</sup> Let them guard the door. —

*Enter a Gentleman.*

What is the matter?

*Gent.*

Save yourself, my lord :

The ocean, overpeering of his list,<sup>19</sup>

Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste

Than young Laertes, in a riotous head,

O'erbears your officers. The rabble call him lord ;

And — as the world were now but to begin,<sup>20</sup>

Antiquity forgot, custom not known,

The ratifiers and props of every word —

They cry, *Choose we ; Laertes shall be King !*

Caps, hands, and tongues applaud it to the clouds,

*Laertes shall be King, Laertes King !*

*Queen.* How cheerfully on the false trail they cry ! —

O, this is counter, you false Danish dogs !<sup>21</sup>

*King.* The doors are broke.

[*Noise within.*

*Enter LAERTES, armed ; Danes following.*

*Laer.* Where is this King? — Sirs, stand you all without.

*Danes.* No, let's come in.

*Laer.*

I pray you, give me leave.

*Danes.* We will, we will.

[*They retire without the Door.*

*Laer.* I thank you : — keep the door. — O, thou vile King, Give me my father !

*Queen.*

Calmly, good Laertes.

*Laer.* That drop of blood that's calm proclaims me bastard, [And] brands the harlot even here, between The chaste unsmirched brows of my true mother.<sup>22</sup>

<sup>17</sup> A murdering-piece, or *murderer*, was a small piece of artillery. Case shot, filled with small bullets, nails, old iron, &c., was often used in these *murderers*. This accounts for the raking fire attributed to them in the text.

<sup>18</sup> *Switzers*, for royal guards. The Swiss were then, as since, mercenary soldiers of any nation that could afford to pay them.

<sup>19</sup> *Overflowing* his bounds, or limits. See page 211, note 12.

<sup>20</sup> *As* has here the force of *as if*. The explanation sometimes given of the passage is, that the rabble are the ratifiers and props of every *idle* word. The plain sense is, that antiquity and custom are the ratifiers and props of every *sound* word touching the matter in hand, the ordering of human society and the State.

<sup>21</sup> Hounds are said to run *counter* when they are upon a false scent, or hunt it by the heel, running backward and mistaking the course of the game.

<sup>22</sup> *Unsmirched* is *unsullied*, *spotless*.

*King.* What is the cause, Laertes,  
That thy rebellion looks so giant-like? —  
Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our person:  
There's such divinity doth hedge a king,  
That treason can but peep to what it would,  
Acts little of his will.<sup>23</sup> — Tell me, Laertes,  
Why thou art thus incens'd:— Let him go, Gertrude:—  
Speak, man.

*Laer.* Where is my father?

*King.*

Dead.

*Queen.*

But not by him.

*King.* Let him demand his fill.

*Laer.* How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with:  
To Hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackest devil!  
Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit!  
I dare damnation. To this point I stand, —  
That both the worlds I give to negligence,  
Let come what comes; only I'll be reveng'd  
Most thoroughly for my father.

*King.*

Who shall stay you?

*Laer.* My will, not all the world:  
And for my means, I'll husband them so well,  
They shall go far with little.

*King.*

Good Laertes,

If you desire to know the certainty  
Of your dear father's death, is't writ in your revenge,  
That, swoopstake,<sup>24</sup> you will draw both friend and foe,  
Winner and loser?

*Laer.* None but his enemies.

*King.*

Will you know them, then?

*Laer.* To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my arms,  
And, like the kind life-rendering pelican,  
Repast them with my blood.<sup>25</sup>

*King.*

Why, now you speak

Like a good child and a true gentleman.  
That I am guiltless of your father's death,  
And am most sensibly in grief for it,

<sup>23</sup> "Proofs," says Coleridge, "as indeed all else is, that Shakespeare never intended us to see the King with Hamlet's eyes; though, I suspect, the managers have long done so."

<sup>24</sup> *Swoopstake*, commonly printed *sweepstake*, here means *indiscriminately*. A sweepstake is one who wins or sweeps in all the stakes, whether on the race-ground or at the gaming-table.

<sup>25</sup> The pelican is a fabulous bird, often referred to by the old poets for illustration. It was also much used as a significant ornament in Mediæval church architecture, the pelican being represented as an eagle. An old book entitled *A Choice of Emblems and other Devices*, by Geoffrey Whitney, 1586, contains a picture of an eagle on her nest, tearing open her breast to feed her young.

It shall as level to your judgment pierce  
As day does to your eye.<sup>26</sup>

*Danes.* [Within.] Let her come in.

*Laer.* How now! what noise is that? —

*Re-enter OPHELIA.*

O heat, dry up my brains! tears seven-times salt,  
Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye! —  
By Heaven, thy madness shall be paid with weight,  
Till our scale turn the beam. O rose of May!  
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia! —  
O Heavens! is't possible, a young maid's wits  
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?  
Nature is fine in love; and, where 'tis fine,  
It sends some precious instance of itself  
After the thing it loves.

*Oph.* [Sings.] *They bore him barefac'd on the bier;  
Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny;  
And in his grave rain'd many a tear, —*

Fare you well, my dove!

*Laer.* Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade revenge,  
It could not move thus.

*Oph.* You must sing, *Down a-down, an you call him  
a-down-a.* O, how the wheel becomes it!<sup>27</sup> It is the false  
steward, that stole his master's daughter.<sup>28</sup>

*Laer.* This nothing's more than matter.

*Oph.* There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; pray you,  
love, remember: and there is pansies, that's for thoughts.<sup>29</sup>

<sup>26</sup> The folio has *pierce*; the quartos, *pear*, meaning *appear*. The latter is both awkward in language and tame in sense. Understanding *level* in the sense of *direct*, *pierce* gives an apt and clear meaning.

<sup>27</sup> The *wheel* is the *burden* of a ballad, from the Latin *rota*, a *round*, which is usually accompanied with a burden frequently repeated.

<sup>28</sup> Meaning, probably, some old ballad, of which no traces have survived.

<sup>29</sup> The language of flowers is very ancient, and the old poets have many instances of it. In *The Winter's Tale*, iv. 3, Perdita makes herself delectable in the use of it, distributing her flowers much as Ophelia does here. Rosemary, being supposed to strengthen the memory, was held emblematic of remembrance, and in that thought was distributed at weddings and funerals. — Pansies, from the French *pensées*, were emblems of pensiveness, *thought* being here again used for *grief*, the same as I have already shown in iii. 1, note 9. The next speech, "*thoughts* and remembrance fitted," is another instance of the same usage. — *Document*, from the Latin *doceo*, is here used in the original sense of *lesson*, or *something taught*. So in *The Faerie Queene*, Book i. x. 19, where Fidelia takes the Redcross Knight under her tuition,

"That of her heavenly learning he might taste,  
And heare the wisdom of her wordes divine: "  
"And that her sacred Booke, with blood ywritt,

*Laer.* A document in madness ; thoughts and remembrance fitted.

*Oph.* There's fennel for you, and columbines :<sup>80</sup> — there's rue for you ; and here's some for me : we may call it herb-grace o' Sundays : — O, you must wear your rue with a difference.<sup>81</sup> — There's a daisy : — I would give you some violets, but they wither'd all when my father died.<sup>82</sup> — They say he made a good end, —

[Sings.] *For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy, —*

*Laer.* Thought and affliction,<sup>83</sup> passion, Hell itself, She turns to favour and to prettiness.

*Oph.* [Sings.] *And will he not come again ?*

*And will he not come again ?*

*No, no, he is dead ;*

*Go to thy death-bed ;*

*He never will come again.*

*His beard was as white as snow,*

*All flaxen was his poll :*

*He is gone, he is gone,*

*And we cast away moan :*

*God ha' mercy on his soul !<sup>84</sup>*

And of all Christian souls, I pray God. God b' wi' you ! [*Exit.*

*Laer.* Do you see this, O God ?

*King.* Laertes, I must commune with your grief,<sup>85</sup> Or you deny me right. Go but apart ;

That none could read except she did them teach,  
She unto him disclosed every whitt ;  
And heavenly *documents* thereout did preach,  
That weaker wit of man could never reach ;  
Of God, of Grace, of Justice, of Free-will ;  
That wonder was to hear her goodly speech."

<sup>80</sup> Fennel and columbine were significant of cajolery and ingratitude ; so that Ophelia might fitly give them to the guileful and faithless King.

<sup>81</sup> Rue was emblematic of sorrow or *ruth*, and was called *herb-grace* from the moral and medicinal virtues ascribed to it. — There may be some uncertainty as to Ophelia's meaning, when she says to the Queen, "you must wear your rue with a *difference*." *Bearing a difference* is an old heraldic phrase ; and the difference here intended is probably best explained in Cogan's *Haven of Health* : "The second property is that *rue abateth carnal lust*, which is also confirmed by Galen." So that the difference in the Queen's case would be emblematic of her "hasty return to the nuptial state, and a severe reflection on her indecent marriage."

<sup>82</sup> The daisy was an emblem of dissembling ; the violet, of faithfulness, and is so set down in *The Lover's Nosegay*.

<sup>83</sup> *Thought* again for *grief*, *care*, *pensiveness*.

<sup>84</sup> Poor Ophelia in her madness remembers the ends of many old popular ballads. *Bonny Robin* appears to have been a favourite, for there were many others written to that tune.

<sup>85</sup> *Commune*, spelt *common* in the folio, has the first syllable long here. It was often used so by the old poets ; Milton has it so, and even Wordsworth.

Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,  
 And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me.  
 If by direct or by collateral hand  
 They find us touch'd, we will our kingdom give,  
 Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours,  
 To you in satisfaction ; but if not,  
 Be you content to lend your patience to us,  
 And we shall jointly labour with your soul  
 To give it due content.

*Laer.*

Let this be so :

His means of death, his obscure burial, —  
 No trophy, sword, nor hatchment o'er his bones,  
 No noble rite nor formal ostentation, —  
 Cry to be heard, as 'twere from Heaven to Earth,  
 That I must call't in question.<sup>86</sup>

*King.*

So you shall ;

And where th' offence is let the great axe fall.

I pray you, go with me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *The Same. Another Room in the Same.*

*Enter HORATIO and a Servant.*

*Hor.* What are they that would speak with me ?

*Serv.* Sailors, sir : they say they have letters for you.

*Hor.* Let them come in. —

[*Exit Servant.*]

I do not know from what part of the world  
 I should be greeted, if not from Lord Hamlet.

*Enter Sailors.*

1 *Sail.* God bless you, sir.

*Hor.* Let Him bless thee too.

1 *Sail.* He shall, sir, an't please Him. There's a letter for you, sir, — it comes from th' ambassador that was bound for England, — if your name be Horatio, as I am let to know it is.

*Hor.* [Reads.] *Horatio, when thou shalt have overlook'd this, give these fellows some means to the King : they have letters for him. Ere we were two days old at sea, a pirate of very war-like appointment gave us chase. Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on a compelled valour ; and in the grapple I boarded them : on the instant, they got clear of our ship ; so*

<sup>86</sup> The funerals of knights and persons of rank were made with great ceremony and ostentation formerly. Sir John Hawkins observes that "the sword, the helmet, the gauntlet, spurs, and tabard are still hung over the grave of every knight."

*I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me like thieves of mercy: but they knew what they did; I am to do a good turn for them. Let the King have the letters I have sent; and repair thou to me with as much haste as thou would'st fly death. I have words to speak in thine ear will make thee dumb; yet are they much too light for the bore of the matter.<sup>87</sup> These good fellows will bring thee where I am. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern hold their course for England: of them I have much to tell thee. Farewell:*

*He that thou knowest thine,* HAMLET.

Come, I will give you way for these your letters;  
And do't the speedier, that you may direct me  
To him from whom you brought them.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *The Same. Another Room in the Same.*

*Enter the KING and LAERTES.*

*King.* Now must your conscience my acquittance seal,  
And you must put me in your heart for friend;  
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,  
That he which hath your noble father slain  
Pursu'd my life.

*Laer.* It well appears: But tell me  
Why you proceeded not against these feats,  
So crimeful and so capital in nature,  
As by your safety, greatness, wisdom, all things else,  
You mainly were stirr'd up.

*King.* O, for two special reasons;  
Which may to you, perhaps, seem much unsinew'd,  
But yet to me they're strong. The Queen his mother  
Lives almost by his looks; and for myself,  
(My virtue or my plague, be't either which,)  
She's so conjunctive to my life and soul,  
That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,  
I could not but by her. The other motive,  
Why to a public count I might not go,  
Is the great love the general gender bear him;<sup>1</sup>  
Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,  
Would, like the spring that turneth wood to stone,  
Convert his gyves to graces: so that my arrows,  
Too slightly timber'd for so loud a wind,<sup>2</sup>  
Would have reverted to my bow again,  
And not where I had aim'd them.

<sup>87</sup> The bore is the caliber of a gun.

<sup>1</sup> The general gender is the common sort of people. The Poet has the like phrase, "one gender of herbs."

<sup>2</sup> Light shafts cannot stand in a rough wind. — ASCHAM.

*Laer.* And so have I a noble father lost;  
A sister driven into desperate terms,  
Whose worth, if praises may go back again,<sup>3</sup>  
Stood challenger on mount of all the age  
For her perfections. But my revenge will come.

*King.* Break not your sleeps for that: you must not think  
That we are made of stuff so flat and dull,  
That we can let our beard be shook with danger,  
And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear more:  
I lov'd your father, and we love ourself;  
And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine —

*Enter a Messenger.*

How now! what news?

*Mess.* Letters, my lord, from Hamlet:  
This to your Majesty; this to the Queen.

*King.* From Hamlet! who brought them?

*Mess.* Sailors, my lord, they say; I saw them not:  
They were given me by Claudio; he receiv'd them  
Of him that brought them.

*King.* Laertes, you shall hear them. —  
Leave us. *[Exit Messenger.]*

*[Reads.] High and mighty: You shall know I am set naked  
on your kingdom. To-morrow shall I beg leave to see your  
kingly eyes; when I shall, first asking your pardon thereunto,  
recount th' occasions of my sudden and more strange return.*

HAMLET.

What should this mean? Are all the rest come back?  
Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?

*Laer.* Know you the hand?

*King.* 'Tis Hamlet's character. *Naked* —  
And in a postscript here he says, *alone*:  
Can you advise me?

*Laer.* I'm lost in it, my lord. But let him come;  
It warms the very sickness in my heart,  
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,  
*Thus diddest thou.*

*King.* If it be so, Laertes, —  
As how should it be so, how otherwise? —  
Will you be rul'd by me?

*Laer.* Ay, my lord;  
So you will not o'errule me to a peace.

*King.* To thine own peace. If he be now return'd, —

<sup>3</sup> If I may return or go back to her as a theme of praise.

As checking at his voyage,<sup>4</sup> and that he means  
 No more to undertake it, — I will work him  
 To an exploit, now ripe in my device,  
 Under the which he shall not choose but fall :  
 And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe ;  
 But even his mother shall uncharge the practice,<sup>5</sup>  
 And call it accident.

*Laer.* My lord, I will be rul'd ;  
 The rather, if you could devise it so,  
 That I might be the organ.

*King.* It falls right.  
 You have been talk'd of since your travel much,  
 And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality  
 Wherein they say you shine : your sum of parts  
 Did not together pluck such envy from him  
 As did that one ; and that, in my regard,  
 Of the unworthiest siege.<sup>6</sup>

*Laer.* What part is that, my lord ?

*King.* A very riband in the cap of youth,<sup>7</sup>  
 Yet needful too ; for youth no less becomes  
 The light and careless livery that it wears  
 Than settled age his sables and his weeds,  
 Importing health and graveness. Two months since,  
 Here was a gentleman of Normandy, —  
 I've seen, myself, and serv'd against the French,  
 And they can well on horseback :<sup>8</sup> but this gallant  
 Had witchcraft in't ; he grew unto his seat ;  
 And to such wondrous doing brought his horse,  
 As he had been incorps'd and demi-natur'd  
 With the brave beast : so far he topp'd my thought,  
 That I, in forgery of shapes and tricks,<sup>9</sup>  
 Come short of what he did.

*Laer.* A Norman was't ?

*King.* A Norman.

*Laer.* Upon my life, Lamond.

*King.* The very same.

*Laer.* I know him well : he is the brooch, indeed,  
 And gem of all the nation.

<sup>4</sup> To *check at* is a term in falconry, meaning to start away or fly off from the lure. See page 207, note 14, and page 211, note 10.

<sup>5</sup> *Acquit* the proceeding of all *design*.

<sup>6</sup> The Poet again uses *siege* for *seat*, that is, *place or rank*, in *Othello*, i. 2: "I fetch my life and being from men of royal *siege*." The usage was not uncommon.

<sup>7</sup> The Poet repeatedly has *very* in the sense of *mere*.

<sup>8</sup> *Can* is here used in its original sense of *ability or skill*.

<sup>9</sup> That is, in the *imagination* of shapes and tricks, or *feats*. This use of *forge* and *forgery* was not unfrequent. — To *top* is to *surpass*.

*King.* He made confession of you ;  
 And gave you such a masterly report  
 For art and exercise in your defence,<sup>10</sup>  
 And for your rapier most especially,  
 That he cried out, 'twould be a sight indeed,  
 If one could match you : the scrimers of their nation,<sup>11</sup>  
 He swore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,  
 If you oppos'd them. Sir, this report of his  
 Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy,  
 That he could nothing do but wish and beg  
 Your sudden coming o'er, to play with you.  
 Now, out of this, —

*Laer.* What out of this, my lord ?

*King.* Laertes, was your father dear to you ?  
 Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,  
 A face without a heart ?

*Laer.* Why ask you this ?

*King.* Not that I think you did not love your father,  
 But that I know love is begun by time ;<sup>12</sup>  
 And that I see, in passages of proof,<sup>13</sup>  
 Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.  
 There lives within the very flame of love  
 A kind of wick or snuff that will abate it ;  
 And nothing is at a like goodness still ;  
 For goodness, growing to a plurisy,<sup>14</sup>  
 Dies in his own too-much. That we would do,  
 We should do when we would ; for this *would* changes,  
 And hath abatements and delays as many  
 As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents ;  
 And then this *should* is like a spendthrift sigh,  
 That hurts by easing.<sup>15</sup> But, to th' quick o' the ulcer :  
 Hamlet comes back : What would you undertake,

<sup>10</sup> *Defence* here means *fencing*, or *sword-practice*.

<sup>11</sup> *Scrimmer* is from the French *escrimeur*, which means fencer.

<sup>12</sup> As love is begun by *time*, and has its gradual increase, so *time* qualifies and abates it.

<sup>13</sup> *Passages of proof* means *instances of trial*, or *experience*.

<sup>14</sup> *Plurisy* is from the Latin *plus*, *pluris*, and must not be confounded with *pleurisy*. It means *excess*, much the same as Burns's "*unco guid*." So, in Massinger's *Unnatural Combat*: "*Plurisy of goodness is thy ill*."

<sup>15</sup> It was anciently believed that sighing consumed the blood. The Poet has several allusions to this ; as in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, iii. 2 : "*Sighs of love that cost the fresh blood dear*." There is also a fine moral meaning in the figure. Jeremy Taylor speaks of certain people who take to a sentimental penitence, as "*cozening themselves with their own tears*," as if these would absolve them from "*doing works meet for repentance*." Such tears may be fitly said to "*hurt by easing*," because they set the mind at rest, and yet are but tokens of a repentance that needs itself to be repented of.

To show yourself your father's son in deed  
More than in words?

*Laer.* To cut his throat i' the church.

*King.* No place, indeed, should murder sanctuarize;<sup>16</sup>  
Revenge should have no bounds. But, good Laertes,  
Will you do this, keep close within your chamber.  
Hamlet return'd shall know you are come home:  
We'll put on those shall praise your excellence,  
And set a double varnish on the fame  
The Frenchman gave you; bring you, in fine, together,  
And wager o'er your heads: he, being remiss,  
Most generous, and free from all contriving,  
Will not peruse the foils; so that, with ease,  
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose  
A sword unbated,<sup>17</sup> and in a pass of practice  
Requite him for your father.

*Laer.* I will do't;  
And for that purpose I'll anoint my sword.  
I bought an unction of a mountebank,  
So mortal, that but dip a knife in it,  
Where it draws blood no cataplasm so rare,  
Collected from all simples that have virtue  
Under the Moon, can save the thing from death  
That is but scratch'd withal: I'll touch my point  
With this contagion, that, if I gall him slightly,  
It may be death.

*King.* Let's further think of this;  
Weigh what convenience both of time and means  
May fit us to our shape. If this should fail,  
And that our drift look through our bad performance,<sup>18</sup>  
'Twere better not assay'd: therefore this project  
Should have a back or second, that might hold,  
If this should blast in proof.<sup>19</sup> Soft!—let me see:—  
We'll make a solemn wager on your cunnings,—  
I ha't:

<sup>16</sup> Murder should not have the protection or privilege of sanctuary in any place. The allusion is to the rights of sanctuary with which certain religious places were formerly invested, so that criminals resorting to them were shielded not only from private revenge, but from the arm of the law. The King means that no such refuge ought to protect the murderer of Polonius against the avenging arm of his son.

<sup>17</sup> *Unbated* is *unblunted*: a foil without the cap, or button, which was put upon the point, when fencers were to play or practise their art. — *A pass of practice* is a *thrust* made as in exercise of skill, and without any purpose of harin; the thruster pretending to be ignorant of the button's being off the foil.

<sup>18</sup> If our purpose should expose or betray itself through lack of skill in the execution.

<sup>19</sup> Should break down in the trial. The image is of proving guns, which of course sometimes burst in the testing.

When in your motion you are hot and dry,  
 (As make your bouts more violent to that end,)  
 And that he calls for drink, I'll have prepar'd him  
 A chalice for the nonce; whereon but sipping,  
 If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,<sup>20</sup>  
 Our purpose may hold there. —

*Enter the QUEEN.*

How now, sweet Queen!

*Queen.* One woe doth tread upon another's heel,  
 So fast they follow. — Your sister's drown'd, Laertes.

*Laer.* Drown'd! O, where?<sup>21</sup>

*Queen.* There is a willow grows aslant a brook,  
 That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream:  
 There with fantastic garlands did she come  
 Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples  
 That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,<sup>22</sup>  
 But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them:  
 There, on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds  
 Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke;  
 When down her weedy trophies and herself  
 Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide,  
 And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up;  
 Which time she chanted snatches of old tunes,<sup>23</sup>  
 As one incapable of her own distress,  
 Or like a creature native and indu'd  
 Unto that element: but long it could not be  
 Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,  
 Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay  
 To muddy death.<sup>24</sup>

*Laer.* Alas, then she is drown'd?

*Queen.* Drown'd, drown'd.

<sup>20</sup> A *stuck* is a *thrust*. *Stoccata*, Italian. Sometimes called a *staccado* in English.

<sup>21</sup> That Laertes might be excused in some degree for not cooling, the Act concludes with the affecting death of Ophelia; who in the beginning lay like a little projection of land into a lake or stream, covered with spray-flowers, quietly reflected in the quiet waters; but at length is undermined or loosened, and becomes a fairy isle, and after a brief vagrancy sinks almost without an eddy. — COLERIDGE.

<sup>22</sup> *Liberal* is repeatedly used by Shakespeare in the sense of *loose-tongued*.

<sup>23</sup> So the folio; instead of *tunes*, the quartos have *lauds*; which might well be preferred, as agreeing better with *chanted*, and as conveying a touch of pathos which *tunes* does not quite reach. The weight, however, of editorial judgment is in favour of *tunes*. — *Incapable* is evidently used in the sense of *unconscious*.

<sup>24</sup> Here, again, *wretch* is used as a strong expression of tenderness. See page 554, note 17. This passage is deservedly celebrated, and aptly illustrates the Poet's power of making the description of a thing better than the thing itself, by giving us his eyes to see it with.

*Laer.* Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,  
 And therefore I forbid my tears: but yet  
 It is our trick; Nature her custom holds,  
 Let shame say what it will: when these are gone,  
 The woman will be out. — Adieu, my lord:  
 I have a speech of fire, that fain would blaze,  
 But that this folly drowns it.<sup>25</sup> [Exit.

*King.* Let's follow, Gertrude:  
 How much I had to do to calm his rage!  
 Now fear I this will give it start again;  
 Therefore let's follow. [Exeunt.

ACT V. SCENE I. *Elsinore. A Church-Yard.*

*Enter two Clowns, with Spades, &c.*

1 *Clo.* Is she to be buried in Christian burial that wilfully seeks her own salvation?

2 *Clo.* I tell thee she is; and therefore make her grave straight:<sup>1</sup> the crowner hath sat on her, and finds it Christian burial.

1 *Clo.* How can that be, unless she drowned herself in her own defence?

2 *Clo.* Why, 'tis found so.

1 *Clo.* It must be *se offendendo*; <sup>2</sup> it cannot be else. For here lies the point: If I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act; and an act hath three branches; it is to act, to do, and to perform: argal she drown'd herself wittingly.<sup>3</sup>

2 *Clo.* Nay, but hear you, goodman delver,—

1 *Clo.* Give me leave. Here lies the water; good: here stands the man; good: If the man go to this water and drown himself, it is, will he, nill he, he goes; mark you that: but if the water come to him and drown him, he drowns not himself:

<sup>25</sup> So the quartos; the folio has *douts* instead of *drowns*. *Dout* was sometimes used for *do out*, *destroy*.

<sup>1</sup> *Straight* for *straightway*; a common usage.

<sup>2</sup> The Clown, in undertaking to show off his legal learning, blunders *offendendo* for *defendendo*.

<sup>3</sup> Shakespeare's frequent and correct use of legal terms and phrases has led to the belief that he must have served something of an apprenticeship in the law. Among the legal authorities studied in his time were Plowden's *Commentaries*, a black-letter book, written in the old law French. One of the cases reported by Plowden is that of Dame Hales, regarding the forfeiture of a lease, in consequence of the suicide of Sir James Hales; and Sir John Hawkins has pointed out, that this burlesque of "crowner's-quest law" was probably intended as a ridicule on certain passages in that case.

argal he that is not guilty of his own death shortens not his own life.

2 *Clo.* But is this law?

1 *Clo.* Ay, marry, is't; crowner's-quest law.

2 *Clo.* Will you ha' the truth on't? If this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out of Christian burial.

1 *Clo.* Why, there thou say'st; and the more pity, that great folks shall have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves, more than their even-Christian.<sup>4</sup> — Come, my spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers; they hold up Adam's profession.

2 *Clo.* Was he a gentleman?

1 *Clo.* He was the first that ever bore arms.

2 *Clo.* Why, he had none.

1 *Clo.* What, art a heathen? How dost thou understand the Scripture? The Scripture says Adam digg'd: could he dig without arms? I'll put another question to thee: if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself —

2 *Clo.* Go to.

1 *Clo.* What is he that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

2 *Clo.* The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives a thousand tenants.

1 *Clo.* I like thy wit well, in good faith: the gallows does well: But how does it well? it does well to those that do ill: now, thou dost ill to say the gallows is built stronger than the church: argal the gallows may do well to thee. To't again; come.

2 *Clo.* Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?

1 *Clo.* Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.<sup>5</sup>

2 *Clo.* Marry, now I can tell.

1 *Clo.* To't.

2 *Clo.* Mass, I cannot tell.

*Enter HAMLET and HORATIO, at a distance.*

1 *Clo.* Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating; and when you are ask'd this question next, say a *grave-maker*: the houses that he makes last till doomsday. Go, get thee to Yaughan; fetch me a stoup of liquor. [Exit 2 Clown.]

<sup>4</sup> *Even-Christian* for *fellow-Christian* was the old mode of expression; and is to be found in *Chaucer* and the *Chronicles*. Wicliffe has *even-servant* for *fellow-servant*.

<sup>5</sup> This was a common phrase for giving over or ceasing to do a thing, a metaphor derived from the *unyoking* of oxen at the end of their labour.

1 Clown digs and sings.

*In youth, when I did love, did love,  
Methought it was very sweet,  
To contract, O, the time, for, ah, my behove,  
O, methought there was nothing meet.<sup>6</sup>*

*Ham.* Has this fellow no feeling of his business, that he sings at grave-making?

*Hor.* Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

*Ham.* 'Tis e'en so: the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

1 Clo. [Sings.] *But age, with his stealing steps,  
Hath claw'd me in his clutch,  
And hath shipp'd me intil the land,  
As if I had never been such.*

[Throws up a Skull.

*Ham.* That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once: how the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that did the first murder! It might be the pate of a politician, which this ass now o'erreaches; one that would circumvent God, might it not?

*Hor.* It might, my lord.

*Ham.* Or of a courtier, which could say *Good-morrow, sweet lord! How dost thou, good lord?* This might be my Lord Such-a-one, that prais'd my Lord Such-a-one's horse, when he meant to beg it; might it not?

*Hor.* Ay, my lord.

*Ham.* Why, e'en so; and now my Lady Worm's;<sup>7</sup> chapless, and knock'd about the mazzard with a sexton's spade: Here's fine revolution, an we had the trick to see't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggats with 'em?<sup>8</sup> mine ache to think on't.

1 Clo. [Sings.] *A pickaxe and a spade, a spade,  
For and a shrouding sheet:<sup>9</sup>*

<sup>6</sup> The original ballad from whence these stanzas are taken is printed in *Tottel's Miscellany, or Songes and Sonnettes by Lord Surrey and others*, 1575. The ballad is attributed to Lord Vaux, and is printed by Dr. Percy in his *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*. The *ohs* and the *ahs* are meant to express the Clown's gruntings as he digs.

<sup>7</sup> The skull that was *my Lord Such-a-one's* is now *my Lady Worm's*.

<sup>8</sup> *Loggats* are small logs or pieces of wood. Hence *loggats* was the name of an ancient rustic game, wherein a stake was fixed in the ground at which *loggats* were thrown; in short, a ruder kind of quoit play.

<sup>9</sup> "*For and*," says Mr. Dyce, "in the present version of the stanza, answers to *And eke* in that given by Percy." So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*: "Your squire doth come, and with him comes the lady, *for and* the Squire of Damsels, as I take it." And in Middleton's *Fair Quarrel*: "A hippocrene, a tweak, *for and* a fucus."

O, a pit of 'clay for to be made  
For such a guest is meet.

[Throws up another Skull.]

*Ham.* There's another: why may not that be the skull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddits now, his quilllets,<sup>10</sup> his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the scone with a dirty shovel,<sup>11</sup> and will not tell him of his action of battery? Humph! This fellow might be in's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries:<sup>12</sup> Is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? The very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box; and must the inheritor himself have no more, ha?

*Hor.* Not a jot more, my lord.

*Ham.* Is not parchment made of sheep-skins?

*Hor.* Ay, my lord, and of calf-skins too.

*Ham.* They are sheep and calves which seek out assurance in that.<sup>13</sup> I will speak to this fellow.—Whose grave's this, sir?

1 *Clo.* Mine, sir.—

[Sings.] O, a pit of clay for to be made  
For such a guest is meet.

*Ham.* I think it be thine indeed; for thou liest in't.

1 *Clo.* You lie out on't, sir, and therefore it is not yours: for my part, I do not lie in't, yet it is mine.

*Ham.* Thou dost lie in't, to be in't, and say it is thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quick; therefore thou liest.

1 *Clo.* 'Tis a quick lie, sir; 'twill away again, from me to you.

*Ham.* What man dost thou dig it for?

<sup>10</sup> *Quiddits* are quirks, or subtle questions; and *quilllets* are nice and frivolous distinctions. The etymology of this last word has plagued many learned heads. Blount, in his *Glossography*, clearly points out *quodlibet* as the origin of it. Bishop Wilkins calls a *quillet* "a frivolousness."

<sup>11</sup> *Sconce* was not unfrequently used for *head*.

<sup>12</sup> Shakespeare here is profuse of his legal learning. Ritson, a lawyer, shall interpret for him: "A recovery with *double voucher* is so called from two persons being successively *voucher*, or called upon to warrant the tenant's title. Both *fines* and *recoveries* are fictions of law, used to convert an estate tail into a fee-simple. Statutes are (not acts of parliament but) statutes *merchant* and staple, particular modes of *recognizance* or acknowledgment for securing *debts*, which thereby become a charge upon the party's land. *Statutes* and *recognizances* are constantly mentioned together in the covenants of a purchase deed."

<sup>13</sup> A quibble is here implied upon *parchment*; deeds, which were always written on parchment, being in legal language "common assurances."

1 *Clo.* For no man, sir.

*Ham.* What woman, then?

1 *Clo.* For none, neither.

*Ham.* Who is to be buried in't?

1 *Clo.* One that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she's dead.

*Ham.* How absolute the knave is! we must speak by the card,<sup>14</sup> or equivocation will undo us. By the Lord, Horatio, these three years I have taken note of it; the age is grown so picked,<sup>15</sup> that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe.<sup>16</sup> — How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

1 *Clo.* Of all the days i' the year, I came to't that day that our last King Hamlet overcame Fortinbras.

*Ham.* How long is that since?

1 *Clo.* Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that: it was the very day that young Hamlet was born; he that is mad, and sent into England.

*Ham.* Ay, marry; why was he sent into England?

1 *Clo.* Why, because he was mad: he shall recover his wits there; or, if he do not, 'tis no great matter there.

*Ham.* Why?

1 *Clo.* 'Twill not be seen in him there; there the men are as mad as he.

*Ham.* How came he mad?

1 *Clo.* Very strangely, they say.

*Ham.* How strangely?

1 *Clo.* 'Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

*Ham.* Upon what ground?

1 *Clo.* Why, here in Denmark. I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years.

*Ham.* How long will a man lie i' the earth ere he rot?

1 *Clo.* 'Faith, if he be not rotten before he die, he will last you some eight year, or nine year: a tanner 'will last you nine year.

*Ham.* Why he more than another?

1 *Clo.* Why, sir, his hide is so tann'd with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while; and your water is a sore decayer of your dead body. Here's a skull now; this skull hath lain you i' the earth three-and-twenty years.

*Ham.* Whose was it?

1 *Clo.* A mad fellow's it was: whose do you think it was?

*Ham.* Nay, I know not.

<sup>14</sup> To speak by the card, is to speak precisely, by rule, or according to a prescribed course. It is a metaphor from the seaman's *card*, or chart, by which he guides his course.

<sup>15</sup> *Picked* is *curious, over-nice*.

<sup>16</sup> *Kibe* is an old word for *chilblain*. The Poet has it several times.

1 *Clo.* A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! 'a pour'd a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull, the King's jester.

*Ham.* This?

1 *Clo.* E'en that.

*Ham.* Let me see. [*Taking the Skull.*]—Alas, poor Yorick!—I knew him, Horatio; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and now, how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kiss'd I know not how oft.—Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chap-fallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come; make her laugh at that!—Pr'ythee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

*Hor.* What's that, my lord?

*Ham.* Dost thou think Alexander look'd o' this fashion i' the earth?

*Hor.* E'en so.

*Ham.* And smelt so? pah!

[*Puts down the Skull.*]

*Hor.* E'en so, my lord.

*Ham.* To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander till he find it stopping a bung-hole?

*Hor.* 'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.

*Ham.* No, 'faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it; as thus: Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth into dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam: and why of that loam whereto he was converted might they not stop a beer-barrel?

Imperial Cæsar, dead and turn'd to clay,  
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:  
O, that that earth which kept the world in awe  
Should patch a wall t' expel the Winter's flaw!<sup>17</sup>—

But soft! but soft! aside:—here comes the King,

*Enter Priests, &c., in Procession; the Corpse of OPHELIA, LAERTES and Mourners following; the KING, the QUEEN, their Trains, &c.*

The Queen, the courtiers. Who is that they follow,  
And with such maimed rites? This doth betoken,

<sup>17</sup> A *flaw* is a violent gust of wind.

The corse they follow did with desperate hand  
Fordo its own life. 'Twas of some estate.<sup>18</sup>

Couch we awhile, and mark. [Retiring with HORATIO.

Laer. What ceremony else?

Ham. That is Laertes, a very noble youth: mark.

Laer. What ceremony else?

1 Priest. Her obsequies have been as far enlarg'd  
As we have warrantize: her death was doubtful;  
And, but that great command o'ersways the order,  
She should in ground unsanctified have lodg'd  
Till the last trumpet; for charitable prayers,  
Shards,<sup>19</sup> flints, and pebbles should be thrown on her:  
Yet here she is allow'd her virgin rites,<sup>20</sup>  
Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home  
Of bell and burial.<sup>21</sup>

Laer. Must there no more be done?

1 Priest. No more be done:

We should profane the service of the dead  
To sing a *requiem*,<sup>22</sup> and such rest to her  
As to peace-parted souls.

Laer. Lay her i' the earth;  
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh  
May violets spring! — I tell thee, churlish priest,  
A ministering angel shall my sister be,  
When thou liest howling.

Ham. What, the fair Ophelia!

Queen. Sweets to the sweet: farewell!

[Scattering Flowers.

I hop'd thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife;  
I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,  
And not have strew'd thy grave.

Laer. O, treble woe  
Fall ten times treble on that cursed head  
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense  
Depriv'd thee of! — Hold off the earth awhile,

<sup>18</sup> To *fordo* is to *undo*, to *destroy*. *Estate* was a common term for *persons of rank*.

<sup>19</sup> *Shards* not only means fragments of pots and tiles, but rubbish of any kind. Our version of the Bible has preserved to us *pot-sherds*; and brick-layers, in Surrey and Sussex, use the compounds *tile-sherds*, *slate-sherds*. *For*, in the preceding line, has the force of *instead of*.

<sup>20</sup> Instead of *rites*, the folio reading, the quartos have *crants*, said to be an old provincial word for *wreaths* or *garlands*. *Rites* has the disadvantage of being the more general term; but then the sense of *crants* is probably implied in *strewments*.

<sup>21</sup> *Of* has here the force of *with*.

<sup>22</sup> A *requiem* is a mass sung for the rest of the soul. So called from the words, *Requiem æternam dona eis, Domine*.

Till I have caught her once more in mine arms.

[*Leaps into the Grave.*]

Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead,

Till of this flat a mountain you have made

T' o'ertop old Pelion or the skyish head

Of blue Olympus.

*Ham.* [*Advancing.*] What is he whose grief  
Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow  
Conjures the wandering stars, and makes them stand  
Like wonder-wounded hearers? this is I,  
Hamlet the Dane.

[*Leaps into the Grave.*]

*Laer.*

The Devil take thy soul!

[*Grappling with him.*]

*Ham.* Thou pray'st not well.

I pr'ythee, take thy fingers from my throat;

For, though I am not splenetic and rash,

Yet have I something in me dangerous,

Which let thy wisdom fear. Hold off thy hand!

*King.* Pluck them asunder.

*Queen.*

Hamlet, Hamlet!

*All.* Gentlemen, —

*Hor.* Good my lord, be quiet.

[*The Attendants part them, and they come out of the Grave.*]

*Ham.* Why, I will fight with him upon this theme ✓  
Until my eyelids will no longer wag.

*Queen.* O my son, what theme?

*Ham.* I lov'd Ophelia: forty thousand brothers ✓  
Could not, with all their quantity of love,  
Make up my sum. — What wilt thou do for her?

*King.* O, he is mad, Laertes.

*Queen.* For love of God, forbear him.

*Ham.* 'Zounds, show me what thou'lt do:

Woo't weep? woo't fight? woo't fast? woo't tear thyself?

Woo't drink up Esill,<sup>28</sup> eat a crocodile?

I'll do't. Dost thou come here to whine?

<sup>28</sup> So this name is spelt in the quartos, all but that of 1603, which has *vessels*. The folio spells it *Esile*. What particular lake, river, firth, or gulf was meant by the Poet, is something uncertain. The more common opinion is, that he had in mind the river *Yesel*, which, of the larger branches of the Rhine, is the one nearest to Denmark. In the maps of our time, *Isef* is the name of a gulf almost surrounded by land, in the Island of Zealand, not many miles west of Elsinore. Either of these names might naturally enough have been spelt and pronounced *Esill* or *Isell* by an Englishman in Shakespeare's time. As for the notion held by some, that the Poet meant *eysell* or *eisel*, an old word for *vinegar*, it seems pretty thoroughly absurd. In strains of hyperbole, such figures of speech were often used by the old poets. *Woo't* is a contraction of *wouldst thou*, said to be common in the northern counties of England.

To outface me with leaping in her grave?  
 Be buried quick with her, and so will I:  
 And if thou prate of mountains, let them throw ✓  
 Millions of acres on us; till our ground,  
 Singeing his pate against the burning zone,  
 Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou'lt mouth,  
 I'll rant as well as thou.

*Queen.* This is mere madness:  
 And thus awhile the fit will work on him;  
 Anon, as patient as the female dove  
 When that her golden couplets are disclos'd,  
 His silence will sit drooping.<sup>24</sup>

*Ham.* Hear you, sir:  
 What is the reason that you use me thus?  
 I lov'd you ever: But it is no matter;  
 Let Hercules himself do what he may,  
 The cat will mew, and dog will have his day. [Exit.]

*King.* I pray you, good Horatio, wait upon him. — [Exit HORATIO.]

[To LAERTES.] Strengthen your patience in our last night's  
 speech;

We'll put the matter to the present push. —  
 Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son. —  
 This grave shall have a living monument:  
 An hour of quiet shortly we shall see;  
 Till then, in patience our proceeding be. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *The Same. A Hall in the Castle.*

*Enter HAMLET and HORATIO.*

*Ham.* So much for this, sir: now shall you see the other.  
 You do remember all the circumstance?<sup>1</sup>

*Hor.* Remember it, my lord!

*Ham.* Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting,  
 That would not let me sleep:<sup>2</sup> methought I lay ✓ X

<sup>24</sup> The folio gives this speech to the King, in whose mouth it is about as proper as a diamond in a swine's snout. — The *golden couplets* are the two chicks of the dove; which, when first hatched, are covered with a *yellow* down; and in her patient tenderness the mother rarely leaves the nest, till her little ones attain to some degree of dove-discretion. — *Disclose* was often used for *hatch*.

<sup>1</sup> *Circumstance* probably means the *circumstantial account* given by Hamlet in his letter to Horatio. — *The other* refers, no doubt, to the further matter intimated in that letter: "I have words to speak in thine ear will make thee dumb."

<sup>2</sup> Hamlet has from the first divined the King's purpose in sending him to England. Since the close of the Play, when the King was "frighted with

Worse than the mutines in the bilboes.<sup>3</sup> Rashly, —  
 And prais'd be rashness for it; let us know,  
 Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,  
 When our deep plots do fail;<sup>4</sup> and that should teach us  
 There's a divinity that shapes our ends,  
 Rough-hew them how we will, —

Hor.

That is most certain.

Ham. — Up from my cabin,  
 My sea-gown scarf'd about me,<sup>5</sup> in the dark  
 Grop'd I to find out them; had my desire;  
 Finger'd their packet; and, in fine, withdrew  
 To mine own room again: making so bold,  
 My fears forgetting manners, to unseal  
 Their grand commission; where I found, Horatio, —  
 O royal knavery! — an exact command,  
 Larded with many several sorts of reasons, —  
 Importing Denmark's health, and England's too,  
 With, ho! such bugs and goblins in my life,<sup>6</sup> —  
 That on the supervise, no leisure bated,<sup>7</sup>  
 No, not to stay the grinding of the axe,  
 My head should be struck off.

Hor.

Is't possible?

Ham. Here's the commission: read it at more leisure.  
 But wilt thou hear me how I did proceed?

false fire," Hamlet *knows* that the King did indeed murder his father, and he also *knows* that the King *suspects* him of knowing it. Hence, on ship-board, he naturally has a vague, general apprehension of mischief, and this as naturally fills him with nervous curiosity as to the particular shape of danger which he is to encounter.

<sup>3</sup> The *bilboes* were bars of iron with fetters annexed to them, by which mutinous or disorderly sailors were linked together. The word is derived from *Bilboa*, in Spain, where the things were made. To understand the allusion, it should be known that, as these fetters connected the legs of the offenders very closely together, their attempts to rest must be as fruitless as those of Hamlet, in whose mind *there was a kind of fighting that would not let him sleep*. — *Mutines* is for *mutineers*.

<sup>4</sup> The quarto of 1604 has *pall* instead of *fail*; the later quartos, *fall*; the folio, *paule*. *Fail* is Mr. Dyce's reading. Still I am not sure but *pall* may be right; as from the old French *palsier*, to *fade* or *fall away*. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*: "I'll never follow thy *pall'd* fortunes more." — Note that all after *rashly*, down to the beginning of Hamlet's next speech is parenthetical. The passage well illustrates his irrepressible reflectiveness; or how particular events start him off on general observations.

<sup>5</sup> *Thrown*, or *gathered*, *loosely* about me.

<sup>6</sup> Such *bugbears* and *fantastic dangers growing out of my life*. The Poet has *bug* several times in that sense. Thus, in *The Winter's Tale*, iii. 2: "Sir, spare your threats: the *bug*, which you would fright me with, I seek." — *Goblins* were a knavish sort of fairies, perhaps *ignes fatui*, and so belonged to the genus Humbug.

<sup>7</sup> The language is obscure, though the general sense is plain enough. I suspect *bated* is an instance of the passive form with the active sense; no leisure *abating* the speed; or the haste not being lessened by any pause. — *Supervise* is *looking over*, *perusal*.

*Hor.* I beseech you.

*Ham.* Being thus benetted round with villanies, —  
 Ere I could make a prologue to my brains,  
 They had begun the play,<sup>8</sup> — I sat me down;  
 Devis'd a new commission; wrote it fair.  
 I once did hold it, as our statist<sup>9</sup> do,  
 A baseness to write fair, and labour'd much  
 How to forget that learning; but, sir, now  
 It did me yeoman's service. Wilt thou know  
 Th' effect of what I wrote?

*Hor.*

Ay, good my lord.

*Ham.* An earnest conjuration from the King, —  
 As England was his faithful tributary;  
 As love between them like the palm might flourish;  
 As Peace should still her wheaten garland wear,  
 And stand a cement 'tween their amities;<sup>10</sup>  
 And many such-like *ases* of great charge, —  
 That, on the view and knowing of these contents,  
 Without debatement further, more or less,  
 He should the bearers put to sudden death,  
 Not shriving-time allow'd.

*Hor.*

How was this seal'd?

*Ham.* Why, even in that was Heaven ordinant.  
 I had my father's signet in my purse,  
 Which was the model of that Danish seal;  
 Folded the writ up in form of th' other;  
 Subscrib'd it; gave't th' impression; plac'd it safely,  
 The changeling never known. Now, the next day  
 Was our sea-fight; and what to this was sequent  
 Thou know'st already.

*Hor.* So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to't.

*Ham.* Why, man, they did make love to this employment;  
 They are not near my conscience; their defeat

<sup>8</sup> A figure borrowed from the stage. Hamlet means that his thoughts were so fiery-footed as to start off in the play itself before he could get through with the introduction to it.

<sup>9</sup> *Statist* is the old word for *statesman*. Blackstone says, that "most of our great men of Shakespeare's time wrote very bad hands; their secretaries, very neat ones." This must be taken with some qualification; for Elizabeth's two most powerful ministers, Leicester and Burghley, both wrote good hands. It is certain that there were some who did write most wretched scrawls, but probably not from affectation; though it was accounted a mechanical and vulgar accomplishment to write a fair hand.

<sup>10</sup> Instead of *cement*, all the old copies have *comma*, out of which it is hardly possible to extract any sense. Hanmer made the change, and it is clearly right. So in *Antony and Cleopatra*, iii. 2, Cæsar speaks to Antony of Octavia as "the piece of virtue which is set betwixt us as the *cement* of our love, to keep it builded." — It has been noted before, that *as* and *that* were used indifferently in the Poet's time. — "*Great charge*" is great importance; charged with great import.

Does by their own insinuation grow.  
 'Tis dangerous, when the baser nature comes ✓  
 Between the pass and fell-incensed points ✓  
 Of mighty opposites.<sup>11</sup>

*Hor.* Why, what a king is this!

*Ham.* Does it not, think'st thee, stand me now upon?  
 He that hath kill'd my King, and [stain'd] my mother; X  
 Popp'd in between th' election and my hopes;  
 Thrown out his angle for my proper life, ✓  
 And with such cozenage; is't not perfect conscience ✓  
 To quit him with this arm? and is't not to be damn'd ✓  
 To let this canker of our nature come ✓  
 In further evil? <sup>12</sup>

*Hor.* It must be shortly known to him from England  
 What is the issue of the business there.

*Ham.* It will be short: the interim is mine;  
 And a man's life no more than to say *one*.  
 But I am very sorry, good Horatio,  
 That to Laertes I forgot myself; X  
 For by the image of my cause I see ✓  
 The portraiture of his.<sup>13</sup> I'll court his favours: <sup>14</sup> X  
 But, sure, the bravery of his grief did put me ✓  
 Into a towering passion.

*Hor.* Peace! who comes here?

*Enter OSRIC.*

*Osr.* Your lordship is right welcome back to Denmark.

*Ham.* I humbly thank you, sir.— [*Aside to HORATIO.*]  
 Dost know this water-fly? <sup>15</sup>

*Hor.* [*Aside to HAM.*] No, my good lord.

*Ham.* [*Aside to HOR.*] Thy state is the more gracious; for  
 'tis a vice to know him. He hath much land, and fertile: let  
 a beast be lord of beasts, and his crib shall stand at the King's  
 mess: 'tis a chough; but, as I say, spacious in the possession  
 of dirt.

<sup>11</sup> When men of lower rank come between the thrusts and sword-points of great men engaged in fierce and mortal duel, or bent on fighting it out to the death.

<sup>12</sup> Is it not a damnable sin to let this *cancer* of humanity proceed further in mischief and villainy? *Canker*, in one of its senses, means an eating, malignant sore, like a *cancer*; which word is from the same original.

<sup>13</sup> Hamlet and Laertes have lost each his father, and both have perhaps lost equally in Ophelia; so that their cause of sorrow is much the same.

<sup>14</sup> Hamlet means "I'll solicit his *good will*;" the general meaning of *favours* in the Poet's time.

<sup>15</sup> In *Troilus and Cressida*, v. 1, Thersites says of Patroclus: "How the poor world is pestered with such *water-flies*; diminutives of nature." The gnats and such like insects are not inapt emblems of such busy triflers as Osric.

*Osr.* Sweet lord, if your lordship were at leisure, I should impart a thing to you from his Majesty.

*Ham.* I will receive it, sir, with all diligence of spirit. Put your bonnet to his right use; 'tis for the head.

*Osr.* I thank your lordship, it is very hot.

*Ham.* No, believe me, 'tis very cold; the wind is northerly

*Osr.* It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

*Ham.* But yet methinks it is very sultry and hot for my complexion.

*Osr.* Exceedingly, my lord; it is very sultry, — as 'twere, — I cannot tell how. But, my lord, his Majesty bade me signify to you, that he has laid a great wager on your head. Sir, this is the matter, —

*Ham.* I beseech you, remember —

[*Moving him to put on his Hat.*]

*Osr.* Nay, in good faith; for mine ease, in good faith. Sir, here is newly come to Court Laertes; believe me, an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent differences,<sup>16</sup> of very soft society and great showing: indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is the card or ealendar of gentry; for you shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see.

*Ham.* Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in you; though, I know, to divide him inventorially would dizzy the arithmetic of memory; and it but yaw neither, in respect of his quick sail.<sup>17</sup> But, in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a soul of great article; and his infusion of such dearth and rareness, as, to make true diction of him, his semblable is his mirror; and who else would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.<sup>18</sup>

*Osr.* Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

*Ham.* The concernancy, sir? why do we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

<sup>16</sup> In the conceited phrase-making of this lordly dandiprat, *excellent differences* probably means *distinctive excellences*.

<sup>17</sup> Thus the quarto of 1604; the others have *raw* instead of *yaw*. The words *quick sail* show that *yaw* is right. This word occurs as a substantive in Massinger's *Very Woman*: "O, the *yaws* that she will make! Look to your stern, dear mistress, and steer right." Where Gifford notes, — "A *yaw* is that unsteady motion which a ship makes in a great swell, when, in steering, she inclines to the right or left of her course." Scott also has the word in *The Antiquary*: "Thus escorted, the Antiquary moved along full of his learning, like a lordly man-of-war, and every now and then *yawing* to starboard and larboard to discharge a broadside upon his followers." — The old copies have *yet* instead of *it*; which, says Mr. Dyce, "was often mistaken by our early printers for *yet*, perhaps because it was written *yt*. — Hamlet is purposely obscure, in order to bewilder the poor fop.

<sup>18</sup> Hamlet is talking just like Osrice, only more so. To *trace* is to *track*, or *keep pace* with. *Umbrage*, from the Latin *umbra*, is *shadow*. So that the meaning here is, The only resemblance to him is in his mirror; and nothing but his shadow can keep up with him.

Osr. Sir?

Hor. Is't not possible to understand in another tongue?<sup>19</sup>  
You will do't, sir, really.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

Osr. Of Laertes?

Hor. [*Aside to HAM.*] His purse is empty already; all his golden words are spent.

Ham. Of him, sir.

Osr. I know, you are not ignorant —

Ham. I would you did, sir; yet, in faith, if you did, it would not much approve me. — Well, sir.

Osr. You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is —

Ham. I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence; for, to know a man well, were to know himself.<sup>20</sup>

Osr. I mean, sir, for his weapon; but, in the imputation laid on him by them, in his meed he's unfellow'd.<sup>21</sup>

Ham. What's his weapon?

Osr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons: but, well.

Osr. The King, sir, hath wag'd with him six Barbary horses; against the which he has impon'd,<sup>22</sup> as I take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hangers, and so. Three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Hor. [*Aside to HAM.*] I knew you must be edified by the margent ere you had done.<sup>23</sup>

Osr. The carriages, sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would be more german to the matter, if we could carry cannon by our sides; I would it might be hangers till then. But, on: Six Barbary horses against six

<sup>19</sup> Horatio means to imply, that what with Osrice's euphuism, and what with Hamlet's catching of Osrice's style, they are not speaking in a tongue that can be understood; and he hints that they try *another* tongue, that is, the common one.

<sup>20</sup> The meaning is, that he will not claim to appreciate the excellence of Laertes, as this would imply equal excellence in himself; on the principle that a man cannot understand that which exceeds his own measure. Hamlet goes into these subtilties on purpose to maze Osrice.

<sup>21</sup> *Meed* was sometimes used in the sense of *merit*.

<sup>22</sup> The quartos have *inpawn'd*. *Impon'd* is probably meant as an Osrickian form of the same word. To *inpawn* is to *put in pledge*, that is, to *wager*.

<sup>23</sup> I knew you *would have to be* instructed by a *marginal commentary*. The allusion is to the printing of comments in the margin of books. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, i. 3:

“And what obscur'd in this fair volume lies,  
Find written in the margent of his eyes.”

French swords, their assigns, and three liberal-conceited carriages; that's the French bet against the Danish. Why is this *impon'd*, as you call it?

*Osr.* The King, sir, hath laid, that in a dozen passes between yourself and him he shall not exceed you three hits: he hath laid, on twelve for nine; and it would come to immediate trial, if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

*Ham.* How, if I answer no?

*Osr.* I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial.

*Ham.* Sir, I will walk here in the hall: if it please his Majesty, it is the breathing time of day with me;<sup>24</sup> let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpose, I will win for him, if I can; if not, I will gain nothing but my shame and the odd hits.

*Osr.* Shall I re-deliver you e'en so?

*Ham.* To this effect, sir; after what flourish your nature will.

*Osr.* I commend my duty to your lordship.

*Ham.* Yours, yours. [*Exit OSRIC.*]—He does well to commend it himself; there are no tongues else for's turn.

*Hor.* This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.<sup>25</sup>

*Ham.* He did comply with his dug,<sup>26</sup> before he suck'd it. Thus has he (and many more of the same bevy,<sup>27</sup> that, I know, the drossy age dotes on) only got the tune of the time, and outward habit of encounter; a kind of yesty collection, which carries them through and through the most fond and winnowed opinions;<sup>28</sup> and do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out.

*Enter a Lord.*

*Lord.* My lord, his Majesty commended him to you by young Osric, who brings back to him that you attend him in

<sup>24</sup> "The *breathing time*" is the time for exercise. See page 33, note 17.

<sup>25</sup> Meaning that Osric is a raw, unfledged, foolish fellow. It was a common comparison for a forward fool. Thus in Meres's *Wits Treasury*, 1598: "As the lapwing runneth away with the shell on her head, as soon as she is hatched."

<sup>26</sup> *Comply* is used in the same sense here as in ii. 2, note 41. In Fulwel's *Art of Flatterie*, 1579, the same idea occurs: "The very sucking babes hath a kind of adulation towards their nurses for the dug."

<sup>27</sup> Thus the folio; the quartos have *breed* instead of *bevy*.

<sup>28</sup> The quarto of 1604 has "most *prophane* and *trennowed* opinions;" in the other quartos *trennowed* is changed to *trennowned*: the folio reads as in the text. It may seem strange that this reading should have been thought unsatisfactory, but such is the case: Warburton changed *fond* to *fann'd*, and has been followed by divers editors. "Fond and winnowed opinions" are opinions conceitedly fine and winnowed clean of the dust of common sense; such opinions as are affected by the lingual exquisites of all times.

the hall: he sends to know, if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time.

*Ham.* I am constant to my purposes; they follow the King's pleasure: if his fitness speaks, mine is ready; now or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

*Lord.* The King and Queen and all are coming down.

*Ham.* In happy time.

*Lord.* The Queen desires you to use some gentle entertainment to Laertes before you fall to play.

*Ham.* She well instructs me. [*Exit Lord.*]

*Hor.* You will lose this wager, my lord.

*Ham.* I do not think so: since he went into France, I have been in continual practice; I shall win at the odds. But thou wouldest not think how ill all's here about my heart; but it is no matter.

*Hor.* Nay, good my lord, —

*Ham.* It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of gain-giving as would perhaps trouble a woman.<sup>29</sup>

*Hor.* If your mind dislike any thing, obey it: I will forestall their repair hither, and say you are not fit.

*Ham.* Not a whit, we defy augury: there is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all. Since no man of aught he leaves knows, what is't to leave betimes? <sup>30</sup> Let be.

*Enter the KING, the QUEEN, LAERTES, Lords, OSRIC, and Attendants, with Foils, &c.*

*King.* Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.

[*He puts the hand of LAERTES into that of HAMLET.*]

*Ham.* Give me your pardon, sir: I've done you wrong; But pardon't, as you are a gentleman. This presence knows, And you must needs have heard, how I am punish'd With sore distraction. What I have done, That might your nature, honour, and exception Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness. Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Never, Hamlet: If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,

<sup>29</sup> *Gain-giving* is *misgiving* or *giving-against*; here meaning a dim prognostic or presentiment of evil.

<sup>30</sup> This is the reading of the quartos: the folio reads, "Since no man *has* aught of what he leaves, what is't to leave betimes?" Johnson thus interprets the passage: "Since *no man knows aught* of the state which *he leaves*; since he cannot judge what other years may produce; why should we be afraid of *leaving* life betimes?"

And when he's not himself does wrong Laertes,  
 Then Hamlet does it not ; Hamlet denies it.  
 Who does it then? His madness. If't be so,  
 Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd ;  
 His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.  
 Sir, in this audience,  
 Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evil  
 Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,  
 That I have shot my arrow o'er the house,  
 And hurt my brother.

*Laer.* I am satisfied in nature,  
 Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most  
 To my revenge : but in my terms of honour  
 I stand aloof, and will no reconciliation,  
 Till by some elder masters, of known honour,  
 I have a voice and precedent of peace,  
 To keep my name ungor'd. But till that time  
 I do receive your offer'd love like love,  
 And will not wrong it.

*Ham.* I embrace it freely ;  
 And will this brother's wager frankly play. —  
 Give us the foils : — Come on.

*Laer.* Come, one for me.

*Ham.* I'll be your foil, Laertes : in mine ignorance  
 Your skill shall, like a star i' the darkest night,  
 Stick fiery off indeed.

*Laer.* You mock me, sir.

*Ham.* No, by this hand.

*King.* Give them the foils, young Osric. — Cousin Hamlet,  
 You know the wager ?

*Ham.* Very well, my lord ;  
 Your Grace hath laid the odds o' the weaker side.<sup>81</sup>

*King.* I do not fear it : I have seen you both ;  
 But since he's better'd, we have therefore odds.

*Laer.* This is too heavy ; let me see another.

*Ham.* This likes me well. These foils have all a length ?

[*They prepare to play.*]

*Os.* Ay, my good lord.

*King.* Set me the stoups of wine upon that table. —  
 If Hamlet give the first or second hit,  
 Or quit in answer of the third exchange,  
 Let all the battlements their ordnance fire :

<sup>81</sup> The King had wagered six *Barbary horses* to a few *rapiers, poniards, &c.* ; that is, about *twenty* to one. These are the *odds* here meant. The odds the King means in the next speech were *twelve* to *nine* in favour of Hamlet, by Laertes giving him three.

The King shall drink to Hamlet's better breath;  
 And in the cup an union shall he throw,<sup>82</sup>  
 Richer than that which four successive kings  
 In Denmark's crown have worn. Give me the cups;  
 And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,  
 The trumpet to the cannoneer without,  
 The cannons to the heavens, the heavens to earth,  
*Now the King drinks to Hamlet.* — Come, begin; —  
 And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.

*Ham.* Come on, sir.

*Laer.* Come, my lord.

[*They play.*

*Ham.* One.

*Laer.* No.

*Ham.* Judgment.

*Osr.* A hit, a very palpable hit.

*Laer.* Well; — again.

*King.* Stay; give me drink. — Hamlet, this pearl is thine;  
 Here's to thy health. — Give him the cup.

[*Trumpets sound, and Cannons shot off within.*

*Ham.* I'll play this bout first; set it by awhile. —  
 Come. — [*They play.*] Another hit; what say you?

*Laer.* A touch, a touch, I do confess.

*King.* Our son shall win.

*Queen.* He's fat, and scant of breath.<sup>83</sup> —  
 Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows:  
 The Queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.

*Ham.* Good Madam!

*King.* Gertrude, do not drink.

*Queen.* I will, my lord; I pray you, pardon me.

*King.* [*Aside.*] It is the poison'd cup; it is too late.

*Ham.* I dare not drink yet, Madam;<sup>84</sup> by-and-by.

*Queen.* Come, let me wipe thy face.

<sup>82</sup> The folio has *union*; the quartos, *unice* and *onix*. *Union* is a name for large and precious pearls. Afterwards, on finding out what the King's *union* was, Hamlet tauntingly asks, "Is thy *union* here?" According to Rondeletus, pearls were thought to have an exhilarating quality. To swallow them in a draught, was esteemed a high strain of magnificence.

<sup>83</sup> This speaking of Hamlet as "*fat, and scant of breath*," is greatly at odds with the idea we are apt to form of him; though there is no good reason why the being somewhat fat should in any point take off from his excellence as a man or a prince. It is thought by some, however, and seems indeed likely enough to have been true, that the expression was used with special reference to Burbage, the original actor of Hamlet's part. Burbage died in 1619; and in a manuscript elegy upon his death are the following lines, which both ascertain his original performance of the part, and also render it probable that the words in question had reference to him:

"No more young Hamlet, though but *scant of breath*,  
 Shall cry 'Revenge!' for his dear father's death."

<sup>84</sup> This shows that Hamlet suspects what the King's *union* means.

*Laer.* My lord, I'll hit him now.

*King.* I do not think it.

*Laer.* [*Aside.*] And yet 'tis almost 'gainst my conscience.

*Ham.* Come, for the third, Laertes. You but dally:

I pray you, pass with your best violence;  
I am afeard you make a wanton of me.<sup>85</sup>

*Laer.* Say you so? come on.

[*They play.*

*Osr.* Nothing, neither way.

*Laer.* Have at you now!

[*LAERTES wounds HAMLET; then, in scuffling, they change Rapiers, and HAMLET wounds LAERTES.*<sup>86</sup>

*King.* Part them; they are incens'd.

*Ham.* Nay, come again. [*The Queen falls.*

*Osr.* Look to the Queen there, ho!

*Hor.* They bleed on both sides. — How is't, my lord?

*Osr.* How is't, Laertes?

*Laer.* Why, as a woodcock to mine own springe, Osrice;  
I'm justly kill'd with mine own treachery.

*Ham.* How does the Queen?

*King.* She swoons to see them bleed.

*Queen.* No, no, the drink, the drink, — O, my dear Hamlet,  
The drink, the drink! I am poison'd! [*Dies.*

*Ham.* O villainy! — Ho! let the door be lock'd: —  
Treachery! seek it out. [*LAERTES falls.*

*Laer.* It is here, Hamlet. Hamlet, thou art slain;  
No medicine in the world can do thee good;  
In thee there is not half an hour of life:  
The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,  
Unbated and envenom'd. The foul practice  
Hath turn'd itself on me: lo, here I lie,  
Never to rise again. Thy mother's poison'd;  
I can no more. The King, the King's to blame.

*Ham.* The point  
Envenom'd too! — Then, venom, to thy work.

[*Stabs the King.*

<sup>85</sup> To make a wanton of a man, as the phrase is here used, is to treat him as a child, to avoid playing your best with him, or rather to play the game into his hands. — This is a quiet, but very significant stroke of delineation. Laertes is not playing his best, and it is the conscience of what is at the point of his foil that keeps him from doing so; and the effects are perceptible to Hamlet, though he dreams not of the reason.

<sup>86</sup> This exchanging of weapons, as commonly managed on the stage, has always seemed to me a very strained and awkward piece of business. The awkwardness is fairly removed in Mr. Edwin Booth's ordering of the matter. Hamlet there strikes the foil out of Laertes' hand, picks it up, and throws down his own, which, again, is presently picked up by Laertes. I think this might well be given in the stage-direction; nevertheless, I keep to the received form.

*All.* Treason! treason!

*King.* O, yet defend me, friends! I am but hurt.

*Ham.* Here, thou incestuous, murderous, damned Dane,  
Drink off this potion:—is thy union here?  
Follow my mother. [*King dies.*]

*Laer.* He is justly serv'd;  
It is a poison temper'd by himself. —  
Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet:  
Mine and my father's death come not upon thee,  
Nor thine on me! [*Dies.*]

*Ham.* Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee. —  
I'm dead, Horatio. — Wretched Queen, adieu! —  
You that look pale and tremble at this chance,  
That are but mutes or audience to this act,  
Had I but time, (as this fell sergeant, Death,  
Is strict in his arrest,) O, I could tell you —  
But let it be. — Horatio, I am dead;  
Thou liv'st: report me and my cause aright ✓  
To the unsatisfied.

*Hor.* Never believe it:  
I am more an antique Roman than a Dane.  
Here's yet some liquor left.

*Ham.* As thou'rt a man,  
Give me the cup: let go; by Heaven, I'll have't. ✕  
O, good Horatio, what a wounded name,  
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me!  
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,  
Absent thee from felicity awhile,  
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,  
To tell my story. — [*March afar off, and Shot within.*]  
What warlike noise is this?

*Osr.* Young Fortinbras, with conquest come from Poland,  
To the ambassadors of England gives  
This warlike volley.

*Ham.* O, I die, Horatio;  
The potent poison quite o'ercrows my spirit: <sup>87</sup>  
I cannot live to hear the news from England; ✕  
But I do prophesy th' election lights  
On Fortinbras: he has my dying voice;  
So tell him, with th' occurments, more and less,  
Which have solicited <sup>88</sup> — The rest is silence. ✕ [*Dies.*]

<sup>87</sup> To overcrow is to overcome, to subdue.

<sup>88</sup> Occurrents was much used in the Poet's time for events or occurrences. — Solicited is prompted or excited; as "this supernatural soliciting" in *Macbeth*. — "More and less" is greater and smaller; a common usage with the old writers.

*Hor.* Now cracks a noble heart:— Good night, sweet Prince;  
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest! —  
Why does the drum come hither. [*March within.*]

*Enter FORTINBRAS, the English Ambassadors, and Others.*

*Fort.* Where is this sight?

*Hor.* What is it ye would see?  
If aught of woe or wonder, cease your search.

*Fort.* This quarry cries on havoc.<sup>39</sup> — O proud Death,  
What feast is toward in thine eternal cell,  
That thou so many princes at a shot  
So bloodily hast struck?

1 *Amb.* The sight is dismal;  
And our affairs from England come too late:  
The ears are senseless that should give us hearing,  
To tell him his commandment is fulfill'd;  
That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead.  
Where should we have our thanks?

*Hor.* Not from his mouth,  
Had it th' ability of life to thank you:  
He never gave commandment for their death.  
But since, so jump upon this bloody question,<sup>40</sup>  
You from the Polack wars, and you from England,  
Are here arriv'd, give order that these bodies  
High on a stage be placed to the view;  
And let me speak to th' yet unknowing world  
How these things came about: so shall you hear  
Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts;  
Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters;  
Of deaths put on by cunning and forc'd cause;<sup>41</sup>  
And, in this upshot, purposes mistook  
Fall'n on th' inventors' heads: all this can I  
Truly deliver.

*Fort.* Let us haste to hear it,  
And call the noblest to the audience.  
For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune:  
I have some rights of memory in this kingdom,<sup>42</sup>  
Which now to claim my vantage doth invite me.

<sup>39</sup> To cry on, was to exclaim against. — Quarry was the term used for a heap of slaughtered game.

<sup>40</sup> It has been already observed that *jump* and *just*, or *exactly*, are synonymous. See page 519, note 10.

<sup>41</sup> The phrase *put on* here means *instigated* or *set on foot*. *Cunning*, refers, apparently, to Hamlet's action touching "the packet," and *forc'd cause*, to the "compelling occasion," which moved him to that piece of practice.

<sup>42</sup> *Rights of memory* appears to mean rights founded in prescription or the order of inheritance.

*Hor.* Of that I shall have also cause to speak,  
And from his mouth whose voice will draw on more : <sup>43</sup>  
But let this same be presently perform'd,  
Even while men's minds are wild ; lest more mischance,  
On plots and errors, happen.

*Fort.* Let four captains  
Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage ;  
For he was likely, had he been put on,  
To have prov'd most royally : and, for his passage,  
The soldier's music and the rites of war  
Speak loudly for him. —

Take up the bodies. — Such a sight as this  
Becomes the field, but here shows much amiss. —

Go, bid the soldiers shoot.

[*A dead March.*

[*Exeunt, marching ; after which a Peal of  
Ordnance is shot off.*

<sup>43</sup> Whose vote will induce others to vote the same way. Horatio refers to Hamlet saying of Fortinbras, "he has my dying voice."

# HUDSON'S

## SCHOOL SHAKESPEARE.

(Next page.)

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## CRAIK'S ENGLISH OF SHAKESPEARE.

[(PAGE 5.)

**A PHILOLOGICAL COMMENTARY ON "JULIUS CÆSAR."**

**BY GEORGE L. CRAIK,**

**PROFESSOR OF HISTORY AND OF ENGLISH LITERATURE IN QUEEN'S COLLEGE,  
BELFAST.**

**EDITED BY W. J. ROLFE.**

**LIST OF BOOKS (page 6)**

**Published by GINN BROTHERS,**

*13 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.*

(1)

# HUDSON'S

## SCHOOL SHAKESPEARE.

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*From E. P. WHIPPLE, in the Boston Transcript of Nov. 28, 1870.*

HUDSON'S SCHOOL AND FAMILY SHAKESPEARE.—The critic of the "Springfield Republican," in speaking of the first volume of Hudson's "School Shakespeare," says that the editor "omits in his text most of those passages which disfigure Shakespeare for school use, and gives us a book for which all teachers ought to be grateful." The first volume, containing seven plays, is published by Ginn Brothers & Co., of this city. It deserves, and will certainly obtain, a large circulation.

The editor, Rev. H. N. Hudson, is one of the prominent Shakespearian scholars of the century, though his eminent merits as a critic have received scant acknowledgment from English and American authorities. Gervinius, the greatest Shakespearian critic of Germany, has recognized Hudson as a man whose opinions are to be admitted or controverted, as he admits or controverts the judgments of Schlegel and Ulrici, of Johnson, Coleridge, Lamb, and Hazlitt. Indeed, we happen to know that he recently expressed to an American traveller a somewhat contemptuous surprise that the present English guardians of Shakespeare's fame were so "shamefully" ignorant of Hudson's penetrating criticisms, not only of the particular plays of Shakespeare, but of the processes of Shakespeare's mind in its creative activity.

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delineating character "from within outwards," or to the apprehension of the great master's processes in working out his "dramatic action."

The first volume of Hudson's "School Shakespeare" includes "As You Like It," the "Merchant of Venice," "Twelfth Night," the two parts of "Henry IV.," "Julius Cæsar," and "Hamlet." We trust, with our whole heart, that the editor will have sufficient encouragement to continue his labors. The notes are models of brevity and intelligence. Indeed, for the education of the youthful mind, as far as regards the initiation of the youthful mind into the knowledge of the great genius of the English and the human race, nothing could be better than this first volume of the "Plays of Shakespeare Selected and Prepared for Use in Schools, Clubs, Classes, and Families."

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Mr. Hudson's general "Preface" to his volume is one of his finest pieces of literary work. All who remember his lectures on Shakespeare and his critical prefaces to the particular plays do not need to be informed that it overflows with the keenest appreciation of Shakespeare's genius; but it is also eminently practical. Every teacher must feel the force of his suggestions as to the true method of educating the young into a knowledge of Shakespeare, and through that knowledge to train their emotions, faculties, and moral powers rightly. The Introductions to each play are also admirable. The annotations we have previously commended. Altogether we consider the volume to be specially worthy the attention of teachers, and we cannot but think that when generally known it will be universally welcomed and appreciated.

---

*From* MOSES COIT TYLER, *Professor of English Language and Literature, University of Michigan.*

The very delicate task which Mr. Hudson assigned to himself of so pruning the text of the great dramatist as to adapt it to the altered tastes of our times, and especially to the uses of classes of young persons of both sexes, has been executed by him with that unfailing good judgment which his high reputation as a Shakespeare scholar would lead us to expect. His biographical and critical prefaces, also, and his foot-notes, are just what they should be, full, clear, and brief.

*From N. W. BENEDICT, Principal Rochester High School.*

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---

*From CHARLES MURRAY NAIRNE, Columbia College.*

I received some time ago from you a copy of "Hudson's School Shakespeare," Vol. I., and of "Craik's English of Shakespeare;" for which accept my thanks. I have taken time and pains to examine both volumes carefully, and find that for their respective purposes both are admirable. For more than a dozen years we have studied an English classic in this college, usually with the Junior class, in the same way as a Greek tragedy is studied by the Seniors, — criticising it grammatically, rhetorically, æsthetically; and both Hudson and Craik will answer our purpose so well, that, whenever Shakespeare is chosen for prelection, I will use them as text-books.

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*From J. H. GILMORE, Professor of Rhetoric, Logic, and English, University of Rochester.*

It gives me great pleasure to recommend "Craik's English of Shakespeare" as the best introduction to the study of Shakespeare with which I am familiar; and as good a text-book to put into the hands of young men who are to be introduced to the works of our great dramatist, as one need ask. I have used it as a text-book, and keep it constantly by me as a book of reference. I wish it could be introduced into every academy and high school in the land.

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*From S. H. Taylor, LL.D., Principal of Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass.*

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FROM "THE NATION," NEW YORK.

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The book well deserves to be recommended to teachers; and even those of us who learned our Greek under less favorable circumstances may read the syntax at least with pleasure and profit.

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